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PREFACE.

It has been justly observed by the Prince of Poets, that

"The proper study of Mankind is Man."

It is with a view to promote and facilitate this important study, that the Editor of the present work submits to the public a series of lives of those individuals who have been distinguished by any extraordinary circumstances from the mass of society.

It embraces authentic biographical accounts of persons remarkable for longevity, size, strength, habits, and manners; adventures, virtues, and vices; in short, of all such as have acquired celebrity or notoriety, by deviating materially from the general course of human existence.

As the mind is naturally drawn to the contemplation of uncommon objects, this work cannot fail to afford to the curious an abundant source of gratification. The reader who delights in the fictions of romance will find in the following pages, incidents equally astonishing with those which have been wont to charm; while the lover of truth may rest assured that nothing is recorded but what is strictly consonant to his principles; representing, without distortion, such characters as have really existed, and such events as have actually happened. It reflects the image of

the most surprising human phenomena, of the greatest prodigies, in every age, and in every country, that have commanded the particular notice of their contemporaries.

The embellishments are in a style so novel and pleasing, as to warrant the assertion, that neither labour nor expence has been spared in the execution of the work, to render it worthy of a place in every library.

THE EDITOR.

LONDON, 1842.

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THE WISE MAN.

WONDERFUL CHARACTERS.

THE WISE MAN.

The subject of this memoir, whose name was Righteon, spent the early part of his life at or near Sedgefield in the county of Durham. He removed to Stokesley, in Yorkshire, about the year 1807, and occupied a thatched cottage at the west end of that town, professing for a short time, the Veterinary Art, and keeping a small shop for the sale of gingerbread, &c. At this period, he was about 45 years old, equipped in the garb, and had the appearance described in the portrait attached. Although conscious of his ignorance as a farrier, rumours of the wonderful cures he performed spread far and wide, and in course of time discovering the gullibility of the country people, he thought he could turn his attention to something more profitable.

In the year 1808, on the "Trinity Fair" held at Stokesley the Saturday before Trinity term, the Wise Man, for by that term he was afterwards designated, appeared in the market place in a red coat, white waistcoat, black small clothes, white stockings, a drab hat, his face highly coloured with vermilion, and his long brown hair streaming over his face, which he ever and anon kept rubbing down with his hands, looking much more like a maniac than the term applied to him.

From this time his impositions were practised on the public.

He now assumed the character of Fortune-teller, and recoverer of stolen property, for which purpose he kept in his cottage a dark room, where he held secret conference with his victims, muttering some unintelligible jargon from an ancient folio volume in black letter, and directing them how to proceed in the matter, concerning which they sought his advice.

Many unaccountable tales are told of this extraordinary individual, as for instance, telling persons whom he had never before seen, what particular marks were on their bodies, charming fevers and other diseases from men and cattle by the most ridiculous means, and restoring property that had been lost for years.

One instance of his sapient sagacity out of many, we will relate—A love-sick girl who had her basket well stored with groceries, &c. wishing to hold converse sweet with the object of her affections, on her way from the market, deposited her basket behind a fence until she breathed a prayer into the ear of her paramour, on returning to the place, found the basket and contents had taken wing and flown away. The girl immediately returned to consult the wise man, who on hearing the articles described, agreed for a certain fee, to restore all the lost treasure, except a bottle of spirits. The poor girl paid him the money and went home with a light heart—It need scarcely be added that he himself conveyed away the basket, and was witness to the happy meeting of the girl and her lover. This odd character was found dead in a post chaise, by an officer who had him in charge to convey him to the House of Correction, at Northallerton, whither he had been committed for an assault.

PEG NICHOLSON.

Thomas Nicholson, father of the subject of this biography, was by trade a barber, eccentric in dress and manner, and proverbially sullen. He had four sons and four daughters, of which Margaret Nicholson, was his fourth child, born December 9th, 1745. When arrived at womanhood, she was a tall stout made person, and lived some time as servant with William Kitching Spedding, Esq. on the south side of the market place in

PEG NICHOLSON.

Stokesley; the same house in which subsequently the popular Mr. Newton, Wesleyan minister, spent some part of his early life.

During the former part of Peg's servitude with Mr. Spedding, she was a quiet and active girl, but afterwards, and not long before her journey to London, she is said to have flourished a carving knife, over her master, when her temper was a little ruffled; the same, in all probability, which was aimed at the person of George the Third, as it is believed she took the weapon of offence, on her departure from Stokesley.

On arriving in London, and finding it equally impossible to live there as at her native place, without habits of industry, she writes to a female acquaintance as follows:—

"I am determined to side the King. He eats and drinks all that others should have; when I have destroyed the King, I will receive and pay all." This at once proves her aberration of mind.

"In the month of August, 1786," W. Kenny Esq. in his abridgment of Goldsmith's England, says, "An attempt was made by one Margaret Nicholson on the life of his majesty, as he was alighting from his carriage at the gate of St. James's palace. This woman had been observed to wait the king's arrival for some time, and, previous to the appearance of the carriage, had taken her station between two women that were unknown to her. On the sight of the carriage, she begged, with some earnestness, that she might not be hindered from delivering a memorial to his majesty. As the king was alighting, she pushed forward, and presented a paper, which his majesty received with great condescension. At that instant she struck a concealed knife at the king's breast, which his majesty happily avoided by bowing as he received the paper. As she was making a second thrust, one of the yeomen caught her arm; and, at the same instant, one of the king's footmen wrenched the knife out of her hand. His majesty, with amazing temper and fortitude, exclaimed, "I have received no injury! Do not hurt the woman; the poor creature appears to be insane." She was afterwards sent to Bethlehem Hospital.

WILLIAM EMERSON.

WILLIAM EMERSON was born at Hurworth, a pleasant village, about three miles from Darlington, in the county of Durham, on the 14th of May, 1701. The preceptor of his early years was his own father, of whom he learned writing and arithmetic, and probably the rudiments of Latin. After having studied mathematics with much ardour under able masters, at Newcastle and York, he returned to Hurworth, and again benefited by the knowledge of his father, who was a tolerable master of the mathematics. Some degree of Emerson's celebrity may be attributed to the treatment which he received from Dr. Johnson, rector of Hurworth, whose niece he had married. The doctor had engaged to give five hundred pounds to his niece, who lived with him, as a marriage portion; but when reminded of the promise, he chose to forget that it had been made, and treated our young mathematician as a person beneath his notice.

The pecuniary disappointment Emerson (who had an independent spirit, and whose patrimony though not large, was equal to all his wants) would easily have surmounted, but the contemptuous treatment stung him to the soul. He immediately went home, packed up his wife's clothes, and sent them to the doctor, saying, that he would scorn to be beholden to such a fellow for a rag.

He was a person of very singular habits, and his dress extremely grotesque; which with his character for profound learning, and knowledge more than human, occasioned the illiterate to consider him as a cunning man or necromancer, and various stories have been related of his skill in the black art. Besides his mathematical works, he was a great contributor to the Lady's Diary, under the signature of "Merones."

He departed this life on the 21st of May, 1782, and was buried in the church-yard of his native village.

DANIEL LAMBERT.

DANIEL LAMBERT.

Our immortal bard, in delineating the character of Falstaff, has rendered the corpulent knight remarkable for wit and ingenuity, in direct contradiction to the prevalent opinion, that excessive bulkiness in the human form is a general sign of weakness and stupidity. Notwithstanding the physical reason assigned for this opinion we have many instances that the mind is not always affected by a more than ordinary weight of body. Quin, who some years ago personated the above-mentioned character, was remarkably facetious though remarkably corpulent. The subject of this memoir, however, is perhaps the most extraordinary instance ever heard of, where an uncommon magnitude in the corporeal system was united with a greater portion of intellectual capacity than commonly falls to the lot of many.

Daniel Lambert was born on the 13th of March, 1770, in the parish of St. Margaret, at Leicester. From the extraordinary bulk to which he had attained, the reader may naturally be disposed to inquire, whether his parents were persons of remarkable dimensions. This was not the case, nor was any of his family inclined to corpulence, excepting an uncle and an aunt on the father's side, who were both very heavy. The former died during the infancy of Lambert, in the capacity of gamekeeper to the Earl of Stamford, to whose predecessor his father had been huntsman in early life. The family of Mr. Lambert, senior, consisted, besides Daniel, of another son, who died young, and two daughters of the common size.

The habits of young Lambert were not in any respect different from those of other young persons till the age of fourteen. Even at that early period he was strongly attached to all the sports of the field. This, however,

was only the natural effect of a very obvious cause, aided probably by an innate propensity to those diversions. We have already mentioned the profession of his father and uncle, and have yet to observe, that his maternal grandfather was a great cock-fighter. Born and bred, as it were, among horses, dogs, cocks, and all the other appendages of sporting, in the pursuits of which he was encouraged, even in his childhood, it cannot be matter of wonder that he should be passionately fond of all those exercises and amusements which are comprehended under the denomination of field-sports, as well as of racing, cocking, and fishing.

Brought up under the eye of his parents till the age of fourteen, he was then placed with Mr. Benjamin Patrick, in the manufactory of Taylor and Co. at Birmingham, to learn the business of a die-sinker and engraver. This establishment, then one of the most flourishing in that opulent town, was afterwards destroyed in the riots of 1795.

Owing to the fluctuations to which all those manufactures that administer to the luxuries of the community are liable from the caprices of fashion, the wares connected with the profession which had been chosen for young Lambert ceased to be in request. Buckles were all at once proscribed, and a total revolution took place at the same period in the public taste with respect to buttons. The consequence was, that a numerous class of artisans were thrown out of employment, and obliged to seek a subsistence in a different occupation. Among these was Lambert, who had then served only four years of his apprenticeship.

Leaving Birmingham, he returned to Leicester to his father who held the situation of keeper of the prison in that town. Soon afterwards, at the age of nineteen, he began to imagine that he should be a heavy man, but had not previously perceived any indications that could lead him to suppose he should ever attain the excessive corpulence for which he was distinguished. He always possessed extraordinary muscular power, and at the time we are speaking of, could lift great weights, and carry five hundred weight with ease. Had his habits been such as to bring his strength into action, he would doubtless

have been an uncommonly powerful man.

His father having resigned the office of keeper of the prison, young Lambert succeeded to the situation. It was within a year after this appointment that his bulk received the greatest and most rapid increase. This he attributed to the confinement and sedentary life to which he was obliged to submit, which produced an effect so much the more striking, as, from his attachment to sporting, he had previously been in the habit of taking a good deal of exercise. Though he never possessed any extraordinary agility, he was still able to kick to the height of seven feet, standing on one leg.

About the year 1793, when Lambert weighed thirty-two stone, he had occasion to visit Woolwich in company with the keeper of the county gaol of Leicester. As the tide did not serve to bring them up again to London, he walked from Woolwich to the metropolis with much less apparent fatigue than several middlesized men who were of the party.

The inhabitants of Leicester are remarkable for their expertness in swimming, an art which they are encouraged to practise by their vicinity to the river Soar. From the age of eight years Lambert was an excellent swimmer; and such was his celebrity, that for many years all the young people in his native town, who were learning to swim, resorted to him for instruction. His power of floating, owing to his uncommon bulk, was so great, that he could swim with two men of ordinary size upon his back. He used to relate, that on these occasions, when any of his young pupils manifested any timidity he would convey them to the opposite bank of the river from that on which they had laid their clothes, and there leave them to find their way back as well as they could. By these means they soon acquired that courage which is so indispensably necessary to the attainment of excellence in the art of swimming.

Lambert's father died about five years after his son's appointment to be keeper of the prison, which office he held till Easter 1805. In this situation he manifested a disposition fraught with humanity and benevolence. Whatever severity he might be under the necessity of exercising towards the unhappy objects committed to his

care during their confinement, he never forebore to make the greatest exertions to assist them at the time of their trials. Few left the prison without testifying their gratitude, and tears often bespoke the sincerity of the feelings they expressed. His removal from the office was in consequence of a wish, on the part of the magistrates, to employ the prisoners in the manufacture of the town. As a proof of the approbation which his conduct had merited, they settled upon him an annuity of 50*l.* for life, without any solicitation whatever; and, what was still more gratifying to his feelings, this grant was accompanied with a declaration, that it was a mark of their esteem, and of the universal satisfaction which he had given in the discharge of the duties of his office.

Such were the feelings of Mr. Lambert that he abhorred the very idea of exhibiting himself. Though he lived exceedingly retired at Leicester, the fame of his uncommon corpulence spread over the adjacent county to such a degree, that he frequently found himself not a little incommoded by the curiosity of the people, which it was impossible to repress, and which they were continually devising the means of gratifying in spite of his reluctance.

Finding, at length, that he must either submit to be a close prisoner in his own house, or endure all the inconveniencies without receiving any of the profits of an exhibition, he wisely strove to overcome his repugnance, and determined to visit the metropolis for that purpose. As it was impossible to procure a carriage large enough, he had a vehicle constructed expressly to convey him to London, where he arrived, for the twenty-second time, in the spring of 1806, and fixed his residence in Piccadilly.

His apartments there had more the air of a place of fashionable resort, than of an exhibition; and, as long as the town continued full, he was visited by a great deal of the best company. The dread he felt on coming to London, lest he should be exposed to indignity and insult from the curiosity of some of his visitors, was soon removed by the politeness and attention which he universally experienced. There was not a gentleman in

town from his own county, but went to see him, not merely gazing at him as a spectacle, but treating him in the most friendly and soothing manner, which he declared was too deeply impressed upon his mind ever to be forgotten.

The spirit of politeness which always prevailed in the presence of Lambert, was such as was, perhaps, never observed on a similar occasion, and it was a custom with his visitors to take off their hats. It is, however, but natural to suppose that among the numbers who chose to gratify their curiosity, some few exceptions should occur.

This great personage had the pleasure of receiving people of all descriptions and of all nations. He was one day visited by a party of fourteen, eight ladies and six gentlemen, who expressed their joy at not being too late, as it was near the time of closing the door for the day. They assured him that they had come from Guernsey on purpose to convince themselves of the existence of such a prodigy as he had been described to be by one of their neighbours who had seen him; adding, that they had not even one single friend or acquaintance in London, so that they had no other motive whatever for their voyage.—A striking illustration of the power of curiosity over the human mind.

Among the numerous foreigners who anxiously witnessed this unequalled spectacle, was Count Borulawski, the celebrated Polish dwarf, who had acquired an ample fortune by exhibiting his own person. The great contrast of these figures afforded high entertainment to the spectators. During Lambert's apprenticeship at Birmingham he went several times to see Borulawski, and such was the strength of the count's memory, that he had scarcely fixed his eyes upon him in Piccadilly before he recollected his face. After reflecting a moment, he exclaimed, that he had seen his face twenty years ago in Birmingham, but it was not surely the same body. This unexpected meeting of the largest and smallest men seemed to realize the fabled history of the inhabitants of Lilliput and Brobdignag, particularly when Lambert rose for the purpose of affording the diminutive count a full view of his prodigious dimensions.

In the course of conversation, Lambert asked what quantity of cloth the count required for a coat, and how many he thought his would make him.—"Not many;" answered Borulawski. "I take goot large piece cloth myself—almost tree quarters of yard."—At this rate one of Lambert's sleeves was abundantly sufficient for the purpose. The count felt one of his legs: "Ah mine Got!" he exclaimed: "pure flesh and blood. I feel de warm. No deception! I am pleased: for I did hear it was deception." Lambert asked if his lady was alive; on which he replied: "No, she is dead, and (putting his finger significantly to his nose) I am not very sorry, for when I affronted her, she put me on the mantle-shelf for punishment."

The many characters that introduced themselves to Lambert's observation in the metropolis furnished him with a great number of anecdotes, which a retentive memory enabled him to relate with good effect.

One day, the room being rather crowded with company, a young man in the front made incessant use of one of those indispensable appendages of a modern beau, called a quizzing-glass. The conversation turned on the changes of the weather, and in what manner Mr. Lambert felt himself affected by them.—"What do you dislike most?" asked the beau,—"*To be bored with a quizzing-glass*," was the reply.

A person asking him in a very rude way the cost of one of his coats, he returned him no answer. The man repeated the question with the observation, that he thought he had a right to demand any information, having contributed his shilling, which would help to pay for Mr. Lambert's coat as well as the rest. "Sir," rejoined Lambert, "if I knew what part of my next coat your shilling would pay for, I can assure you I would cut out the piece."

After a residence of about five months in the metropolis, Mr. Lambert returned in September, 1806, to his native town.

From that period to his death he had been chiefly engaged in travelling to the principal towns, where many thousands beheld with admiration his astonishing bulk. He was a cheerful companion; possessed a generous

heart; and was as fond of rural sports as any man in England. His game chickens and his dogs, when he was at home, were his chief amusement, and the Racing Calendar his study. He died on the 21st of June, 1809, at Stamford in Lincolnshire, to which place he had travelled the day preceding his death from Huntingdon; and on his arrival in the evening he sent a message to the office of the Stamford News, requesting that, as "the mountain could not wait on Mahomet, Mahomet would go to the mountain;" or in other words that the printer would call upon him, and receive an order for executing some hand bills, announcing Mr. Lambert's arrival, and his desire to see company. The orders he gave upon that occasion were delivered without any presentiment that they were to be his last, and with his usual cheerfulness. He was in bed, fatigued with his journey; but was anxious that the bills might be quickly printed, in order to his seeing company next morning. Before nine o'clock on that morning, however, he was a corpse. He was in his 40th year, and upon being weighed a few days before his death, by the Caledonian balance, was found to be 52 stone 11lbs. in weight (14lb. to the stone), which is 10 stone 11lbs. more than the celebrated Bright of Essex ever weighed. He had apartments at the Waggon and Horses Inn, St. Martin's, on the ground floor, for he had long been incapable of walking up stairs. Nor is this to be wondered at, when it is known that he measured three yards four inches round the body, and one yard one inch round the leg, and that a suit of clothes cost about twenty pounds.

His coffin, in which there was a great difficulty to place him, was six feet four inches long, four feet four inches wide, and two feet four inches deep; the immense substance of his legs made it necessarily a square case. This coffin, which consisted of 112 superficial feet of elm, was built on two axle-trees, and four cog-wheels. Upon these his remains were rolled into his grave, which was in the new burial ground at the back of St. Martin's church. A regular descent was made, by sloping it for some distance. It was found necessary to take down the window and wall of the room in which he lay to allow his being taken away.

A tomb-stone, with the following epitaph, has been erected in St. Martin's burying ground, Stamford:

> "In remembrance of that prodigy in nature, Daniel Lambert, a native of Leicester, who was possessed of an excellent and convivial mind, and in personal greatness, he had no competitor. He measured three feet one inch round the leg, nine feet four inches round the body, and weighed 52 stone, 11lbs. (14lb. to the stone.) He departed this life on the 21st of June, 1809, aged 39 years. As a testimony of respect, this stone was erected by his friends in Leicester."

We shall now proceed to state a few observations relative to the habits, manners, and propensities, of this extraordinary man.

It is not improbable that incessant exercise in the open air, in the early part of his life, laid the foundation of an uncommonly healthy constitution. Lambert scarcely knew what it was to be ailing or indisposed. His temperance, no doubt, contributed towards this uninterrupted flow of health. His food differed in no respect from that of other people: he ate with moderation, and of one dish only at a time. He never drank any other beverage than water, and though at one period of his life, he seldom spent an evening at home, but with convivial parties, he never could be prevailed upon to join his companions in their libations to the jolly god. He possessed in an eminent degree one of the qualifications that strongly tend to promote harmony and conviviality, having a fine, powerful, melodious voice. It was a strong tenor, unlike that of a fat man, light and unembarrassed, and the articulation perfectly clear.

Lambert's height was five feet eleven inches, and in June 1805, he had attained the enormous weight of fifty stone, four pounds. He never felt any pain in his progress towards his greatest bulk, but increased gradually and imperceptibly. Before he grew bulky he never knew what it was to be out of wind. It was evident to all who were acquainted with him, that he had no oppression on the lungs from fat, or any other cause; and Dr. Heaviside expressed his opinion that his life was as good as any other healthy man. He conceived himself that he could walk a quarter of a mile, and notwithstanding his excessive corpulence, could not only stoop

without trouble to write, but even kept up an extensive correspondence, insomuch that his writing table resembled the desk of a merchant's counting-house.

He slept less than the generality of mankind, being never more than eight hours in bed. He was never inclined to drowsiness, either after dinner or in any other part of the day; and such was the vivacity of his disposition, that he was always the last person to retire to rest, which he never did before one o'clock. He slept without having his head raised more than is usual with other men, and always with the window open. His respiration was so perfectly free and unobstructed, that he never snored, and what is not a little extraordinary, he could awake within five minutes of any time he pleased.

We have already adverted to Lambert's fondness for hunting, coursing, racing, fishing, and cocking. He was likewise well known in his neighbourhood as a great otter-hunter, and until a few years of his death was extremely active in all the sports of the field, and though he was prevented by his corpulence from partaking in them, he still bred cocks, setters, and pointers, which he brought to as great, or perhaps greater, perfection than any other sporting character of the day. At the time when terriers were the vogue, he possessed no less than thirty of them at once. The high estimation in which the animals of his breeding were held by sporting amateurs, was fully evinced in the sale of the dogs which he brought with him to London, and which were disposed of at Tattersall's at the following prices! Peg, a black setter bitch, forty-one guineas; Punch, a setter dog, twenty-six guineas; Brush, do., seventeen guineas; Bob, do., twenty guineas; Bounce, do., twenty-two guineas; Sam, do., twenty-six guineas; Bell, do., thirty-two guineas;—Charlotte, a pointer bitch, twenty-two guineas; Lucy, do., twelve guineas.—Total 218 guineas. Mr. Mellish was the purchaser of the seven setters, and Lord Kinnaird of the two pointers.

If Lambert had a greater attachment to one kind of sport than another, it was to racing, for which he always manifested a peculiar preference. He was fond of riding himself, before his weight prevented him from enjoying that exercise; and it was his opinion, founded

on experience, that the more blood, and the better a horse was bred, the better it carried him.

During his residence in London he found himself in nowise affected by the change of air, unless he ought to have attributed to that cause an occasional, momentary, trifling depression of spirits in a morning, such as he had felt on his recovery from inflammatory attacks, which were the only kind of indisposition he ever remembered to have experienced.

The extraordinary share of health he enjoyed was not the result of any unusual precaution on his part, as he had in many instances accustomed himself to the total neglect of those means by which men in general endeavour to preserve that inestimable blessing. As a proof of this the following fact is related from his own lips: before his increased size prevented his partaking in the sports of the field, he never could be prevailed upon, when he returned home at night from these excursions, to change any part of his clothes, however wet they might be; and he put them on again the next morning, though they were perhaps so thoroughly soaked, as to leave behind them their mark on the floor. Notwithstanding this, he never knew what it was to take cold. On one of these occasions he was engaged with a party of young men in a boat, drawing a pond. Knowing that a principal part of this diversion always consists in sousing each other as much as possible, Lambert before he entered the boat, walked, in his clothes, up to his chin into the water. He remained the whole of the day in this condition, which to any other man must have been intolerably irksome. At night, on retiring to bed, he stripped off shirt and all, and the next morning, putting on his clothes again, wet as they were, he resumed the diversion with the rest of his companions. Nor was this all; for lying down in the bottom of the boat, he took a comfortable nap for a couple of hours, and though the weather was rather severe, he experienced no kind of inconvenience from what might justly be considered as extreme indiscretion.

It would have been an interesting speculation to try how far a certain regimen might have tended to reduce Lambert's excessive bulk, which, however healthy he

SIR JEFFREY DUNSTAN.

might be, could but be productive of some inconvenience, besides depriving him of enjoyments to which he was passionately attached.

JEFFREY DUNSTAN.

JEFFREY DUNSTAN, or as he was significantly called since his appointment to the mayoralty of Garratt, Sir Jeffrey Dunstan, was found in the year 1759, wrapped up in a cloth, at the door of a church-warden of the Parish of St. Dunstan in the East; and from the superiority of the mantle he had on, it is likely he was the child of some respectable person who did not choose to own him, which is most probably the case; but certain it is, no one did ever father him. When *honour* and *fortune* smiled on Sir Jeffrey, he never troubled himself, to search into the secrets of the Herald's Office, for family arms; but in opposition to them, formed his own armorial bearings; which were four wigs, and his crest, a quart pot, emblematic of his pursuits of life; for he could not resist, at times, the temptations of London; and he seemed to agree with a late learned senator, that the publicans in London, seemed to show their pots in the streets, as much as to say "come and steal me!" Whether our hero ever heard that sound vibrate in his ears, we are not informed; but sure it is, he unwarrantedly made rather too free with them; and for which offence he was kept in durance vile: hence the meaning of his crest; old wigs being his favourite cry through the streets, it was his wish that they should fill each quarter of his arms.

Sir Jeffrey was reared in the work-house of the above parish till of the age of 12 years, when he was apprenticed for the term of nine years to a green grocer; which time he did not serve out; but ran away to Birmingham, where he worked in several factories; and the hard labour there, contributed to add to his peculiar deformity.

Our hero again appeared in London, in the year 1776; and we believe soon after entered the holy bands of matrimony, with a fair nymph of the purlieus of St. Giles's,

by whom he had two daughters, who were really fine women; Sir Jeffrey was fond of his progeny, whom he called Miss Polly and Miss Nancy; and they always returned the compliment, by calling him Papa. He was remarkably dirty in his person, and always had his shirt thrown open, which exposed his breast to public view; and often accompanied by his daughters.

The Court Kalendar does not inform us when Mr. Dunstan received the honour of knighthood; but we believe it was on the death of Sir John Harper; which was about the time of the celebrated contest for Westminster, in 1784, between Hood, Fox, and Wray; for in the spring following he was unanimously elected Mayor of Garratt; which seat he kept till his death; he neither bought the votes of his constituents, nor sold them; he was *pure* in *politics,—virtuous* in his *official* capacity!

The cavalcade on his first election was grand in the extreme, he was drawn in a phæton, decorated in all the gaudy splendour of magnificence; in which order they arrived at *Garratt Lane*, an insignificant village in the parish of Wandsworth; a place which has had the honour of giving the title of Mayor to the most deformed and stupid of John Bull's children.

The money spent during these elections is very great; according to Grose, the qualification of voting, is in being able to swear on a brick-bat, that he has had an amour in the open air in the fields round *Garratt Lane*.

Sir Jeffrey in his perambulations had always a sack thrown across his shoulders, his cry being "Old Wigs;" hence he was more known in London by the appellation of "Old Wigs," than that of the MAYOR OF GARRATT.

He used to sell his portrait and speech about the streets, of which he was very proud. Another print of him was published in the character of Dr. Last, which character he performed at the Haymarket Theatre.

Sir Jeffrey formed many a good subject for the print shops; as a ridicule on the politicians and orators of his day. He was represented standing on a stool, asking this question, "How far was it from the first of August to Westminster Bridge?"

His death was sudden, in the year 1797.

BAMFYLDE MOORE CAREW.

BAMFYLDE MOORE CAREW.

Bamfylde Moore Carew, one of the most extraordinary characters on record, was descended from an ancient and honourable family in the west of England. He was born in 1693, at Bickley, in Devonshire, of which place his father, the Rev. Theodore Carew, was many years rector. Never was there known a more splendid appearance of persons of the first distinction at any baptism in the county, than were present at his. Hugh Bamfylde, Esq. and Major Moore, of families equally ancient and respectable as that of Carew, were his godfathers, and from them he received his two christian names.

The Rev. Mr. Carew had several other children, all of whom he educated in a tender and pious manner. At the age of twelve years, his son, the subject of this article, was sent to Tiverton school, where he contracted an intimate acquaintance with many young gentlemen of the first families in Devonshire and the adjacent counties.

During the first four years of young Carew's residence at Tiverton school, his close application to his studies gave his friends great hopes that he might one day appear with distinction in the profession which his father became so well, and for which he was designed. He actually made a very considerable progress in the Latin and Greek languages. The Tiverton scholars, however, having at this time the command of a fine pack of hounds, Carew and three other young gentlemen, his most intimate companions, attached themselves with such ardour to the sport of hunting, that their studies were soon neglected. One day the pupils, with Carew and his three friends at their head, were engaged in the chase of a deer for many miles, just before the commencement of harvest. The damage done to the fields of standing corn was so great, that the neighbouring gentlemen and farmers came with heavy complaints to Mr. Rayner, the master of the school, who threatened young Carew and his companions so severely, that

through fear they absconded and joined a gang of gypsies who then happened to be in the neighbourhood. This society consisted of about eighteen persons of both sexes, who carried with them such an air of mirth and gaiety, that the youngsters were quite delighted with their company, and expressing an inclination to enter into their society, the gypsies admitted them, after the performance of the requisite ceremonies, and the administration of the proper oaths; for these people are subject to a form of government and laws peculiar to themselves, and all pay obedience to one chief who is styled their king.

Young Carew was soon initiated into some of the arts of the wandering tribe, and with such success, that besides several exploits in which he was a party, he himself had the dexterity to defraud a lady near Taunton of twenty guineas, under the pretext of discovering to her, by his skill in astrology, a hidden treasure.

His parents meanwhile lamented him as one that was no more, for though they had repeatedly advertised his name and person, they could not obtain the least intelligence of him. At length, after an interval of a year and a half, hearing of their grief and repeated inquiries after him, his heart relented, and he returned to his parents at Bickley. Being greatly disguised both in dress and appearance, he was not known at first by his parents; but when he discovered himself, a scene followed which no words can describe, and there were great rejoicings both in Bickley and the neighbouring parish of Cadley.

Every thing was done to render his home agreeable, but Carew had contracted such a fondness for the society of the gypsies, that, after various ineffectual struggles with the suggestions of filial piety, he once more eloped from his parents, and repaired to his former connexions. He now began to consider in what manner he should employ himself. The first character he assumed for the purpose of levying contributions on the unsuspecting and unwary, was that of a shipwrecked seaman, in which he was very successful. He next gave himself out to be a farmer, who living in the isle of Sheppey in Kent, had the misfortune to have all his lands overflowed, and all his cattle drowned. Every scheme which he undertook,

he executed with so much skill and dexterity, that he raised considerable sums. So artful were the disguises of his dress, countenance, and voice, that persons who knew him intimately did not discover the deception, and once, on the same day, he went nnder three different characters to the house of a respectable baronet, and was successful in them all.

Some time after Carew's return to the vagrant life, we find him on a voyage to Newfoundland, from motives of mere curiosity. He acquired, during his stay, such a knowledge of that island, as was highly useful to him, whenever he thought proper afterwards to assume the character of the shipwrecked seaman. He returned in the same ship to Dartmouth, where he embarked, bringing with him a dog of surprising size and fierceness, which he had enticed to follow him, and made as gentle as a lamb by an art peculiar to himself.

At Newcastle, Carew, pretending to be the mate of a collier, eloped with a young lady, the daughter of an eminent apothecary of that town. They proceeded to Dartmouth, and though he undeceived her with respect to his real character, she was soon afterwards married to him at Bath. They then visited an uncle of Carew's, a clergyman of distinguished abilities, at Dorchester, who received them with great kindness and endeavoured, but in vain, to persuade him to leave the community of the gypsies.

Again associating with them, his disguises were more various and his stratagems not less successful. He first equipped himself in a clergyman's habit, put on a band, a large white wig, and a broad-brimmed hat. His whole deportment was agreeable to his dress; his pace was solemn and slow, his countenance grave and thoughtful, his eyes turned on the ground; from which, as if employed in secret ejaculations, he would raise them to heaven: every look and action spoke his want; but at the same time, the hypocrite seemed overwhelmed with that shame which modest merit feels, when obliged to solicit the hand of charity. This artful behaviour excited the curiosity of many people of fortune to inquire into his circumstances, but it was with much reluctance that he acquainted them, that he had for many years

exercised the sacred office of a clergyman, at Aberystwith, a parish in Wales, but that the government changing, he had preferred quitting his benefice (though he had a wife and several small children), to taking an oath contrary to his principles. This relation he accompanied with frequent sighs, and warm expressions of his trust in Providence; and as he perfectly knew those persons it was proper to apply to, this stratagem succeeded beyond his expectations. But hearing that a vessel, on board of which there were many quakers, bound for Philadelphia, had been cast away on the coast of Ireland, he laid aside his gown and band, clothed himself in a plain suit, and with a demure countenance, applied to the quakers, as one of those unhappy creatures, with great success, and hearing that there was to be a meeting of them from all parts, at Thorncombe in Devonshire, he made the best of his way thither, and joining the assembly, with a seeming modest assurance, made his case known, and satisfying them by his behaviour, that he was one of the sect, they made a considerable contribution for his relief.

With such wonderful facility did he assume every character, that he often deceived those who knew him best, and were most positive of his not being able to impose upon them. Going one day to Mr. Portman's at Brinson, near Blandford, in the character of a rat-catcher, with a hair-cap on his head, a buff girdle about his waist, and a tame rat in a little box by his side; he boldly marched up to the house in this disguise, though his person was known to all the family; and meeting in the court with the Rev. Mr. Bryant, and several other gentlemen, whom he well knew, he asked if their honours had any rats to kill. Mr. Portman asked him if he knew his business, and on his answering in the affirmative, he was sent in to get his dinner, with a promise, that after he had dined they would make a trial of his abilities. Dinner being over he was called into a parlour among a large company of gentlemen and ladies. "Well, Mr. Rat-catcher," said Mr. Portman, "can you lay any scheme to kill the rats without hurting my dogs?" "Yes, yes," replied Carew, "I shall lay my composition where even the rats cannot

climb to reach it"—"And what countryman are you?"—"A Devonshire man, an't please your honour." "What's your name?" Carew perceiving, by some smiles and whispers, that he was known, replied, by telling the letters of which his name was composed. This occasioned a good deal of mirth, and Mr. Pleydell of St. Andrew's Milbourn, who was one of the company, expressed some pleasure at seeing the famous Bamfylde Moore Carew, whom he said he had never seen before. "Yes, but you have," said he, "and given me a suit of clothes." Mr. Pleydell was surprised, and desired to know when it was; Carew asked him if he did not remember being met by a poor wretch, with a stocking round his head instead of a cap, an old woman's ragged mantle on his shoulders, no shirt to his back, nor stockings to his legs, and scarcely any shoes to his feet, who told him that he was a poor unfortunate man, cast away near the Canaries, and taken up with eight others, by a Frenchman, the rest of the crew, sixteen in number, being drowned; and that after having asked him some questions, he gave him a guinea and a suit of clothes. This Mr. Pleydell acknowledged, and Carew replied: "He was no other than the expert rat-catcher now before you." At this the company laughed very heartily; and Mr. Pleydell, and several others, offering to lay a guinea that they should know him again, let him come in what form he pleased, and others asserting the contrary, Carew was desired to try his ingenuity; and some of the company following him out, let him know that on such a day, the same company, with several others, were to be at Mr. Pleydell's.

When the day arrived, he got himself close shaved, dressed himself like an old woman, put a high-crowned hat on his head, borrowed a little hump-backed child of a tinker, and two others of a beggar, and with the two last at his back, and the former by the hand, marched to Mr. Pleydell's; when coming up to the door he put his hand behind him, and pinching one of the children, set it a roaring, and gave the alarm to the dogs, who came out with open throats, so that between the crying of the child, and the barking of the dogs, the family was sufficiently annoyed. This brought out the maid, who de-

aired the supposed old woman to go about her business, telling her she disturbed the ladies. "God bless their ladyship's," replied Carew, "I am the unfortunate grandmother of these poor helpless infants, whose dear mother, and all they had was burned at the dreadful fire at Kirton, and hope the good ladies will, for God's sake, bestow something on the poor famished infants." This pitiful tale was accompanied with tears, and the maid going in, soon returned with half a crown, and a mess of broth, which Carew went into the court to eat. It was not long before the gentlemen appeared, and after they had all relieved him, he pretended to go away, when setting up a tantivy, tantivy, and an halloo to the dogs, they turned about, and some of them then recollecting, from his altered voice, that it could be no other than Carew, he was called in. On examining his features, they were highly delighted, and rewarded him for the entertainment he had given them.

Carew so easily entered into every character, and moulded himself into so many different forms, that he gained the highest applauses from that apparently wretched community to which he belonged, and soon became the favourite of their king, who was very old. This flattered his low ambition, and prompted him to be continually planning new stratagems, among which he executed a very bold one on the Duke of Bolton.—Dressing himself in a sailor's ragged habit, and going to his grace's near Basingstoke in Hampshire, he knocked at the gate, and with an assured countenance, desired admittance to the duke, or at least that the porter would give his grace a paper which he held in his hand: but he applied in vain. Not discouraged, he waited till he at last saw a servant come out, and telling him he was a very unfortunate man, desired he would be so kind as to introduce him where he might speak with his grace. As this servant had no interest in locking up his master, he very readily promised to comply with his request, as soon as the porter was off his stand; which he accordingly did, introducing him into a hall through which the duke was to pass. He had not been long there, before the duke entered, upon which dropping on one knee he offered him a petition, setting forth that the unfortunate

petitioner, Bampfylde Moore Carew, was supercargo of a vessel that was cast away coming from Sweden, in which were all his effects, none of which he had been able to save. The duke, seeing the name of Bampfylde Moore Carew, and knowing those names to belong to families of the greatest worth and note in the west of England, asked him several questions about his family and relations, when being surprised that he should apply for relief to any but his own family, who were so well able to assist him, Carew replied, that he had disobliged them by some follies of youth, and had not seen them for some years. The duke treated him with the utmost humanity, and calling a servant had him conducted into an inner room, where being shaved by his grace's order, a servant was sent to him with a suit of clothes, a fine Holland shirt, and every thing necessary to give him a genteel appearance. He was then called in to the duke, who was sitting with several other persons of quality. They were all taken with his person and behaviour, and presently raised for him a supply of ten guineas. His grace being engaged to go out that afternoon, desired him to stay there that night, and gave orders that he should be handsomely entertained, leaving his gentleman to keep him company. But the duke was scarcely gone, when Carew found an opportunity to set out unobserved towards Basingstoke, where he went to a house frequented by some of the community. He treated the company, and informing them of the bold stratagem he had executed, the whole place resounded with applause, and every one acknowledged that he was most worthy of succeeding to the throne of the mendicant tribe, on the first vacancy that should occur.

About this time Clause Hatch, the king of the mendicants, died, and Carew had the honor of being elected king in his stead; by which dignity, as he was provided with every thing necessary by the joint contributions of the community, he was under no obligation to go on any cruize. Notwithstanding this, Carew was as active in his stratagems as ever; but he had not long enjoyed this honor, when he was seized and confined as an idle vagrant, tried at the quarter sessions at Exeter, and transported to Maryland; where being arrived, he took the opportunity,

while the captain of the vessel and a person who seemed disposed to buy him were drinking a bowl of punch in a public house, to give them the slip, and to take with him a pint of brandy and some biscuits, and then betake himself to the woods.

Travelling by night, and concealing himself by day, he went on till he was out of danger of pursuit, or being stopped for want of a pass, and then travelled by day. His journey was frequently interrupted by rivers and rivulets, which he was obliged either to wade through or swim over. At length he discovered five Indians at a distance; his fear represented them in the most frightful colours; but as he came nearer, he perceived them clothed in deerskins, their hair was exceedingly long, and, to his inexpressible joy, he discovered they had guns in their hands, which was a sure sign of their being friendly Indians; and these having accosted him with great civility, soon introduced him to their king, who spoke very good English, and made him go to his *wigwam*, or house, when observing that he was much hurt by his collar, the king immediately set himself about freeing him from it, and at last effected it by jagging the steel of Carew's tinder-box into a kind of saw, his majesty sweating heartily at the work. This being done, he set before Carew some Indian bread and other refreshments. Here he was treated with the greatest hospitality and respect; and scarcely a day passed, in which he did not go out with some party on a hunting match, and frequently with the king himself.

One day as they were hunting, they fell in company with some other Indians near the river Delaware, and when the chace was over, sat down to be merry with them. Carew took this opportunity to slip out, and going to the river side, seized one of their canoes, and though entirely unacquainted with the method of managing them, boldly pushed from shore, and landed near Newcastle, in Pennsylvania.

Carew now transformed himself into a quaker, and behaved as if he had never seen any other sort of people. In this manner he travelled to Philadelphia, meeting every where with the kindest treatment and the most

JOHN ELWES, ESQ.

plentiful supply. From hence he went to New York, where going on board a vessel belonging to Captain Rogers, he set sail for England; and after having prevented his being pressed on board a man of war, by pricking his hands and face, and rubbing them with bay-salt and gunpowder, to give him the appearance of the small-pox, safely landed at Bristol, and soon rejoined his wife and begging companions.

Here terminates the narrative of the adventures of this extraordinary person, who, with uncommon talents and the greatest advantages, connexions, and interest, might have figured in the highest and most respectable walks of life. What became of him afterwards is unknown, but he is said to have died about the year 1770, aged 77.

JOHN ELWES, ESQ.

Of all the passions that reign in the human breast, avarice, under certain circumstances, is one of the most unaccountable. That the man who has once felt the miseries of poverty, should, on the acquisition of wealth, exhibit a disposition somewhat more than frugal, cannot appear surprising. It is but just to ascribe it to solicitude to prevent a recurrence of the evils to which he was once exposed. But how shall we explain the existence of that inordinate propensity to accumulate, which sometimes marks the character of persons, born in the lap of riches, and succeeding, without any exertion of their own, to the possession of almost boundless wealth.

Such was the case of John Elwes—a name which has become proverbial in the annals of avarice—the circumstances of whose remarkable life incontestibly prove that not vast heaps of hoarded gold, or wide-extended possessions, can give happiness and content to such as want spirit to make use of them. Who would exchange the feelings with the scanty fortune of the man of Ross,

celebrated by Pope, for the feelings of Elwes, even though coupled with his immense property!

The history of Mr. Elwes likewise furnishes an example, as memorable as any recorded in history, of the inconsistency of man. It shows that the most sordid parsimony may be combined with the most extravagant negligence and profusion, and that principles of the purest honour may be associated with a meanness that is degrading to the human character. But we shall cease to anticipate the reflections that will not fail to occur to every intelligent reader while perusing the following pages, and introduce in them this extraordinary compound of frailty and excellence.

The father of Mr. Elwes, whose family name was Meggot, was an eminent brewer in Southwark. He died when his son was only four years old, so that little of the penurious character by which he was afterwards distinguished, can be attributed to his father. The precepts and example of his surviving parent doubtless exercised more influence; for though she was left nearly one hundred thousand pounds by her husband, it is said that she starved herself to death. Another cause, which will presently be noticed, doubtless contributed to instil into the mind of Mr. Elwes that saving principle by which he was so eminently distinguished.

At an early period of life he was sent to Westminster school, where he remained ten or twelve years, and became a good classical scholar; yet it is not a little extraordinary, that at no future period of his life was he ever seen with a book, nor did he leave behind him, at all his different houses, two pounds' worth of literary furniture. Of accounts he had no knowledge whatever, and this may perhaps have been, in part, the cause of his total ignorance of his own concerns. From Westminsterschool he removed to Geneva, to complete his education. Here he entered upon pursuits more agreeable to him than study. The riding-master of the academy there had then to boast, perhaps, of three of the boldest riders in Europe, Mr. Worsley, Mr. Elwes, and Sir Sydney Meadows. Of the three, Elwes was reckoned the most courageous; the young horses were always put into his hands, and he was the rough-rider

of the other two. After an absence of two or three years he returned to England.

At this time his uncle, Sir Harvey Elwes, resided at Stoke, in Suffolk, the most perfect picture of penury that perhaps ever existed.

Sir Harvey was a remarkable instance of what temperance can effect. Though given over for a consumption at an early period of his life, he attained to the age of between eighty and ninety years. At his death, the only tear that was dropped upon his grave fell from the eye of his servant, who had long and faithfully attended him. To that servant, and to his heirs, he bequeathed a farm of fifty pounds per annum.

Sir Harvey left his name and his whole property, amounting to at least two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, to his nephew, who at the time possessed a fortune very little inferior. For fifteen years previous to this event, Mr. Elwes was known in all the fashionable circles of the metropolis. His numerous acquaintance and large fortune conspired to introduce him into every society; he was admitted a member of a club at Arthur's, and various other clubs of that period. His passion for play was only exceeded by his avarice, and it was not till late in life that he was cured of the inclination. Few men, according to his own acknowledgment, had played deeper and with more various success. He once played two days and a night without intermission, and the room being small, the party, one of whom was the Duke of Northumberland, were nearly up to the knees in cards. At this sitting Mr. Elwes lost some thousands.

No one will be disposed to deny that avarice is a base passion. It will therefore be the more difficult to conceive how a mind organized like that of Mr. Elwes, could be swayed by principles of such peculiar honour and delicacy as often influenced his conduct: the theory which he professed, that it was impossible to ask a gentleman for money, he adhered to in practice, and this feeling he never violated to the last. Had he received all he won, he would have been richer by many thousands, for many sums due to him by persons of very high rank were never liquidated. Nor was this the only

pleasing trait in his character; his manners were so gentlemanly, so mild, and so engaging, that rudeness could not ruffle them, nor strong ingratitude oblige him to cease the observance of his usual attention.

After sitting up all night at play for thousands, with the most fashionable and profligate men of the time, in the midst of splendour and profusion, he would walk out about four in the morning, not towards home, but to Smithfield, to meet his own cattle coming to market from Theydon Hall, a mansion he possessed in Essex. There forgetting the scenes he had just left, he would stand in the cold or rain squabbling with a carcase butcher for a shilling. Sometimes, if the beasts had not yet arrived, he would go on in the mire to meet them; and more than once he has gone on foot to his farm, a distance of seventeen miles from London, after sitting up all night.

The principal residence of Mr. Elwes at this period of his life was at his seat at Marcham, in Berkshire. Here he had two sons born by Elizabeth Moren, his housekeeper; and these natural children, at his death, inherited by will the greatest part of his immense property. He paid frequent visits to his uncle Sir Harvey, and used to attend him in his favourite amusement of partridge-setting. He always travelled on horseback, and to see him preparing for a journey was a matter truly curious. His first care was to put two or three eggs, boiled hard, into his great-coat pocket, and some scraps of bread; then mounting one of his hunters, his next care was to get out of London into that road where there was the fewest number of turnpikes. Stopping on these occasions, under any hedge where grass presented itself for his horse, and a little water for himself, he would sit down and refresh himself and his beast together.

On the death of his uncle, Mr. Elwes went to reside at Stoke, in Suffolk. Bad as was the mansion-house he found there, he left one still worse behind him at Marcham, of which his nephew, the late Colonel Timms, used to relate the following anecdote:—A few days after he went thither, a great quantity of rain falling in the night, he had not been long in bed before he found himself wet through, and perceived that the rain was

dropping from the ceiling on the bed. He rose and moved the bed; but he had not lain long before he found that he was just as much exposed as before. At length, after making the tour of the room with his bed, he retired into a corner where the ceiling was better secured, and there he slept till morning. At breakfast he told Elwes what had happened. "Aye, aye," said the old man, seriously, "I don't mind it myself; but to those that do, that's a nice corner in the rain."

On his removal into Suffolk Mr. Elwes first began to keep fox hounds, and his stable of hunters was, at that time, considered the best in the kingdom. This was the only instance of his ever sacrificing money to pleasure; but even here every thing was managed in the most frugal manner. His huntsman led by no means an idle life: he rose at four every morning, and after milking the cows, prepared breakfast for his master and any friends he might happen to have with him; then slipping on a green coat, he hurried into the stable, saddled the horses, got the hounds out of the kennel, and away they went into the field. After the fatigues of hunting, he refreshed himself by rubbing down two or three horses as quickly as possible; then running into the house he would lay the cloth and wait at dinner. This business being dispatched, he again hurried into the stable to feed the horses, and the evening was diversified with an interlude of the cows again to milk, the dogs to feed, and eight horses to litter down for the night. It may, perhaps, appear extraordinary, that this man should live in his place some years, though his master often used to call him an idle dog, and say, the rascal wanted to be paid for doing nothing. Thus the whole foxhunting establishment of Mr. Elwes, huntsman, dogs, and horses, did not cost him three hundred pounds a year. In the summer, the dogs always passed their lives with the different tenants, where they had more meat and less work, and were collected together a few days before the season began.

While he kept hounds, which was for a period of nearly fourteen years, Mr. Elwes resided almost entirely at Stoke in Suffolk. He sometimes made excursions to Newmarket, but never engaged on the turf. A kindness

which he performed on one of these occasions ought not to pass unnoticed. Lord Abingdon, who was slightly known to him, in Berkshire, had made a match for 7000*l.* which it was supposed he would be obliged to forfeit, from inability to produce the sum, though the odds were greatly in his favour. Unasked and unsolicited, Mr. Elwes made him an offer of the money, which he accepted, and won his engagement.

On the day when this match was to take place, a clergyman agreed to accompany Mr. Elwes, to see the issue of it. They went on horseback; and as they were to set off at seven in the morning, the gentleman took no refreshment, imagining that they were to breakfast at Newmarket. About eleven they reached that place, where Mr. Elwes was occupied in inquiries, and conversation till twelve, when the match was decided in favour of Lord Abingdon. His companion now expected they should move off to the town, to take some breakfast, but Elwes still continued to ride about. The hour of four at length arrived, at which time the gentleman became so impatient, that he mentioned something of the keen air of Newmarket Heath, and the comforts of a good dinner. "Very true," said old Elwes, "very true. So here do as I do," at the same time offering him from his great coat pocket a piece of an old crushed pancake, which he said he had brought from his house at Marcham two months before, but that it was as good as new. It was nine in the evening before they reached home, when the gentleman was so fatigued, that he could think of no refreshment but rest; and Elwes, who in the morning had risked seven thousand pounds, went to bed happy in the reflection that he had saved three shillings.

He had brought with him his two sons out of Berkshire, to his seat at Stoke, and if he ever manifested a fondness for any thing, it was for those boys. But he would lavish no money on their education, often declaring, that "putting things into people's heads was taking money out of their pockets." That he was not, however, overburthened with natural affection, the following anecdote appears to prove. One day he had sent his eldest boy up a ladder, to get some grapes for the table, when, the ladder slipping, he fell down and hurt his side against

the end of it. The boy took the precaution to go up to the village to the barber and get blooded. On his return, being asked where he had been, and what was the matter with his arm, he informed his father that he had got bled.—"Bled! bled!" cried the old gentleman; "but what did you give?" "A shilling," answered the boy. "Pshaw!" returned the father, "you are a blockhead; never part with your blood!"

An inn upon the road, and an apothecary's bill, were equal objects of Mr. Elwes' aversion. The words "*give*" and "*pay*" were not found in his vocabulary; and therefore, when he once received a very dangerous kick from one of his horses, who fell in going over a leap, nothing could persuade him to have any assistance. He rode the chase through, with his leg cut to the bone; and it was only some days afterwards, when it was feared an amputation would be necessary, that he consented to go up to London, and, hard day! part with some money for advice.

From the parsimonious manner in which he lived, and the two large fortunes of which he was possessed, riches rolled in upon him like a torrent; but as he knew scarcely any thing of accounts, and never reduced his affairs to writing, he was obliged, in the disposal of his money, to trust much to memory, and still more to the suggestions of others. Every person who had a want or a scheme with an apparently high interest, adventurer or honest, it signified not, was prey to him. He caught at every bait, and to this cause must be ascribed visions of distant property in America, phantoms of annuities on lives that never could pay, and bureaus filled with bonds of promising peers and senators. In this manner Mr. Elwes lost at least one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

Thus there was a reflux of some portion of that wealth which he was denying himself every comfort to amass. All earthly enjoyments he voluntarily renounced. When in London, he would walk home in the rain rather than pay a shilling for a coach; and would sit in wet clothes rather than have a fire to dry them. He would eat his provisions in the last stage of putrefaction, rather than have a fresh joint from the butcher; and at

one time he wore a wig above a fortnight which he picked up out of a rut in a lane, and which had, apparently, been thrown away by some beggar. The day on which he first appeared in this ornament, he had torn an old brown coat which he generally wore, and had therefore been obliged to have recourse to the old chest of Sir Jervaise, (his uncle's father,) from which he selected a full-dress green velvet coat, with slash sleeves; and there he sat at dinner in boots, the above-mentioned green velvet, his own white hair appearing round his face, and the black stray wig at the top of all.

Mr. Elwes had inherited from his father some property in houses in London, particularly about the Haymarket. To this he began to add by engagements for building, which he increased from year to year, to a very great extent. He was the founder of great part of Marybone; Portman-place, Portman-square, and many of the adjacent streets rose out of his pocket: and had not the fatal American war put a stop to his rage for building, much of the property he then possessed would have been laid out in bricks and mortar. He judiciously became his own insurer, and stood to all his losses by conflagrations. He soon became a philosopher upon fire; and, on a public house which belonged to him being consumed, he said, with great composure, "Well, there is no great harm done; the tenant never paid me, and I should not have got rid of him so quickly in any other way."

It was the custom of Mr. Elwes, whenever he came to town, to occupy any of his premises that might then chance to be vacant. In this manner he travelled from street to street, and whenever any person wished to take the house in which he was, the owner was instantly ready to move into any other. A couple of beds, the same number of chairs, a table, and an old woman, comprised all his furniture, and he moved them about at a minute's warning. Of all these moveables, the old woman was the only one that gave him any trouble; for she was afflicted with a lameness that made it difficult to get her about quite so fast as he chose; and besides, the colds she took were amazing; for sometimes she was in a small house in the Haymarket, at another in a great

house in Portland-place; sometimes in a little room with a coal fire, at other times with a few chips which the carpenters had left, in rooms of most splendid, but frigid dimensions, and with a little oiled paper in the windows for glass. It might with truth be said of the old woman, that she was "here to-day, and gone to-morrow;" and the scene which terminated her life is not the least singular of the anecdotes recorded of Mr. Elwes.

He had come to town, and as usual had taken up his abode in one of his empty houses. Colonel Timms, who wished much to see him, accidentally learned that his uncle was in London; but how to find him was the difficulty. In vain he inquired at his banker's and at other places; some days elapsed, and he at length learned, from a person whom he met by chance in the street, that Mr. Elwes had been seen going into an uninhabited house, in Great Marlborough-street. This was some clue to the colonel, who immediately posted to the spot. As the best mode of gaining intelligence he applied to a chairman, but he could obtain no information of a gentleman called Mr. Elwes. Colonel Timms then described his person, but no gentleman had been seen. A pot-boy, however, recollected that he had seen a poor old man opening the door of the stable, and locking it after him, and from the description it agreed with the person of Mr. Elwes; the colonel proceeded to the house, and knocked very loudly at the door, but could obtain no answer, though some of the neighbours said they had seen such a man. He now sent for a person to open the stable door, which being done, they entered the house together. In the lower part all was shut and silent; bnt on ascending the staircase they heard the moans of a person seemingly in distress. They went to the chamber, and there, on an old pallet bed, they found Mr. Elwes apparently in the agonies of death. For some time he seemed quite insensible; but on same cordials being administered by a neighbouring apothecary who was sent for, he recovered sufficiently to say that he believed he had been ill two or three days, "that an old woman who was in the house, for some reason or other had not been near him; that she had herself been

ill; but he supposed she had got well and was gone away." The poor old woman, the partner of all his journeys, was, however, found lifeless on a rug upon the floor, in one of the garrets, and had to all appearance been dead about two days. Thus died the servant, and thus, had it not been for his providential discovery, would have perished her master, Mr. Elwes; who, though worth at least half a million sterling, was near expiring in his own house of absolute want.

Mr. Elwes had resided thirteen years in Suffolk, when, on the dissolution of parliament, a contest appeared likely to take place for Berkshire; but, to preserve the peace of the county, he was nominated by Lord Craven. Mr. Elwes consented, only on the express stipulation, that he was to be brought in for nothing. All he did was to dine at the ordinary at Abingdon, so that he actually obtained a seat in parliament for the moderate sum of eighteen pence. He now left Suffolk, and again went to his seat at Marcham. He took his foxhounds with him, but finding that his time was likely to be much employed, he resolved to part with them, and they were soon afterwards given away to some farmers in the neighbourhood. He was chosen for Berkshire in three successive parliaments, and sat as a member of the House of Commons about twelve years. Though a new man, Mr. Elwes could not be called a young member, for he was at this time nearly sixty years of age. But he was in possession of all his activity; and preparatory to his appearance on the boards of St. Stephen's chapel, he used to attend constantly during the races and other public meetings in all the great towns where his voters resided. At the different assemblies, he would dance amongst the youngest to the last, after riding on horseback, frequently in the rain, to the place of meeting.

The honour of parliament made no alteration in the dress of Mr. Elwes; on the contrary, it seemed to have attained additional meanness, and nearly to have reached the happy climax of poverty, which has more than once drawn on him the compassion of those who passed him in the street. For the speaker's dinners, however, he had one suit, with which the speaker, in the course of the session, became very familiar. The minister like-

wise was well acquainted with it; and at any dinner of opposition, still was his apparel the same. The wits of the minority used to say, "that they had full as much reason as the minister to be satisfied with Mr. Elwes, as he never turned his coat." At this period of his life Mr. Elwes wore a wig. Much about the time when his parliamentary life ceased, that wig became worn out; and then, being older and wiser as to expense, he wore his own hair, which, like his expenses, was very small. All this time the income of Mr. Elwes was increasing hourly, and his present expenditure was next to nothing; for the little pleasures he had once engaged in he had now given up. He kept no house, and only one servant, the huntsman, and a couple of horses, and resided with his nephew; his two sons he had stationed in Suffolk and Berkshire, to look after his respective estates; and his dress certainly was no expense to him; for had not other people been more careful than himself, he would not have had it even mended.

As Mr. Elwes came into parliament without expense, he performed his duty as a member would have done in the pure days of our constitution. What he had not bought, he never attempted to sell; and he went forward in that straight and direct path which can alone satisfy a reflecting mind. Amongst the smaller memorials of the parliamentary life of Mr. Elwes may be noted, that he did not follow the custom of members in general, by sitting on any particular side of the house, but sat as occasion presented itself, on either indiscriminately; and he voted much in the same manner, but never rose to speak.

In his attendance on his senatorial duties, Mr. Elwes was extremely punctual; he always staid out the whole debate, and let the weather be what it might, he used to walk from the House of Commons to the Mount Coffee-house. In one of these pedestrian returns, a circumstance occurred which furnished him a whimsical opportunity of displaying his disregard of his person. The night was extremely dark, and hurrying along, he ran with such violence against the pole of a sedan-chair, that he cut both his legs very deeply. He, as usual, never thought of having any medical assistance, but

Colonel Timms, at whose house he then was, insisted on some one being called in. At length he submitted, and an apothecary was sent for, who immediately began to expatiate on the ill consequences of breaking the skin, the good fortune of his being sent for, and the peculiarly bad appearance of the wounds. "Very probable," replied Mr. Elwes; "but Mr.——I have one thing to say to you. In my opinion my legs are not much hurt; now you think they are; so I will make this agreement: I will take one leg and you shall take ahe other; you shall do what you please with your's, I will do nothing to mine; and I will wager your bill that my leg gets well before your's." He exultingly beat the apothecary by a fortnight.

Mr. Elwes frequently declared "that, after the experience he had had of public speakers, and members of parliament, there was only one man, he thought, could now talk him out of his money, and that was young Pitt!"

About this time he lost his famous servant of all work. He died as he was following his master on a hard trotting horse into Berkshire, and he died empty and poor; for his yearly wages were not above five pounds, and he had fasted the whole day on which he expired. The life of this extraordinary domestic certainly verified this saying, which Mr. Elwes often used: "If you keep one servant your work is done; if you keep two it is half done; but if you keep three you may do it yourself."

For some years Mr. Elwes had been a member of a card club at the Mount Coffee-house; and by a constant attendance on this meeting, he, for a time, consoled himself for the loss of parliament. The play was moderate, and he had an opportunity of meeting many of his old acquaintances in the House of Commons; and he experienced a pleasure, which, however trivial it may appear, was not less satisfactory—that of enjoying fire and candle at the general expense.

Mr. Elwes therefore passed much of his time in the Mount Coffee-house. But fortune seemed resolved, on some occasion, to disappoint his hopes, and to force away that money from him which no power could persuade him to bestow. He still retained some fondness

for play, and imagined he had no small skill at picquet. It was his ill luck, however, to meet with a gentleman who thought the same, and on much better grounds; for after a contest of two days and a night, in which Mr. Elwes continued with a perseverance which avarice will inspire, he rose a loser of a sum which he always endeavoured to conceal—though there is no reason to believe, that it was not less than three thousand pounds. Some part of it was paid by a large draft on Messrs. Hoares, and was received very early the next morning. This was the last folly, of the kind, of which Mr. Elwes was ever guilty; and it is but justice to the members of the club to say, that they ever after endeavoured to discourage any wish to play with him.—Thus, while by every art of human mortification he was saving shillings and sixpences, he would kick down in one moment the heap he had raised. Though the benefit of this consideration was thrown away upon him, for his maxim, which he frequently repeated, always was, "That all *great fortunes* were made by *saving*: for of that a man could be sure."

Among the sums which Mr. Elwes injudiciously vested in the hands of others, some solitary instances of generosity are upon record. When his son was in the guards he was in the habit of dining frequently at the officers' table. The politeness of his manners rendered him generally agreeable, and in time he became acquainted with every officer of the corps. Among these was Captain Tempest, whose good humour was almost proverbial. A vacancy happening in a majority, it fell to this gentleman to purchase, but as money cannot always be raised immediately on landed property, it was imagined that he would have been obliged to suffer some other officer to purchase over his head. Mr. Elwes one day hearing of the circumstance, sent him the money the next morning, without asking any security. He had seen Captain Tempest and liked his manners; and he never once spoke to him afterwards concerning the payment; but on the death of that officer, which soon followed, the money was replaced. At this time he was in possession of seven hundred thousand pounds, and lived upon fifty pounds a year.

from his apparel that he was one of the workmen, observed, that "there never was such a punctual man as the *Old Carpenter!*"

Mr. Elwes had now attained the age of seventy-six, and began, for the first time, to feel some bodily infirmities from age. He experienced some occasional attacks of the gout; on which, with his accustomed perseverance and antipathy to apothecaries and their bills, he would set out to walk as far, and as fast as he could. While engaged in this painful mode of cure, he frequently lost himself in the streets, the names of which he no longer remembered, and was as often brought home by some errand-boy or stranger of whom he had inquired his way.

Another singularity was reserved for the close of Mr. Elwes's life, not less extraordinary than many already recorded. He that had, during his life, been such an enemy to giving, now gave away his affections. One of the maid-servants had the art to induce him to fall in love with her, and had it not been discovered, it is supposed he would have been prevailed upon to marry her. From such an act of madness, he was saved by good fortune, and the attention of his friends.

On the 18th of November, he manifested signs of that total debility which carried him to his grave in eight days. On the evening of the first day he was conveyed to bed, from which he rose no more. His appetite was gone; he had but a faint recollection of every thing about him, and the last intelligible words he uttered were addressed to his son John, hoping "*he had left him what he wished.*" On the morning of the 26th of November, he expired without a sigh; leaving property to the amount of above 800,000*l.* The value of that he had bequeathed to his sons was estimated at half a million, and the remainder, consisting of entailed estates, devolved to Mr. Timms, son of the late Lieutenant-colonel Timms, of the second troop of Horse Guards.

FOSTER POWELL.

FOSTER POWELL.

This celebrated pedestrian was born in 1734, at Horseforth, near Leeds, in Yorkshire. In 1762, he came to London and articled himself to an attorney in the Temple. After the expiration of his clerkship he remained with his uncle, Mr. Powell, of the New Inn, and when he died, engaged himself with a Mr. Stokes, and after his decease, with a Mr. Bingley, both of the same place.

Before his engagement with Stokes, he undertook, in the year 1764, not for any wager, to walk 50 miles on the Bath road in seven hours, which he accomplished in the time, having gone the first ten miles in one hour, although encumbered with a great coat and leather breeches.

He visited several parts of Switzerland and France, and gained much praise there for his pedestrianism; but in the year 1773, he walked from London to York and back again, a distance of 400 miles, in five days and eighteen hours: this was his first match for a wager.

In November, 1778, Powell attempted to run two miles in ten minutes for a wager; he started from Lea Bridge, and lost it only by half a minute.

In 1786, he undertook to walk 100 miles on the Bath road in 24 hours—50 miles out and 50 miles in—he completed his journey three quarters of an hour within the time agreed on.

In 1787, he undertook to walk from Canterbury to London Bridge and back again in 24 hours, the distance being 12 miles more than his former journey; this he accomplished to the great astonishment of thousands of anxious spectators, who were assembled to witness the completion of his task.

The following year, 1788, he engaged to go his favorite journey from London to York and back again in six days, which he executed in 5 days and 20 hours. After this he did not undertake any journey till the year 1790,

when he set off to walk from London to York, and back again in six days, but which he accomplished in 5 days and 18 hours.

In 1792, he determined to repeat his journey to York and back again, for the last time of his life, and convince the world he could do it in a shorter time than ever he had, though now at the advanced age of 58 years. Accordingly he set out from Shoreditch church to York Minster and back again; which he completed in 5 days 15 hours, and a quarter. On his return he was saluted with the loud huzzas of the astonished and anxious spectators.

In the same year he walked, for a bet of twenty guineas, six miles in 55 minutes and a half on the Clapham-road. Shortly afterwards he went down to Brighthelmstone, and engaged to walk one mile and run another in fifteen minutes; he walked the mile in nine minutes and twenty seconds, and ran the other mile in five minutes and twenty-three seconds, by which he was seventeen seconds less than the time allowed him.

Previous to this he undertook a journey to Canterbury, but by unfortunately mistaking the road from Blackheath to London, he unavoidably lost the wager; yet he gained more money by this accident than all the journeys he accomplished; for his friends, feeling for the great disappointment he experienced, made a subscription, and collected for him a good present.

Powell despised wealth, and notwithstanding his many opportunities of acquiring money, ten pounds was the largest sum he ever made, which was at the time of the before-mentioned subscription. He was always content with a little for himself, and happy in winning much for others. He seems to have considered his wonderful agility as a circumstance from which he derived great glory.

In person he was tall and thin, about five feet nine inches high, very strong downwards, well calculated for walking, and rather of a sallow complexion; in disposition he was mild and gentle, and possessed many valuable qualifications. In diet he was somewhat particular, as he preferred light food; he abstained from liquor,

LORD ROKEBY.

but on his journey made use of brandy; and when travelling, the delay he met with at the Inns, for he had particular hours for taking refreshment, often chagrined him. No wonder, indeed, if, on this account, he had often lost his wagers. He allowed himself but 5 hours rest, which took place from eleven o'clock at night.

In 1793, he was taken suddenly ill, and died on the 15th of April, at his apartments in New-inn, in rather indigent circumstances, for, notwithstanding his wonderful feats, and the means he had of attaining wealth, poverty was the constant companion of his travels through life, even to the hour of his death. The faculty attributed the cause of his sudden dissolution to the great exertions of his last journey to York, for being determined to complete it in less time than ever, he probably exceeded and forced his strength. In the afternoon of the 22nd his remains were brought, according to his own request, to the burying ground of St. Faith, St. Paul's Church Yard. The funeral was characteristically a *walking* one, from New-inn through Fleet-street, and up Ludgate-hill. The followers were twenty, on foot, in black gowns, and after them came three mourning coaches. The attendants were all men of respectability, the ceremony was conducted with much decency, and a very great concourse of people attended. He was buried under the only tree in the church-yard. His age, which was fifty-nine years, was inscribed on his coffin.

LORD ROKEBY.

MATTHEW ROBINSON MORRIS, eldest son of Sir Septimius Robinson, Knt. was born at Mount Morris, at his father's house, in Horton, near Hythe, in the county of Kent, in the year 1712. His early years were spent in this place, till he went to Westminster School, whence he was admitted at Trinity-hall, Cambridge, a pensioner, where he took his degree of bachelor of laws, and was

soon after elected a fellow of the society, a place which he retained to the day of his death. It is not unusual at Trinity-hall for men of large fortune to retain their fellowships. The society consists of twelve fellows, two of whom only are clergymen, and perform the regular and necessary duties of the college, such as those of tutor, lecturer, dean: but the other ten fellows seldom or never make their appearance in Cambridge, unless at the twelve days of Christmas, at which time the usual hospitality of that season of the year is conspicuous in the college, and the lay-fellows having enjoyed good eating and drinking, and examined the college accounts, return to Doctors' Commons, the Inns of Court, or their country seats. Mr. Robinson, in the early part of life, used sometimes to be of these parties, where his company was always acceptable, and his absence always regretted. As heir to a country gentleman of considerable property, he was not compelled to apply his abilities in the usual pursuits of a laborious and now almost technical profession; he enjoyed an introduction to the higher circles of life, and being possessed of the advantages of a liberal education, and accomplished manners, he united the studies of the scholar with the occupations of a gentleman, and divided his time very agreeably between Horton, London, Bath, and Cambridge. In this period of his life the celebrated peace of Aix-la-Chapelle attracted the attention of Europe: and the place appointed for negociation, at all times, from its waters, of great resort, was more than usually filled with good company. Soon after the ambassadors had here taken up their abode, Mr. Robinson escorted Lady Sandwich to this grand scene of gallantry and politics, where the classical taste of Lord Sandwich, the eccentricity of Wortley Montague, among his own countrymen, the prudence of Prince Kaunitz, the solidity of the Dutch deputies, and the charms of their ladies, for the Dutch belles carried away the palm of beauty at this treaty, afforded him an inexhaustible fund of instruction and entertainment. Having no official employment, and appearing in that once envied character of an English gentleman, his company was generally

sought after, and the ladies of the higher class thought their parties incomplete without his presence, and the *corps diplomatique* bowed to his credentials.

Among the women none more sprightly, none more ready to join innocent mirth, or to be the subject of it when a mistake in his language might give occasion to pleasure; but foreigners admired the strength of his character, when his conversation was suited to graver subjects, and no man presumed to laugh at his mistakes without repenting of his temerity. Respected by the men, and acceptable to the women, he was noted here for a singularity which he retained during his whole life, a remarkable attachment to bathing. He surprised the medical men by the length of his stay in the hot-bath, very often two hours or more at a time, and by going in and out without any of the precautions which were then usual, and which future experience has proved to be unnecessary. On his return to England nothing particular happened to him till his election to parliament by the city of Canterbury, which place he represented, and, we may add, really represented for two successive parliaments. His neighbourhood to Canterbury had naturally introduced him to some of the higher classes of that city; but he had no idea of a slight acquaintance with a few only of his constituents, he would know and be known to them all. His visits to Canterbury gratified himself and them. They were visits to his constituents, whom he called on at their shops and their looms, walked within their market-places, spent the evening with at their clubs. He could do this from one of his principles, which he had studied with the greatest attention, and maintained with the utmost firmness, the natural equality of man. No one was more sensible than himself of the advantages and disadvantages of birth, rank, and fortune. He could live with the highest, and he could also live with the lowest in society; with the forms necessary for an intercourse with the former class he was perfectly well acquainted, and he could put them in practice; to the absence of these restraints he could familiarize himself, and could enter into casual conversation with the vulgar, as they are called, making them

forget the difference of rank, as much as he disregarded it. Hence, perhaps, there never was a representative more respected and beloved by his constituents, and his attention to the duties of parliament entitled him to their veneration. Independent of all parties, he uttered the sentiments of his heart; he weighed the propriety of every measure, and gave his vote according to the preponderance of argument. The natural consequence of such a conduct was, in the first parliament a disgust with the manners of the house; and he would have resigned his seat at the general election, if his father had not particularly desired him to make one more trial, and presented him at the same time with a purse, not such as has lately been thought necessary, for the party to pay his election expenses. Mr. Robinson was re-elected, and, what will astonish the generality of members, made no demand on his father for election bills; for, after paying every expense with liberality, he found himself a gainer, in a considerable sum, by the election. Corruption had not then made such dreadful havoc in the mind as it has been our destiny to lament in a subsequent period, yet Mr. R. found himself uneasy in the performance of his duty. He conceived that a member of parliament should carry into the house a sincere love of his country, sound knowledge, attention to business, and firm independence—That measures were not to be planned and adopted in a minister's parlour, nor the House of Commons to be a mere chamber of parliament to register his decrees—That in the House of Commons every member was equal; that it knew no distinction of minister, county-member, city-member, or borough-member. That each individual member had a right to propose, to assist in deliberation, aid by his vote in carrying or rejecting a measure, according to the dictates of his own mind; and that the greatest traitors, with which a country could be curst, were such persons as would enter into parliament without any intention of studying its duties, and examining measures, but with a firm determination to support the minister or his opponents, according as the expectation or actual enjoyment of a place, pension, or emolument derived from admi-

nistration, led them to enlist under the banners of one or the other party. Even in his time he thought he saw too great confidence placed in the heads of party; too little reliance on private judgment, too little attention to parliamentary duties. The uniform success of every ministerial measure did not accord with his ideas of a deliberative body, and he determined to quit a place in which he thought himself incapable of promoting the public good; and where he was determined not to be aiding or abetting in any other measures. To the great regret of his constituents he declined the offer of representing them at the next election, and no future entreaties could induce him to resume an occupation in which, as he told them, better eyes were required than his to see, better ears to hear, and better lungs to oppose the tricks of future ministers.

By the death of his father, in the second period of his parliamentary life, Mr. Robinson came into possession of the paternal estate, and had now a full opportunity of realizing his own schemes of life. About twelve miles from Canterbury, on the ancient Roman road leading to the Portus Lemanus, the present Lympne, by turning a few paces to the left, the walker, who has been fatigued, as much by the uniformity as the roughness of the road, feels on a sudden his heart expanded by a most extensive prospect, which he commands from a lofty eminence. Before him and under his feet, at a distance of five or six miles, commences the vast flat, known by the name of Romney Marsh, which, with the Weald of Kent, is bound to his eye by Dungeness, Beachy-head, and the hills of Sussex and Surrey, and the ridge of hills on a part of which he stands, and which runs through nearly the middle of the county of Kent into Surrey. Turning eastward, he perceives the sea, and has a glimpse of the coasts of France: his view is bounded by hills still higher, as he turns to the north; but from the top of these hills, at half a mile distance from the spot on which he stands, he commands the same extensive prospect over the marsh and West Kent, which is enriched on a fine day by the view of the coast of France from Boulogne to Calais, seeming scarcely to be separated

from the island. At the bottom of these hills stands the family mansion, a substantial brick house, with offices suited to the residence of a man with four or five thousand a year. When Mr. R. came to the estate, there were about eight hundred acres round the house, partly in his own occupation, partly let out to tenants: they were allotted into fields of various dimensions, bounded by the substantial hedges so well known to be the ornament of Kent, but cutting the ground into too many minute parts for picturesque beauty. There was a garden walled in, and suitable roads to the house. Mr. R. took the whole of this land into his own occupation as soon as possible; and nature, with his occupancy, began to resume her rights. The only boundaries on his estate were soon only those which separated his land from that of his neighbours. Adieu to the use of gates or stiles in the interior: they were left to gradual decay; the soil was not disturbed by the labours of horse and man; the cattle had free liberty to stray wherever they pleased; the trees were no longer dishonoured by the axe of the woodman, the pollards strove to recover their pristine vigour, the uniformity of hedges and ditches gradually disappeared. The richest verdure clothed both hills and vallies, and the master of the mansion wandered freely in his grounds, enjoying his own independence and that of the brute creation around him.

About that period, he either formed the opinion, or began to express it with an unusual degree of confidence, that the Bank of England would break during his life-time. He was so firmly convinced of it in his own mind, that it became a pretty constant topic with him; and, when he met with opponents, he defended it with such strength of argument as could not easily be resisted. One day the conversation on this subject ended in a singular wager, which was taken down in writing, purporting that the heirs and executors of Mr. Robinson should pay to the other party, an alderman of Canterbury, the sum of ten pounds, if the bank did not break during the life-time of the former; and on the other hand, that the alderman should be similarly bound to pay the sum of ten pounds if the Bank did break in Mr. R's life-time.

The proof was to depend on a bank-note of ten pounds being offered at the Bank, and not producing in return ten pounds in specie.

In the year 1794, Mr. R. became, by the death of the Archbishop of Armagh, Lord Rokeby; and it is natural to ask what difference the title made in his manners? Precisely none. He was now addressed by the title of lord instead of sir; and, as he used to say, they are both the same in the Latin. Yet the accession to his title gave him rights in Ireland, and his letter to Lord Castlereagh showed that he was not unworthy of them, and that if age and infirmities had presented no obstacles, the Irish House of Lords would have been dignified by the presence of a man who assumed for his motto, on this occasion, what he really possessed in his heart, independence. Very fantastical notions accompany, in some persons minds, the titles of the peerage. They think of fine dress, splendid carriages, haughty demeanour, something differing from the many. Such persons were much embarrassed at the sight of Lord Rokeby. A venerable man with a long beard, sallow complexion, furrows on his forehead, the traces of deep thinking, fore part of the head bald, from the hinder flowing long and lank locks of white hair, a white or blue flannel coat and waistcoat, and breeches, worsted stockings, and shoes tied with black strings. The ruffles and frill were the only linen he wore.

From the time of his accession to the title to the day of his death, Lord Rokeby seldom went farther from home than Hythe; but he would have thought that he had forfeited all regard to his principles if he had not gone to Maidstone to vote for his friend, Filmer Honeywood, the staunch advocate of the independence of the county; and a contested election for the city of Canterbury drew him again from his retirement. This election took place just after the famous stoppage of the Bank; and after a visit to his friends at the hall, and shouts of congratulation from all the freemen, he walked to the alderman's house, with whom the wager had been laid, proffered some notes for cash, presented the written

agreement on the wager, and demanded of the alderman the sum of ten pounds.

The question, as might naturally be expected, staggered, a little, the alderman, who was also a banker, and as the words admitted of some debate, and Lord R. had not with him documents of the refusal at the Bank of cash for a ten pound note specifically proffered, the payment was therefore deferred.

On returning to the hall, Lord R. came again on the hustings, by the side which is appropriated for persons to return who have voted, and for the infirm, and the friends of the candidates, or for the officers of the court. The sheriff very politely offered to take here his lordship's vote, who, with his usual good humour declined it; "I am not so old neither," says he, "that I cannot do like the rest of my brother citizens" and instantly went down the stairs, where he met an old man ascending, who had given him a vote nearly fifty years before; mixed with his brother citizens, went up the proper stairs with them, and gave the last proof of his political connexion with Canterbury in a manner worthy of himself and his principles.

A gentleman who happened to be in the neighbourhood of Mount Morris, resolved to procure a sight of this extraordinary character, after he had suceeeded to the title of Lord Rokeby. "On my way," says he, "at the summit of the hill above Hythe, which affords a most delightful prospect, I perceived a fountain of pure water, over-running a bason which had been placed for it by his lordship. I was informed that there were many such on the same road, and that he was accustomed to bestow a few half-crown pieces, plenty of which he always kept loose in a side pocket, on any water drinkers he might happen to find partaking of his favourite beverage, which he never failed to recommend with peculiar force and persuasion. On my approach, I stopped some time to examine the mansion. It is a good plain gentleman's seat; the grounds were abundantly stocked with black cattle, and I could perceive a horse or two on the steps of the principal entrance. After the necessary in-

quiries, I was conducted by a servant to a little grove, on entering which, a building with a glass covering, that at first sight appeared to be a green-house, presented itself. The man who accompanied me opened a little wicket, and on looking in, I perceived, immediately under the glass, a bath with a current of water, supplied from a pond behind. On approaching the door, two handsome spaniels, with long ears, apparently of King Charles's breed, advanced, and, like faithful guardians, denied us access, till soothed by the well known accents of the domestic. We then proceeded, and gently passing along a wooden floor, saw his lordship stretched on his face at the farther end. He had just come out of the water, and was dressed in an old blue woollen coat, and pantaloons of the same colour. The upper part of his head was bald, but the hair of his chin, which could not be concealed even by the posture he had assumed, made its appearance between his arms on each side. I immediately retired, and waited at a little distance till he awoke; when rising, he opened the door, darted through the thicket, accompanied by his dogs, and made directly for the house, while some workmen employed in cutting timber, and whose tongues only I had heard before, now made the woods resound again with their axes."

This truly patriotic nobleman expired at his seat in Kent, in the month of December, 1800, in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

The family of Lord Rokeby has been distinguished for a literary turn. It was a relative of his who wrote the celebrated treatise on gavel-kind. His eldest sister, the late Mrs. Montague, successfully defended the memory and genius of Shakspeare against Voltaire: the younger, Mrs. Scott, who died in 1795, wrote several novels, some of which attained considerable reputation: and his nephew, Matthew Montague, is not wholly unknown in the world of letters.

JOSEPH CLARK.

This man was a very extraordinary posture-master who resided in Pall-mall. Though well made, and rather gross than thin, he exhibited, in a most natural manner, almost every species of deformity and dislocation. He frequently diverted himself with the tailors, by sending for one of them to take measure of him, and would so contrive it as to have a most immoderate rising in one of the shoulders: when the clothes were brought home, and tried upon him, the deformity was removed into the other shoulder; upon which the tailor asked pardon for the mistake, and altered the garment as expeditiously as possible: but, upon a third trial, he found him perfectly free from blemish about the shoulders, though an unfortunate lump appeared upon his back. In short, this wandering tumour puzzled all the workmen about town, who found it impossible to accommodate so changeable a customer. He dislocated the vertebræ of his back, and other parts of the body, in such a manner that Molins, the famous surgeon, before whom he appeared as a patient, was shocked at the sight, and would not even attempt his cure. He often passed for a cripple among persons with whom he had been in company but a few minutes before. Upon these occasions he would not only change the position of his limbs, but entirely alter the figure of his countenance. The powers of his face were more extraordinary than the flexibility of his body. He would assume all the uncouth grimaces that he saw at a quaker's meeting, the theatre, or any other public place. He died about the beginning of King William's reign, as it appears from Evelyn's Numismata that he was not living in 1697.

JOSEPH CLARK.

THOMAS LAUGHER.

THOMAS LAUGHER.

THOMAS LAUGHER, better known by the name of Old Tommy, is a striking instance of the good effect of temperance on the human constitution, for to this cause his venerable age must undoubtedly be in a great measure ascribed. He was born at the village of Markley, in the county of Worcester, and was baptized, as appears by his register, in January, 1700. His parents were natives of Shropshire, and were themselves examples of unusual longevity, his father dying at the age of 97, and his mother at 108. In the year following that of his birth they removed with him to London where he resided till his death.

Laugher was educated at Christ-church College, Oxford; where he remained nearly twelve years. From there he made a tour on the continent, visiting many parts of Turkey, &c., and was absent seven years.

In the early part of his life Laugher followed, for many years the profession of a liquor-merchant, in Tower-street. This, however, he was obliged to relinquish, in consequence of a heavy loss which he experienced, through the failure of Neele, Fordyce, and James, at that time a very considerable house in the city, to the amount of 198,000*l.* This affair took such effect upon him that he immediately became blind and speechless, and his skin peeled from the whole of his body. He was now reduced from affluence, to a state of extreme poverty. Though in a line of business in which wines and spirits of every kind presented themselves freely and plentifully, he never drank any fermented liquor, during the first fifty years of his life, his chief beverage being milk, milk and water, coffee and tea.

His strength of memory was such that he could remember most of the principal occurrences of the last century, and would relate with pleasure, to those who visited him, his seeing Queen Anne going to the House of Peers, on horseback, in the year 1705, seated on a pillion behind the Lord Chancellor; and also, when a

little boy, the death of King William. He likewise could recollect bread at two-pence farthing the quartern loaf, fresh butter at two-pence halfpenny per pound, and butchers' meat at one penny per pound.

He resided latterly in Kent-street in the borough, from which he used to walk every Sunday morning, when the weather permitted, to the Rev. Mr. Coxhead's chapel in Little Wild-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields: and a short time previous to his death he walked as far as Hackney and back again.

To all appearance Old Tommy had been a remarkably well-made man, and rather above the middle stature. Although at that extreme age, his lungs were very strong and sound. It is not less surprising than true, that after a severe fit of illness, at the age of eighty, he had a fresh head of hair, and new nails both on his fingers and toes; a contraction, which took place at the same time, in the finger of each hand, never left them. His hair was thick and flowing, not thoroughly white, but grey on the outside, and brown underneath, as were also his eyebrows.

This venerable man had been for some time supported by the donations of charitable and well-disposed persons. From a spirit of independence, he used, for several years, to sell laces for stays, garters, and other little articles of that nature, for which he found customers among his friends, who always liberally encouraged his industry.

Laugher had a son who died at the age of eighty. This son, whom he called his "poor Tommy," had the appearance of being considered older than himself, which occasionally produced curious mistakes. Among others the following anecdote is related on this subject: Walking, some years since in Holborn with his son, the difficulty which the latter found to keep up with him, drew the attention of a gentleman, who went to old Laugher and began to expostulate with him for not assisting his father. When informed of his mistake, he would not give credit to the old man till convinced by some person, who knew them both, of the truth of his testimony.

This inversion of the order of nature, was attributed by the old man to his son having lived freely. He has been often heard to say, "If the young fool had taken

D. DANCER.

as much care of his health as I have, he might now have been alive and hearty."

As far as his memory went Old Tommy was extremely willing to answer any questions that were proposed, and had not that austerity and peevishness which so frequently accompany extreme age. He was much pleased to hear of Old Jenkins and Old Parr, and said his family came from the same county as the latter. His inoffensive manners and uninterrupted cheerfulness gained him the respect both of old and young in the neighbourhood of his residence.

He died in 1812, at the surprising age of 112 years.

DANIEL DANCER.

Daniel Dancer was born in 1716, in the hamlet of Weald, in the neighbourhood of Harrow. He was descended from a respectable yeoman's family in the county of Hertford, and his grandfather appears to have been settled at Bushy, near Watford, where he followed the profitable occupations of mealman and maltster. His father, who resided at Stone-causeway, on Harrow Weald Common, possessed considerable property in land, which he farmed himself: he had four children, three sons and a daughter; and on his death, in 1736, his eldest son Daniel succeeded to the estate.

It has somewhere been asserted, that there never yet were three successive generations of misers; the Dancers, however, form a special exception to this rule, for it is an undoubted fact, that the grandfather, the father, and all the children, were strictly entitled to this appellation! Their characters, however, were of a peculiar cast; for it was the ambition and the occupation of their lives, not to accumulate for the sake of their offspring, or relatives, or posterity, or themselves, but from the same principle that the magpie is said to steal gold—merely for the pleasure of *hiding* it!

ness, Miss Dancer intended to have left Lady Tempest the property she possessed, to the amount of 2000*l.* She, however, expired before she signed her will, which she had directed to be made, on which her two other brothers who were equally celebrated for parsimony, put in their claim for a share of her fortune. To this proposal Daniel refused to accede, and a lawsuit ensued; the result was, that he recovered 1040*l.* of his sister's property, as the price of her board for thirty years, at 30*l.* per annum, and 100*l.* for the two last years, in which he declared she had done nothing but eat and lie in bed. What remained after these deductions was equally divided among the three brothers.

Although Daniel never evinced any affection for his sister, he determined to bury her in such a manner as should not *disgrace the family*. He accordingly contracted with an undertaker, who agreed to take timber in return for a coffin, as Mr. Dancer had no idea of using the *precious metals* as a vehicle of exchange: he, however, could not be prevailed upon to purchase proper mourning for himself: yet, in consequence of the entreaty of his neighbours, he unbound the haybands with which his legs were usually covered, and drew on a second-hand pair of black worsted stockings. His coat was of a whitish-brown colour; his waistcoat had been black about the middle of the last century; and the immediate covering to his head, which seemed to have been taken from Mr. Elwes's *wiggery*, and to have descended to Daniel as an *heir loom*, gave a grotesque appearance to the person of a chief mourner, but too well calculated to provoke mirth. This, indeed, was increased by the slipping of his horse's girth at the place of burial; in consequence of which the rider, to the great diversion of some of the Harrow boys who attended, was precipitated into the grave!

After the death of his sister, and near the close of his own life, finding himself lonesome, he hired a man for his companion, who was a proper counterpart of himself. This servant, Griffiths, had, by severe parsimony, contrived to accumulate 500*l.* out of wages which had never exceeded 10*l.* per annum. At the time he hired with Mr. Dancer, he was about sixty years of age, and his

wages were *eighteen pence* per week. He assisted his master in picking up bones, &c. accordingly, when they went out, they took different roads for the same purpose; but Griffiths having a taste for strong beer would tipple a little, which was the cause of much altercation at night, when he returned home to his master.

When his sister died, he had a pair of sheets on his bed, which he would never suffer to be removed: but lay in them till they were worn out. He would not allow his house to be cleaned, and the room in which he lived was nearly filled with sticks he had collected from his neighbours' hedges. He was for many years his own cobler, and the last pair of shoes he wore had become so large and ponderous, from the frequent soles and coverings they had received, that they rather resembled hog-troughs than shoes.

His wealth was productive of no other enjoyment than the sordid and unavailing one arising from the contemplation of riches which he did not dare to enjoy; on the contrary, it seemed to carry a curse along with it, and to engender a variety of calamities to the wretched possessor. During the time he lived alone, after the death of his sister (for he never could prevail upon himself to be at the *expense* of a wife,) the temptation to rob the old miser proved irresistible to those that lived by rapine; indeed, there is some reason to suppose, that they contemplated the plunder of a man of his penurious disposition with but little compunction or remorse: his avarice, if not an excuse for, at least seemed an alleviation of the crime. He was, accordingly, robbed frequently, and, if report be true—for this was a subject on which he did not choose to enlarge—to a very considerable amount. He, however, once confessed, with tears in his eyes, to his niece, who had seen whole and half-pecks of halfpence on his staircase, that "all—all was gone!"

On these occasions, it was customary with the housebreakers to terrify him into a discovery of his more valuable property; and they are said to have actually suspended him by the neck several times, before they could extort a confession where it was deposited.

At length, Daniel bethought himself of a mode of preventing their visits, and punishing their temerity.

After fastening his rotten door on the inside, in the best manner possible, he determined never to enter the house again through that aperture. Accordingly, he procured a short ladder, always ascended by its means, and, pulling it in after him, took refuge in his miserable apartment, where he literally resembled Robinson Crusoe shut up in his little garrison.

Lady Tempest, who was the only person that had any influence on the mind of this unhappy man, employed every possible persuasion and device to induce him to partake of these conveniences and comforts which are so gratifying to others, but without effect. One day she, however, prevailed on him to purchase a hat of a Jew for a shilling, that which he wore having been in constant use for thirteen years. She called upon him the next day, and to her surprise found that he still continued to wear the old one. On inquiring the reason, he, after much solicitation, informed her, that his old servant Griffiths, had given him sixpence profit for his bargain.

The same lady, knowing that he was fond of trout stewed in claret, once sent him some as a present. The stew had become congealed during the night, and though he durst not eat till it was warmed for fear of the tooth-ache, to which he was subject, yet he could not on any account afford the expense of a fire. The ingenious method by which he contrived to relieve himself from this embarrassment, is certainly worthy of admiration. The weather was frosty, and at such times he always lay in bed to keep himself warm, and he conceived that a similar mode of proceeding would produce the same effect on the fish. He accordingly directed it to be put, with the sauce, into a pewter plate, and covering it with another, placed them under his body, and sat upon them till the contents were sufficiently warmed!

The latter part of Daniel's life was meliorated by the humanity and good-nature of his worthy and respectable neighbour. Lady Tempest presented him with a bed, and, at length actually prevailed upon him to throw away the sack in which he had slept for years. Being a sworn enemy to extravagance, he was careful to excess of the property of another. He could scarcely be prevailed upon, it is said, to touch a joint. He delighted

in fragments and crusts; and, while indulging himself in these *luxuries*, muttered execrations against the devouring gluttony of modern times. He also evinced, on this occasion, a considerable portion of that low cunning so common in illiterate persons; for he pretended to pay his addresses to the cook, in an *honourable way*, with a view of keeping in favour with her; and, when it was evident that she had discovered his intentions to proceed from what is termed *cupboard love*, he endeavoured to impose on her a second time, by promising to remember her in his will!

To his brother, who kept sheep on the same common, and who rivalled Daniel himself in penury, and almost in wealth, he always manifested the utmost aversion; to his niece, however, he once presented a guinea on the birth of a daughter; but even here he made a hard bargain, for the gift was conditional—she was either to name the child Nancy, after his mother, or forfeit the *whole sum*.

To the honour of Mr. Dancer, however, he possessed one virtue, and that, too, not a very common one in this world—gratitude. Accordingly, some time before his death, he made a will, and surrendered his copyhold estates to the disposition he had made; the will and surrender were both in favour of his benefactress, Lady Tempest.

The evening before his death, he dispatched a messenger in whom he could confide, requesting to see her ladyship; and, on being gratified in this particular, he expressed great satisfaction. Finding himself a little better, his attachment to the only thing he respected more than the lady recurred, and that too with such violence, that, although his hand was scarcely able to perform its functions, he took hold of his will, which he had intended to have presented to her, and replaced it once more in his bosom.

Next morning, however, perceiving his end to be fast approaching, he actually confided this paper, according to his original determination; and, having now resigned as it were, all title to that adored wealth, which he considered as his "heart's blood," he soon gave up the ghost, and was buried in the churchyard of his parish (Harrow), by his own particular desire.

Thus lived, and thus died, at the age of seventy-eight, on September 4, 1794, Daniel Dancer, a true disciple of the Elwes school, the rigours of which he practised to a far greater degree than even his master. In consequence of a very common mistake of the *means* for the *end*, he deprived himself not only of what are termed the pleasures, but even of the necessaries of life. At times, however, he would lament that he did not make a better use of his riches; and was once heard to regret that he had not, according to his original intention, set up a whiskey, which, in his opinion, was the *ne plus ultra* of gentility. On another occasion, upon receiving twopence for a pint of beer from a deputy commissary, who was about to pay him five hundred pounds for hay during the war, and had mistaken him for one of 'Squire Dancer's servants, he bridled up, and said he intended soon to become a gentleman himself!

During the last twenty years, Daniel's house is said to have been entered at least fourteen times by thieves, and the amount of his losses is calculated at 2,500*l*. As the lower part was in such a ruinous state as to admit a person with ease, it was recommended to him to get it repaired; but he replied, "that this would be only throwing away more money, for then they would get in at the windows."

In order to employ the attention of the marauders, until he should escape to his hiding-place, he was accustomed to strew the ground with farthings and sixpences wrapped up in paper.

On his demise, the house in which he died, and in which he was also born, exhibited a spectacle of misery and of terror; for it possessed so squalid an aspect, that no other person would have slept in it; and was actually so ruinous, that neither bricklayer nor carpenter would have ventured to repair it.

Some time before his death he left this ancient tenement; which with the surrounding meadows, was sold by Sir Henry Tempest to the Marquis of Abercorn,—on purpose to read his will to a person in the neighbourhood. An objection being made to it, on the ground that there was no provision bequeathed to his brothers, he replied,

"If I were of a great family, I would not disinherit the heir of the paternal estate—in such a case it would be wrong; but I have long had it in my mind to leave what I have away from mine. My brothers are both old men, and have much more than they can spend, or know how to make a proper use of; besides they have no children. I am ashamed of myself and them. I have not even improved my property; and, were I to live my time over again, I would not do as I have done."

His house, which at his death devolved to Captain Holmes, was a most miserable building, not having been repaired for half a century: though poor in external appearance, it was, however, discovered to be very rich within; at different times, Captain Holmes found large bowls filled with guineas and half-guineas, and parcels of bank-notes stuffed under the covers of old chairs. Large jugs of dollars and shillings were found in the stable. At the dead of night Mr. Dancer was known to go to this place, but for what purpose no one could tell. It afterwards appeared that he used to rob one jug, to add to a bowl which was found buried in the kitchen.

It took many weeks to explore the contents of his dwelling. One of his richest escrutoirs was the dung-heap in the cow-house, which contained near 2500*l.* and in an old jacket carefully tied, and strongly nailed down to the manger, was the sum of 500*l.* in gold and bank-notes. In the chimney was about 200*l.* and an old tea-pot contained bank-notes to the value of 600*l.*; it was covered with a piece of paper, whimsically inscribed, "Not to be hastily looked over."

There was likewise found some hundred weight of waste paper, the collection of half a century, and two or three tons of old iron, consisting of nails, horse-shoes, &c. which he had picked up, On the ground floor several pieces of foreign gold and silver were dug up, and some coins, among which were a crown and a shilling of the English commonwealth.

He left in landed property to the amount of 500*l.* per annum to Lady Tempest, and after her death to her only son, Sir Henry Tempest, of Stoke-end, Hereford: in short, the whole property which he left to Lady Tempest and her brother Captain Holmes, was about 3000*l.*

per annum. Lady Tempest did not long enjoy the accession of wealth which she acquired by this miser's death; for she contracted an illness during her attendance upon Mr. Dancer in his last hours, that in a few months terminated her own life, in January, 1795.

OLD BOOTS.

The real name of this very conspicuous personage it is impossible to ascertain, being, in his life-time, only known by the significant appellation of Old Boots. He was, however, born about the year 1692, and, for some length of time, filled the important office of boot cleaner at an Inn in Ripon, in Yorkshire. He was a perfect "*lusus naturæ*;" dame Nature forming him in one of her freakish humours. He was blessed with such a plenitude of nose and chin, and so tenderly endearing were they, that they used to embrace each other; and by habits, he could hold a piece of money between them. Among the variety of human countenances, none perhaps ever excited more public curiosity, than that of old Boots. He always went into the rooms with a boot-jack and a pair of slippers; and the urbanity of his manners was always pleasing to the company, who frequently gave him money, on condition that he would hold it between his nose and chin; which request he always complied with, and bore off the treasure with great satisfaction. He was one of those fortunate beings who could daily accomplish that—which thousands of persons are ineffectually striving all their lives to attain—he could "make both ends meet!" He died 1762, at the age of 70.

OLD BOOTS.

SIR J. DINELY.

SIR JOHN DINELY.

This truly eccentric character was actually of an ancient and honourable family, but having run through his portion of the family entailments in various chivalrous pursuits after the ladies, he took to advertising for a wife, which scheme, though it did not ultimately succeed, made him a very remarkable man of his age.

His friendship with the Pelham family, and the interest of Lord North together, procured him the pension and resident situation of a poor knight of Windsor, where he very orderly resided, and was known to wear the Windsor uniform. Platonic gallantry was his profession, and to show the system reduced to practice, he always abode by himself, not having a single servant-maid to wait on him in his solitude. Yet, with all his oddities he was particularly loquacious and chatty when abroad, though his discourse was always overcharged with egotism and his amorous proceedings.

In his dress he was no changeling, but uniform and exact to time in every thing. For nearly thirty years he was remarked in town on his occasional visits to the pastry and confectionary shops, where his assignations to meet the fair objects of his advertisements were fixed. On these occasions his figure was truly grotesque. If it was wet he was mounted on a high pair of pattens. His accoutrements were generally second-hand finery of a fashion at least a century old. He was then seen in his grandest style of elegance, with a velvet embroidered waistcoat, satin breeches, silk stockings, and a full-bottomed wig. On these occasions, not a little inflated with family pride, he seemed to imagine himself as great as any lordling: but on the day following, he might be seen slowly pacing from the chandler's shop, near his country retreat, with a penny-loaf in one pocket; a morsel of butter, a quartern of sugar, and a three-farthing candle in the other. Sir John was in the habit of receiving epistles in answer to his advertisements, and several whimsical interviews, and ludicrous adventures occurred in consequence. He has more than once paid

his devoirs to one of his own sex, dressed as a fine lady. But his passion for the fair sex was not so easily to be allayed, he appeared resolved to have a wife; and his advertisements in the *Reading Mercury*, of 1802, appear dictated with the same warmth, and under the very same extravagant ideas which distinguished Sir John, at a period when the hey-day of his blood must have beaten considerably higher.

Sir John, we are told, once practised physic, but, in many respects, the *Medice Curate ipsum* could never be retorted with more propriety than upon him. Sir John, however, who was in the habit of attending book sales, always made large purchases of medical works. It was customary with him to attend twice or thrice a year at Vauxhall, and the theatres, of which he apprized the public, through the medium of the most fashionable daily papers. At Vauxhall, he paraded the most conspicuous parts, and at the theatre he was to be found in the front row of the pit; and whenever it was known that he was to be there, the house, especially by the females, was sure to be well attended. When in town, Sir John always made a point of attending the different auctions, to which he was particularly attached; but if he bought a catalogue, he was always sure to make a purchase to the value of a shilling to cover the expense. Lord Fitzwilliam, it is said, ranked among the number of Sir John's benefactors, as he made him an allowance of ten pounds per annum. Of late, Sir John added a piece of stay-tape to his wig, which passed under his chin to the other side; from this circumstance, some persons might infer that he was rather chop-fallen; an inference by no means fair, if we still consider the gay complexion of his advertisements and addresses to the ladies.

It appears that Sir John persevered in his addresses to the ladies till the close of his life. His applications to the British fair were addressed both to the *young* and *old*.

Those who objected to his age, he treated as envious revilers; and as to their saying that he was upwards of fifty, he could refer to his portrait, or his person, and challenge them to believe it *if they* could.

Sir John Dinely lived at Windsor, in one of the habitations appropriated to reduced gentlemen of his description; and in one of the many advertisements imputed to him, it appears that he expected the numerous candidates for his hand would present themselves individually, or in a body, before his residence. His fortune (if he could recover it) he estimated at 300,000*l.* He invited the widow as well as the blooming miss of sixteen, to his longing arms; and addressed them in printed documents that bear his signature; and in which he judiciously enumerates the sums the ladies must possess, who are candidates for his hand.

In his advertisements for a wife, he was always remarked to expect less property with youth than age or widowhood, yet he modestly declared that few ladies would be eligible that did not possess at least 1,000*l.* a year, which he observed, was nothing compared to the honour his *high birth* and noble descent would confer: and referred the incredulous to Nash's History of Worcestershire.

He finished his career in the still expectation of forming a connubial connection with some lady of property, and the papers announced his death in May, 1808, at Windsor.

We have already spoke of the dignity of Sir John's descent; the following particulars further illustrate the subject attested. The family of Dinely continued to flourish in great repute, in the county of Worcester, till the last century, when it expired at Charlton, in the person of Sir Edward Dinely, Knt. sometime justice of peace, and deputy lieutenant for this county; who, by Frances his wife, daughter of Lewis Watson, Lord Rockingham, left an only surviving daughter, Eleanor, his heir; who was married to Edward Goodyere, of Burghope, in Herefordshire, Esq. which Edward was created a baronet, 5th December, 1707, sixth of Anne, and was member in several parliaments for the borough of Evesham, and sometime knight of the shire of the county of Hereford. He died at a great age, 29th March, 1739, and was succeeded by Sir John Dinely Goodyere, Bart. his eldest son; which Sir John Dinely Goodyere, of Charlton, Bart. assumed the name of Dinely, in re-

spect to the large estate he inherited from his mother He was the last of the family who enjoyed it, for having lived upon bad terms with his younger brother, Samuel Dinely Goodyere, captain of the Ruby man of war, and threatening to disinherit him in favour of his sister's son John Foote, of Truro, in Cornwall, Esq; it so alarmed and disgusted the said Samuel Goodyere, that he came to the dreadful resolution of murdering his brother, which he executed on the 17th of January, 1741.

John Foote, son of Eleanor, sister to Sir John, and elder brother to Samuel Foote, Esq. the celebrated comedian, was heir to his uncle, and assumed the name of Dinely; but Dame Mary Dinely Goodyere, the widow of Sir John, surviving her husband, and holding the Charlton estate in dower, was re-married to William Rayner, a painter, in White Friars, London, who being thus in possession, partly by marriage, and partly by purchase from Mr. John Foote Dinely, became seized of the whole in fee, and sold Charlton to Joseph Biddle, of Evesham, Esq.; whose executors sold it, in 1774, to Messrs. Bessley, Socket Lilly, and Bevington, of Worcester, in partnership, who, or their representatives, were the possessors in 1779.

A friend at Bristol, who knew the mortal antipathy of these brothers, invited them both to dinner, in hopes of reconciling them, and they parted in the evening in seeming friendship; but the captain placed some of his crew in the street near College-green, Bristol, with orders to seize his brother, and assisted in hurrying him on board his ship.

The account of the unhappy fate of Sir John's father, is so remarkable, that we shall lay the following particulars before our readers:—

At the sessions held before the worshipful the mayor of the city of Bristol, Michael Foster, Esq. recorder, and others of his majesty's justices of the peace for the said city, March 26, 1741, Samuel Goodyere, late commander of his majesty's ship Ruby, was indicted for aiding, assisting, and abetting, the murder of Sir John Dinely Goodyere, Bart.

At the same time, Matthew Mahony and Charles White were separately indicted for the actual murder of

the said Sir John Dinely Goodyere, Bart.

Mr. Smith, an attorney-at-law, in College-green, Bristol, deposed, that the Sunday before this murder was committed, the deceased, by the deponent's invitation, was to dine at his house the Sunday following, of which the prisoner being apprized, came into the neighbourhood, and sent for this deponent, and earnestly interceded with him to admit him into the company of his brother, the Baronet, under the pretence, as the prisoner said, to accommodate and reconcile their differences in an amicable manner.

The prisoner being at College-green coffee-house, Mr. Smith went to him, and was greatly pleased with the proposals of the prisoner, and the hopes of all disputes between them being settled; he, without the least hesitation, introduced the prisoner into the company of his brother, the deceased; and the prisoner behaved so well, that he and the deceased seemed to be as good friends as ever; and just as the deceased was about to depart, he took leave of the baronet in the most affectionate manner imaginable. It was then dark, and about six o'clock in the evening.

Mr. Roberts, who kept the White Hart, on College-green, opposite to Mr. Smith's house, deposed, that the prisoner came to his house early in the morning, the day before the murder was committed, and ordered him to get a dinner ready for six men, who were to dine there that day.

Mahony was not one of the six that dined, but the company talked much about one Mahony; he was a man well known to Roberts, and had been often at his house: the people that dined there were dressed like seamen, and Roberts took them for Captain Goodyere's men, and that the captain had a mind to treat them at his house. They dined in the balcony up one pair of stairs towards the green, and in the afternoon, after dinner was over, Goodyere sent word to Roberts to make tea for the six men, which greatly surprised him, it being very uncommon drink for jack-tars. They all went away of a sudden, and Roberts bid them welcome without going out of doors.

Charles Bryant being called upon by the court, deposed, that he was one of the six men hired by Captain Goodyere, to seize the deceased, and forcibly to run him a-board the Ruby man-of-war, then lying in the King's-road. They met, by the prisoner's directions, at the White-hart, on College-green, where a handsome dinner was provided. They were placed in the balcony to receive a signal, and obey the word of command, without giving the least suspicion to the people of the house. About six o'clock in the evening the signal was given, and they left the White-hart, and overtook the deceased just before he came to College-green coffee-house, where Bryant and others seized him at the word of command of the prisoner. They then rushed on the deceased, and dragged him along towards the Rope-walk, where was a gang of twelve more of them, who were ready to assist according to the prisoner's instructions. The deceased was hurried towards the Hotwells, where a boat was waiting purposely to receive him.

The prisoner was with them all the while, directing, aiding, and assisting, and when the deceased cried out, "Murder! murder! I am Sir John Dinely Goodyere;" the prisoner stopped the deceased's mouth with his cloak, so that the people, not knowing his name, only asked what was the matter? The answer the prisoner and the ruffians gave was, that he, the deceased, was a thief and a murderer, and had made his escape from a ship, and they were going to take him a-board to secure him, in order for his trial; the prisoner still stopping the deceased's mouth, to prevent his crying out.

When the deceased got into the boat he had a little more liberty than before, and he made use of it to speak to the prisoner to this effect:—"Brother, I know you have an intention to murder me; I beg, that if you are resolved to do it, that you would do it here, and not give yourself the trouble of taking me down to your ship." To which the prisoner replied, "No, brother, I am going to prevent your rotting upon land; but, however, I would have you make your peace with God this night;" and, in the most unfeeling manner, hurried the deceased a-board the ship. He cried out loudly for help and made a great noise; but the prisoner took the pre-

caution to tell the crew, "That they need not mind his noise, because he was mad; and that he had brought him on board, on purpose to prevent his making away with himself." They then conveyed him to the purser's cabin, and all of them, except Mahony and White, were ordered ashore, with directions to conceal themselves, and keep out of the way of inquiry.

Bryan further deposed, that he and five more were hired by the prisoner, at a guinea a head, to bring the deceased on board; that neither of them belonged to the Ruby, but to the Vernon schooner.

Mr. Berry, the first lieutenant of the prisoner's ship, deposed, that being on deck he saw the deceased brought on-board late in the evening, on the 23rd of January last. The deceased was immediately carried into the purser's cabin, and there kept till five o'clock in the morning. That the prisoners Goodyere, White, and Mahony, were with the deceased. That he saw the prisoner and deceased through a crevice in a cabin adjoining to the purser's cabin. That the deponent, and the cooper of the ship, and his wife, were together, and by means of the crevice saw the whole transaction. The agreement between Goodyere, White, and Mahony was, that Mahony should have 200*l.* White 150*l.* and what money the deceased had in his pockets, and his gold watch. After the agreement was concluded on, Mahony and White went about their bloody work, the prisoner Goodyere standing sentry with his drawn sword in one hand, and a pistol in the other, to kill the first person that should make any opposition in what they were about.

The first thing they did, they took a handkerchief out of the deceased's pocket; White held his hands, while Mahony put it about his neck, and then each of them pulled as hard as he could in order to strangle the deceased at once; but Sir John making a desperate struggle, the prisoners could not effect it, so as to prevent his crying out "murder! what! must I die? Help! help! murder;" &c. To prevent any further noise, the prisoner Goodyere ordered Mahony to take the cord he had laid ready. The prisoner Mahony then slipped off the handkerchief, and put the cord about the deceased's

neck, and, with the cord in one hand, he thrust the other in the deceased's throat, and his knee against his stomach. In the mean while White held the deceased's hands, and took out of his pocket eight guineas and a gold watch. Then White came directly to the prisoner Goodyere, and acquainted him with what was done, and showed his brother's watch and money. The prisoner then asked Mahony and White, whether the job was quite completed? they answered, Yes. Then the prisoner gave Mahony and White what money he had about him, and bid them get ashore directly, that they might the more easily make their escape before day-light came on.

Mr. Jones, the cooper of the ship, and his wife, confirmed the evidence of the lieutenant; and Mr. Ford deposed, that he had Mahony under his cure for the foul disease for three weeks, when he told him he had a private job to do for Captain Goodyere, for which he was to have 200*l.* and then he would reward him handsomely for his trouble.

The prisoner, by way of defence, said, it was peculiarly hard, that because his brother had been killed, he must, right or wrong, be considered the murderer. He was innocent of the fact, and had no hand in the murder laid to his charge. His brother was a lunatic, and, in a fit of phrensy, strangled himself, which he said he could prove by witnesses; and calling one Sarah Gettings, she swore the deceased was mad by turns, and very often attempted to make away with himself. One Ann Gettings swore, that the deceased had been a long time subject to strange whims and phrensies, and often talked of shooting, drowning, and strangling himself.

The discovery of the murder was perfectly accidental, and nearly as follows: Mr. Smith, (the gentleman at whose house Sir John Dinely Goodyere, and his brother Captain Goodyere, spent a sociable hour together the day before,) accidentally heard that evening, that a person who had the appearance of a gentleman was hurried in a very violent manner over College-green, and that a gentleman, who, by the description of him, answered to the person of the captain, assisted; and Mr. Smith knowing the ship was to sail the first fair wind, and re-

membering that they went out of the house nearly together, it came directly into his head, that the captain had took him on board, with intent to destroy him when he came upon the high seas. This suspicion being strengthened by other circumstances, made so deep an impression on his mind, that early in the morning he applied himself to Henry Combe, Esq. the mayor, for an officer to go and search the ship, before she sailed out of the liberty of the city, which reaches ten or fifteen miles down the river. The officer the mayor thought fit to send was the water bailiff, with proper assistance, and full orders to search the ship for Sir John Dinely Goodyere, Bart. The officer obeyed his orders; and coming to the ship, the cooper, his wife, and Lieutenant Berry, acquainted him that they had been just consulting about the affair, and discovered to him what they knew of the whole matter, the captain then being safe in the cabin. The water bailiff sent immediately this account to the city magistrates, who thought proper to reinforce him with a strong guard to secure the captain; but before the guard came, the cooper and lieutenant had done the business.

A letter was sent, written with Captain Goodyere's own hand, and directed to Mr. Jarit Smith, attorney-at law, on College-green, Bristol, purporting, that to his (the captain's) great surprise, he had discovered that his brother, Sir John, had been murdered by two ruffians, and that the villains suspected had made their escape. This confirmed Mr. Smith in his suspicions, and the captain being seized, as before mentioned, was brought before the mayor at the town-hall, where many of the aldermen and magistrates of the city were also assembled.

On the death of Sir Edward (the father of these unhappy brothers, and of Mr. Dinely,) Sir John, to whom the title of baronet devolved in right of his father, had a very pretty estate, when his father's, and that for which he changed his name, were both joined. It is said that he was possessed, in the counties of Hereford and Worcestershire, of upwards of 4000*l.* per annum; but we are assured his income was as good as 3,000*l.* Sir John, about the age of twenty-three, married a

young lady, the daughter of a merchant of that city, who gave her a fortune of upwards of 20,000*l.*

But it so happened, some years after, through domestic jars in Sir John's family, that Sir Robert Jason, a neighbouring baronet, who came pretty frequently to visit Sir John, was suspected of familiarity with Lady Dinely, and Sir John's suspicions were raised to such a degree, that he forbid Sir Robert his house. The consequence of this was, that Sir John brought an action in the court of common-pleas, at Westminster, for criminal conversation, and laid his damages at 2,000*l.* The jury gave Sir John 500*l.* damages.

Sir John, after this, indicted his lady for a conspiracy against his life; and by the evidence of his servant-maid, the lady was found guilty, and committed to the King's bench prison for twelve months, and pay a small fine. While she remained in prison, he petitioned for a divorce: but she being assisted with money by Captain Goodyere and other friends, opposed it so strongly that the House of Lords were of opinion, it could not be granted; and so dismissed the case.

The captain's view in furnishing the distressed lady with money, as he himself told Sir John, was, that he should not marry a young woman, and so beget an heir to his estate; and this was one of the principal motives that induced Sir John to leave the greatest part of his estates to his sister's sons.

By the death of Sir John, an estate of 400*l.* per annum devolved to Lady Dinely, his widow, not as a jointure, but as an estate of her own; which Sir John, while living, kept in his own hands.

Thus the principal occasion of this horrid and barbarous murder, was the injury Captain Goodyere apprehended Sir John had done him in cutting off the entail of his estate except 600*l.* per annum, which he could not meddle with, in order to settle it on his sister's sons.

Captain Goodyere, Mahony, and White, received sentence of death, and were accordingly executed, and hung in chains to the North of the Hot-wells, in sight of the place where the ship lay when the murder was committed.

MOLL CUT PURSE.

MOLL CUT-PURSE.

MARY FRITH, or Moll Cut-purse, a woman of a masculine spirit and make, who was commonly supposed to have been an hermaphrodite, practised, or was instrumental to, almost every crime, and wild frolic, which is notorious in the most abandoned and eccentric of both sexes. She was infamous as a prostitute and procuress, a fortune-teller, a pick-pocket, a thief, and a receiver of stolen goods; she was also concerned with a dexterous scribe in forging hands. Her most signal exploit was robbing General Fairfax, upon Hounslow Heath, for which she was sent to Newgate; but was, by the proper application of a large sum of money, soon set at liberty. She well knew, like other robbers, in high life, how to make the produce of her accumulated crimes the means of her protection, and live luxuriously upon the spoils of the public. She died of the dropsy, in the 75th year of her age, but would probably have died sooner, if she had not smoked tobacco; in the frequent use of which she long indulged herself. It was, at this time, almost as rare a sight to see a woman with a pipe, as to see one of the sex in man's apparel. Nat Field, in his comedy, called "*Amends for the Ladies,*" has displayed some of the *Merry Pranks of Moll Cut-purse.* She is also mentioned by Butler and Swift, in the following lines:

"He Trulla loved, Trulla more bright
"Than burnish'd armour of her Knight;
"A bold Virago, stout and tall,
"As *Joan of France, or English Mall.*"

HUDIBRAS.

"The ballads pasted on the wall,
"Of *Joan of France, and English Mall.*"

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

BLASH DE MANFRE.

BLASH DE MANFRE, commonly called the Water-spouter, rendered himself famous for drinking water in large quantities, and discharging it from his stomach converted into various sorts of wine, simple waters, beer, oil, and milk, and performing this before the emperor, and several kings. It is certain, that he was one of the most wonderful jugglers that ever appeared in the world; and that he was by the generality of the people, and even by some persons of rank and eminence, regarded as a magician: but those who are acquainted with the wonderful faculties of the human frame, may account for it, strange as it is, without imputing it to supernatural powers. He was certainly in Germany, France, and several other countries of Europe; but very prudently declined going to Spain, for fear of the Inquisition.

It is certain that a horse, which had been taught to tell the spots upon cards, the hour of the day, &c. by significant tokens, was, together with his owner, put into the Inquisition, as if they had both dealt with the devil; but the supposed human criminal soon convinced the inquisitors that he was an honest juggler, and that his horse was as innocent as any beast in Spain.

The late Mr. James West asserted that he lived long in England; which Granger would not believe, as he could find no mention of him in any of our books; and moreover adds, "Nor do I rely implicitly on the authority." It is, however, somewhat singular, that in another part of his book he calls the same authority unquestionable; for which see the account of Barefoot, the Letter Doctor.

THE WATER-SPOUTER.

PETER THE WILD BOY,

as he appeared in the Year 1782, when this Portrait was Tak

This extraordinary Person was found in the Woods near Hanover brought to England by King George the First, and was then supposed to be nYears old, and he is now living near Berkhampstead in Herts, upwards *Eighty Years of Age. He could never be brought to shew any sign of reason understanding, he is very harmless and inoffensive, and so much pleased &* by sprightly Music that he will express his pleasure by Dancing Tumbling & *antic Gestures; when he was first caught he had a companion with him seemi about the same age, who through closely followed by the Horsemen, was so swift of as to elude their pursuit & escape, and was never heard of since.*

London, Published as the Act directs, March 1st 1784, by John Alexander N° 25 Bow Street, Covent Garden

PETER THE WILD BOY.

On the continent of Europe, the regions of which are interspersed with vast forests and uncultivated tracts, various individuals of the human species have at different times been discovered in a state no better than the brute creation. With nearly all of them this has been the case to such a degree, that it has been found impossible to obtain from them any information respecting the circumstances which reduced them to such a deplorable situation, or of the manner in which they contrived to preserve their lives amidst the numerous perils by which they were surrounded. Most of these unfortunate beings were so completely brutalised, as to be utter strangers to the faculty of speech, and totally incapable of acquiring it—a fact which demonstrates how much man is indebted to the society of his fellow-creatures for many of the eminent advantages possessed by him over the other classes of animated nature.

One of the most singular of these human brutes, as they must justly be denominated, was Peter the Wild Boy, whose origin and history, previous to his discovery, must, from reasons already mentioned, remain for ever a secret. He was found in the year 1725, in a wood near Hamelin, about twenty-five miles from Hanover, walking on his hands and feet, climbing trees like a squirrel, and feeding on grass and moss; and in the month of November was conveyed to Hanover, by the superintendent of the House of Correction at Zell. At this time he was supposed to be about thirteen years old, and could not speak. This singular creature was presented to King George I. then at Hanover, while at dinner. The king caused him to taste of all the dishes on the table; and in order to bring him by degrees to relish human diet he directed that he should have such provision as he seemed best to like, and such instructions as might best fit him for human society.

Soon after this, the boy made his escape into the same wood, where he concealed himself among the branches of a tree, which was sawed down to recover him. He was brought over to England at the beginning of 1726, and exhibited to the king and many of the nobility. In this country he was distinguished by the appellation of Peter the Wild Boy, which he ever afterwards retained.

He appeared to have scarcely any ideas, was uneasy at being obliged to wear clothes, and could not be induced to lie on a bed, but sat and slept in a corner of the room, whence it was conjectured that he used to sleep on a tree for security against wild beasts. He was committed to the care of Dr. Arbuthnot, at whose house he either was, or was to have been baptized; but notwithstanding all the doctor's pains, he never could bring the wild youth to the use of speech, or the pronunciation of words. As every effort of this kind was found to be in vain, he was placed with a farmer at a small distance from town, and a pension was allowed him by the king, which he enjoyed till his death.

The ill success of these efforts seems to have laid curiosity asleep, till Lord Monboddo again called the public attention to this phenomenon. That nobleman had been collecting all the particulars he could meet with concerning Peter, in order to establish a favourite but truly whimsical hypothesis. The plan of his work on the "Origin and Progress of Language," necessarily involved the history of civilization and general knowledge. His lordship carried his researches to a period far beyond the records of history, when men might be supposed to possess no means of the vocal communication of their thoughts but natural and inarticulate sounds. Abstracting, in imagination, from the rational superiority of man, whatever seems to depend on his use of artificial language, as a sign of thought, he represents the earlier generations of the human race, as having been little, if at all, exalted in intelligence above the ape and the oran outang, whose form bears a resemblance to the human. The spirit of paradox even inclined him to believe that those rude men, who wanted articulate language must have had tails, of which they

might gradually have divested themselves, either by attentions to the breed, like those of a Cully or a Bakewell, or by continual docking, till the tail was utterly extirpated.

In a very witty and ludicrous piece, by Dean Swift, entitled, "It cannot rain but it pours,"—he gives an account of this wonderful wild man, as he calls him, replete with satire and ridicule, but containing many particulars concerning him, that were undoubtedly true. Lord Monboddo, therefore concluded that the other facts mentioned by that witty writer, though no where else to be found, are likewise authentic, whatever may be thought of the use and application he makes of them: such as, that in the circle at court he endeavoured to kiss the young Lady Walpole; that he put on his hat before the king, and laid hold of the Lord Chamberlain's staff; that he expressed his sensations by certain sounds which he had framed to himself, and particularly that he neighed something like a horse, in which way he commonly expressed his joy; that he understood the language of birds and beasts, by which they express their appetites and feelings; that his senses were more acute than those of the tame man; and, lastly, that he could sing sometimes. These facts, his lordship contends, the dean must have known, for he was at London at the time, and of Swift's integrity in not stating any facts that were untrue, even in a work of humor, his lordship has no doubt. The dean farther said, that it was evident, by several tokens, that this wild boy had a father and mother like one of us. "This," says Lord Monboddo, "I believe also to be true; because I was told by a person yet living, that when he was caught he had a collar about his neck with something written upon it."

In Peter the Wild Boy, Lord Monboddo conceived that he had discovered a corroboration of his eccentric opinion. His lordship, accordingly, went to see him, and the result of his inquiries is thus stated in his "Ancient Metaphysics:"—

"It was in the beginning of June, 1782, that I saw him in a farm-house called Broadway, about a mile from Berkhamstead, kept there on a pension of thirty pounds, which the king pays. He is but of low stature, not ex-

ceeding five feet three inches, and though he must now be about seventy years of age, he has a fresh, healthy look. He wears his beard; his face is not at all ugly or disagreeable, and he has a look that may be called sensible or sagacious for a savage. About twenty years ago he used to elope, and once, as I was told, he wandered as far as Norfolk; but of late he has become quite tame, and either keeps the house, or saunters about the farm. He has been during the thirteen last years where he lives at present, and before that he was twelve years with another farmer, whom I saw and conversed with. This farmer told me he had been put to school somewhere in Hertfordshire, but had only learned to articulate his own name Peter, and the name of King George, both which I heard him pronounce very distinctly. But the woman of the house where he now is, for the man happened not to be at home, told me he understood every thing that was said to him, concerning the common affairs of life, and I saw that he readily understood several things she said to him while I was present. Among other things, she desired him to sing Nancy Dawson, which he accordingly did, and another tune that she named. He was never mischievous, but had that gentleness of manners which I hold to be characteristic of our nature, at least till we become carnivorous, and hunters or warriors. He feeds at present as the farmer and his wife do, but, as I was told by an old woman, who remembered to have seen him when he first came to Hertfordshire, which she computed to be about fifty-five years before; he then fed much on leaves, particularly of cabbage, which she saw him eat raw. He was then, as she thought, about fifteen years of age, walked upright, but could climb trees like a squirrel. At present he not only eats flesh, but has acquired a taste for beer, and even for spirits, of which he inclines to drink more than he can get. The old farmer with whom he lived before he came to his present situation, informed me, that Peter had that taste before he came to him. He is also become very fond of fire, but has not acquired a liking for money; for though he takes it, he does not keep it, but gives it to his landlord or landlady, which I suppose is a lesson they have taught him. He retains so much of his natu-

ral instinct, that he has a fore-feeling of bad weather, growling and howling, and shewing great disorder before it comes on."

His lordship afterwards requested Mr. Burgess of Oxford, to make farther inquiries for him on the spot, concerning Peter, and that gentleman transmitted him an account.

Till the spring of 1782, which was soon after his illness, he always appeared remarkably animated by the influence of the spring, singing all day; and if it was clear, half the night. He is much pleased at the sight of the moon and stars; he will sometimes stand out in the warmth of the sun, with his face turned up towards it in a strained attitude, and he likes to be out in a starry night, if not cold. These particulars naturally lead to the inquiry, whether he has, or seems to have any idea of the great author of all these wonders. I thought this a question of so much curiosity, that when I left Broadway, I rode back several miles to ask whether he had ever betrayed any sense of a Supreme Being. I was told, that when he first came into that part of the country, different methods were taken to teach him to read, and to instruct him in the principles of religion, but in vain. He learned nothing, nor did he ever show any feeling of the consciousness of a God.

He is particularly attached to his master, and seems pleased when set to any employment, but must always have some person to direct him, as may be seen by the following circumstance. Peter being one day engaged with his master filling a dung-cart, and his master having occasion to go into the house, left Peter to finish the work, which he soon accomplished. But as Peter must be employed, as soon as he had filled the cart, he set to work to empty it, and his master returned to see the cart nearly emptied again, from which he ever afterwards learnt a useful lesson.

To these accounts, we have nothing farther to add, than that Peter did not long survive the visits of Lord Monboddo and his friend. He died at the farm in the month of February, 1785, at the supposed age of 73 years.

FRANCIS BATTALIA.

MAN naturally both cometh in, and goeth out of the world empty-handed; yet I saw in London the other day an *Italian*, one *Francis Battalia* by name, about thirty years of age, who was born with two stones in one hand, and one in the other; who as soon as he was born, having the breast offered to him, refused to suck; and when they would have fed him with pap, he utterly rejected that also; whereupon the midwife and nurse, entering into consideration of the strangeness of his birth, and refusal of all kind of nourishment, consulted with some physicians what they should do in such case. They, when they saw the infant rejected all that they could contrive for nourishment, told the women, that they thought the child brought its meat with it into the world, and that it was to be nourished with stones: whereupon they wished the nurse to give him one stone in a little drink, which he very readily took into his mouth, and swallowed down; and when he had swallowed all the three stones, and began to want his hard meat, the physicians advised the nurse to get some small pebbles, as like those which he was born with as she could, with which kind of nourishment he was brought up; and now, in this stone-devouring age, lest pebbles should be too plentiful and cheap, he subsists here among us with the same kind of aliment. His manner is to put three or four stones into a spoon, and so putting them into his mouth together, swallows them all down one after another; then (first spitting) he drinks a glass of beer after them. He devours about half a peck of these stones every day; and when he chinks upon his stomach, or shakes his body, you may hear the stones rattle as if they were in a sack; all which in twenty-four hours are resolved, and once in three weeks he voids a great quantity of sand by siege: after which digestion of them, he hath a fresh appetite to these stones, as we have to our victuals; and by these, with a cup of beer,

F. BATTALIA; THE STONE EATER.

MULL'D SACK.

and a pipe of tobacco, he hath his whole subsistence. He hath attempted to eat meat and bread, broth, milk, and such kind of food, upon which other mortals commonly live; but he could never brook any, neither would they stay with him to do him any good.

He is a black, swarthy, little fellow, active and strong enough, and hath been a soldier in Ireland, where he hath made good use of this property; for, having the advantage of this strange way of alimony, he sold his allowance of provision at great rates; for he told me, that at Limerick, in Ireland, he sold a sixpenny loaf and two pennyworth of cheese for twelve shillings and sixpence.

It seems the fellow when he first came over, was suspected for an imposter, and was by command of the state shut up for a month, with the allowance of two pots of beer, and half an ounce of tobacco every day, but was afterwards acquitted from all suspicion of deceit.

Mr. Boyle, speaking of *Battalia*, says, "Not long ago, there was here in England a private soldier, very famous for digesting stones; and a very inquisitive man assures me, that he knew him familiarly, and had the curiosity to keep in his company for twenty-four hours together, to watch him; and not only observed that he ate nothing but stones in that time, but also that his grosser excrement consisted chiefly of a sandy substance, as if the devoured stones had been in his body dissolved, and crumbled into sand."

JOHN COTTINGTON.

This notorious character, better known by the name of Mull'd Sack, was born in, or about, the year 1604, in Cheapside, London: where his father, who was much addicted to inebriety, kept a small haberdasher's shop.

His propensity for drinking so ruined his affairs, that he became dependant on the relief of the parish, where his son, the subject of the present narrative, was brought up, and placed, at the age of fourteen, as an apprentice to a chimney-sweeper. After five years' servitude, he left his master and set up for himself, when he became notorious for drinking mull'd sack and sugar. Rhenish wine was, at this period, called *Sack*, not from its sweetness, or saccharine flavour, but from the sacks, or *borrachises*, in which it was generally contained. It was sold by apothecaries in their shops, and was frequently drank in a warm, or mull'd state, sweetened with sugar.

His orgies about Fleet-street and Temple-bar, often disturbed the watch, and he was as often found incarcerated in durance vile for his excesses. Regaling himself one night at the Devil Tavern, in Fleet-street, a match was made up between him, and one whom he took to be of the fair sex, with whom he shortly after contracted marriage at the Fleet; he soon after, however, found out his mistake, as his good wife proved to be an hermaphrodite, well known by the name of Aniseed Robin. Thus disappointed in his expectations, Mull'd Sack became a professed debauchee, followed the most evil courses, extorted money from travellers on the road, and squandered his booty upon the five notorious *women barbers* in Drury-lane.

His profligacy seems in no way to have hindered his being concerned in an amour with a rich citizen's wife, in Mark-lane; this was, upon the whole, what suited Mull'd Sack extremely well, for he is said to have dressed genteelly, and to have carried himself with good deportment towards the ladies in conversation. From this lady he did not get more than 120*l.* before she died of a then fashionable disorder, and left a family of twelve children behind her. On her death bed she made a full confession of her incontinency, in which she owned that Mull'd Sack was the father of her youngest child. This confession, though it might ease her conscience at that time, made a considerable impression upon the mind of her husband, for it appears he did not long survive her death. Mull'd Sack having thus lost his benefactress, turned pick-pocket with considerable success, and in a

short time became a *top-man* in the profession. Dressed in black, with a *roquelaire* of the same colour, he visited the churches and puritan meeting-houses in different parts of the town, from the congregations of which he obtained watches and money to a considerable amount.

One day Mull'd Sack observed the lady of Sir Thomas Fairfax, general of the parliament forces, go to Dr. Jacomb's lecture, at Ludgate, (now called St. Martin's,) he followed her in, and, in the most devout manner during the lecturer's long prayer, purloined her gold watch set with diamonds, and the gold chain to which it was appended. In a few weeks afterwards, dressed as a cavalier of the army, with rich accoutrements, he robbed her ladyship again. To accomplish this, he watched her carriage, and contrived to get the linch-pin of the wheel out, as it came near Ludgate: this caused the carriage to fall, and alarm her ladyship, who, at the intimation of Mull'd Sack, consented to be led by him into the church; by this stratagem, he deprived her of another gold watch and seals, between the church-door and her seat, and decamped off with the greatest ease, leaving her to measure the length of the parson's sermon without her time-piece.

The notoriety of Mull'd Sack's character became now a common topic of conversation.—He placed himself at the head of a notorious gang of the most depraved and lawless ruffians, who unanimously chose him for their captain. In this dignified station, he assumed some little consequence;—organized their proceedings, and was the principal projector of all their schemes of villany: and with so much succes did he carry on his depredations, that he scarcely knew the extent of his wealth. He moreover had the audacity publicly to exhibit, in different ale-houses, his expertness in the art of pick-pocketing, and actually had a number of pupils under his tuition, who paid him handsomely for his instructions! His impudence had not yet arrived at its height, and his extravagance was unbounded; his connexions with profligate women constituted the means of squandering away his ill got wealth, as well as a great part of his time; in short, according to Mr. Grainger's account, he and his companions got enough by picking pockets

in the city, to have rebuilt the cathedral of St. Paul's! From Charing-cross to the Royal Exchange, were limits too confined for his depredations, he consequently visited White-hall, the Parliament-house, and the courts of Law at Westminster, till, at length, detected in picking the pocket of Oliver Cromwell, as he came from the Parliament-house, he was tried, and stood a narrow chance of being hanged; for the robbery of his person roused the anger of the Protector; happily for Mull'd Sack, there was no act of legislature to fix an exemplary punishment on the offender, and he escaped, though with such rough treatment, that put him so out of conceit of his former course, that he took to the dangerous pursuit of robbing on the highway.

Accompanied by one Tom Cherry, an associate, he robbed Colonel Hewson of his purse on Hounslow-heath, Cherry was afterwards taken and hanged, but Mull'd Sack had the good fortune to secrete himself, and thereby saved his neck.

His next companion was one Horne, a pewterer, who had been a colonel in Down's regiment of foot; with this man he robbed Oliver Cromwell, as he was passing alone over Hounslow-heath; they were, however quickly pursued; Horne was taken and hanged the same dav, but Mull'd Sack had the good fortune to escape a second time, of which he frequently made his boast among his *dulcinas* of Drury-lane and its purlieus.

The surprising extent to which he carried on his depredations is incredible, and were not the facts well attested, we should be disposed to doubt the veracity of many circumstances which are attributed to him. Resolute and determined in all his actions, he ventured, aided by twelve others, to attack a government waggon, laden with money to pay the army, and dispersed twenty horse-troopers that guarded it. Their plunder was very great, but was soon distributed amongst the fair damsels above mentioned. Spies were appointed in different parts of London, for the purpose of obtaining the earliest information of all property that was within the compass of Mull'd Sack's ability. The contents of a jeweller's shop, while on its removal from Reading to London, were captured by him, and for a length of time

he wore the most valuable articles about his person. Shortly afrer this, he robbed the Receiver's office, at Reading, of 600*l.* sterling, which he conveyed off on horseback, and lodged it, without detection, at his residence; the magnitude of this depredation, and his notorious character, caused him to be taken on suspicion, and tried at Abingdon assizes, and he so managed the affair, that, notwithstanding Judge Jermin exerted all his powers to hang him, the jury discharged him.

The circumstance which tended to finish the career of Mull'd Sack's depredations, arose from an intrigue between him and the wife of one John Bridges, a royalist. This man, it appears, narrowly watched his wife, and prevented the frequent intercourse which would otherwise have taken place between her and Mull'd Sack. The latter, however, soon found means to quarrel with her husband, caused a fray in the house, and murdered him, for the sake of having a more easy access to her. This murder, and the circumstances respecting it, at length became noised abroad, and fearful of again being apprehended, he fled beyond sea, and at Cologne robbed King Charles II., then in his exile, of as much plate as, *at that time*, amounted to 1500*l.*; with this booty he returned to London, and to atone, in some measure, for his past offences, he promised Cromwell the disclosure of some secret papers of that prince's correspondence, of which he boasted the possession; unable, however, to perform what he himself had proposed, and the circumstances connected with the plate robbery becoming known, he was sent to Newgate to stand his trial at the Old Bailey, where he was found guilty, and received sentence of death. He was executed in Smithfield-rounds, April, 1659, at the age of fifty-five years.

MATTHEW HOPKINS.

MATTHEW HOPKINS, of Manningtree, who was witch-finder for the associated counties, hanged, in one year, no less than sixty reputed witches in his own county of Essex. The old, the ignorant, and the indigent, such as could neither plead their own cause, nor hire an advocate, were the miserable victims of this wretch's credulity, spleen, and avarice. He pretended to be a great critic in *special marks*, which were only moles, scorbutic spots, or warts, which frequently grow large and pendulous in old age, but were absurdly supposed to be teats to suckle imps.

His ultimate method of proof was by tying together the thumbs and toes of the suspected person, about whose waist was fastened a cord, the ends of which were held on the banks of a river by two men, in whose power it was to strain or slacken it. Swimming upon this *experiment*, was deemed a full proof of guilt; for which King James, *who is said to have recommended, if he did not invent it*, assigned a ridiculous reason: "That as such persons had renounced their baptism by water, so the water refuses to receive them." Sometimes those who were accused of diabolical practices were tied neck and heels, and tossed into a pond; "if they floated or swam they were consequently guilty, and therefore taken out and burnt; if they were innocent, they were *only* drowned." The experiment of swimming was at length tried upon Hopkins himself, in his own way, and he was upon the event, condemned and, as it seems, executed as a wizard. Dr. Zach. Grey says, that he had seen an account of betwixt three and four thousand persons, who suffered death for witchcraft, in the king's dominions, from the year 1640, to the restoration of Charles II. In a letter from Serjeant Widdrington to Lord Whitelock, mention is made of another fellow, a Scotchman, of the same profession with Hopkins, who received twenty shillings a head for every witch that he discovered, and got thirty pounds by his discoveries.

V. GREATRAKES.

VALENTINE GREATRAKES.

Was the son of William Greatrakes, Esq. of Affane, in the County of Waterford, by a daughter of Sir Edward Harris, Knt., one of the Justices of the King's Bench, in Ireland. He was born at Affane, February 14, 1628, and received a classical education at the free school at Lismore, where he continued till he was thirteen years of age, when he returned home, in order to prepare himself for entering Trinity College, Dublin. At this time the rebellion broke out, and owing to the distracted state of the nation, he was obliged, with his mother, who had several other smaller children, to fly for refuge into England, where they were relieved by his uncle, Edward Harris; after whose death, young Greatrakes was committed to the care of John Daniel Getseus, a German, and then minister of Stoke Gabriel, in the county of Devon, who for seven years instructed him in Theology, Philosophy, and the other sciences. About the year 1634, he returned to his native country, but was so exceedingly affected by the miserable and reduced state it was in, that he retired to the castle of Caperquin, where he spent a year in serious contemplation on the vicissitudes of state and fortune. In the year 1649, he became lieutenant in the regiment of Roger Lord Broghill, afterwards Earl of Orrery, then acting in Munster against the Irish papists; but when the regiment was disbanded in 1656, he retired to his estate at Affane, and was soon after appointed clerk of the peace for the county of Cork, registrar for transplantation, and justice of the peace.

About the year 1662, Greatrakes began to conceive himself possessed of an extraordinary virtue, in being able to remove the king's evil, or other diseases, by touching, or stroking the parts affected with his hand. This imagination he concealed for some time, but at last he revealed it to his wife, who ridiculed the idea. Resolved however to make a trial, he began with one

William Maher, who was brought to the house by his father for the purpose of receiving some assistance from Mrs. Greatrakes, a lady who was always ready to relieve the sick and indigent, as far as lay in her power. This boy was sorely afflicted with the king's evil, but as it was reported, was to all appearance cured by Mr. Greatrakes laying his hands on the parts affected. Several other persons having applied to be cured in the same manner, of different disorders, he acquired considerable fame in his neighbourhood. But being cited into the Bishop's-court at Lismore, and not producing a licence for practising, he was prohibited from laying his hands on any person for the future, but still continued to do so till January, 1665-6, when he went to England at the request of the Earl of Orrery, in order to cure the lady of the Lord Viscount Conway, of Ragley, in Warwickshire, of a continual violent head-ache. He staid at Ragley about a month, but failed in his endeavours to relieve this lady, notwithstanding he is said to have performed several miraculous cures in those parts, and at Worcester, and was sent for to Whitehall by his Majesty's orders; and is likewise said to have wrought many remarkable cures there, in the presence of several eminent and skilful persons.

An account of his cures in Warwickshire, was published at Oxford, by Mr. Stubbe, who maintained "that Mr. Greatrakes was possessed of a peculiar temperament, as his body was composed of some particular ferments, the effluvia whereof being introduced, sometimes by a light, sometimes by a violent friction, restore the temperament of the debilitated parts, re-invigorate the blood, and dissipate all heterogeneous ferments out of the bodies of the diseased, by the eyes, nose, mouth, hands, and feet." This publication was a "Letter, addressed to the Hon. Robert Boyle, who, in a *private* letter to the author, expressed his displeasure at being thus publicly addressed on such a subject, particularly as Mr. Stubbe endeavoured to show that Greatrakes's gift was *miraculous*. Mr. Glanville also imputed his cures to a sanative quality inherent in his constitution; and others, (perhaps with greater probability) to the force of imagination in his patients. Mr. Boyle, having

seen Greatrakes's performances in April, 1666, attested some of his remarkable cures.

This extraordinary man afforded much matter for the press, and various pamphlets were published *pro* and *con.*; particularly one in quarto, supposed to have been written by Mr. David Lloyd, reader of the Charter-house, under the title of "Wonders no Miracles, or Mr. Valentine Greatrakes's Gift of Healing examined, upon occasion of a sad effect of his stroking, March 7th, 1665, at one Mr. Cressell's house, in Charter-house-yard, in a letter to a Rev. Divine, living near that place." This attack obliged Greatrakes to vindicate himself; and accordingly he published a list of his "strange cures." It is a truth that this man's reputation rose to a prodigious height, but afterwards declined almost as fast, for the expectations of the multitude that resorted to him, were not always answered.

Greatrakes possessed a high character for humility, virtue and piety, and died about the year 1680.

The history of Greatrakes reminds us of an impostor, who, not many years before, deluded the public in a similar manner. In the reign of Charles I., an accusation was brought before the College of Physicians, against one John Leverett, a gardener, who undertook to cure all diseases, but especially the king's evil, by way of touching or stroking with the hand. He used to speak with great contempt of the royal touch, and so imposed upon numbers of credulous people. He asserted that he was the seventh son of a seventh son, and profanely said that he felt virtue go out of him; so that he was more weakened by touching thirty or forty in a day, than if he had dug eight roods of ground. He also affirmed that he was much more affected if he touched a woman than if he touched a man. The censors of the college adjudged him an impostor.

JOHN OGLE.

JACK OGLE was of a good family, and inherited a paternal estate of two hundred pounds per annum, which he soon dissipated, and had afterwards recourse to the gaming table, with various success. He was endued with great valour, which he had an early opportunity of signalizing in two duels; in both of which he distinguished himself in such a manner as rendered him very popular at Whitehall, where he became acquainted with some of the first characters in the kingdom. The several adventures he met with in the course of his gaming, procured for him the name of *Mad Ogle*, which he carried to his grave. His sister, who was kept by the Duke of York, helped to support him in his extravagance, which on one occasion she had some cause to repent; for Ogle one evening having a run of ill luck, he waited on his sister for a supply; but finding her in bed with the duke, he made bold to borrow his highness's clothes, gold watch, and a good quantity of guineas, with which he went clear off. Not long after meeting the duke in the very clothes, which he had got altered to fit him, he very impudently walked up to him, and began stripping, saying "he would not for forty pounds wear his cast clothes any longer:" at which his highness, not wishing the affair to be known, gave him money to keep them on; begging him, however, to forbear taking his watch and money, with his cast clothes, in future.

Another time having lost his cloak at play, on a muster of the troop, he was fain to borrow his landlady's red petticoat; which being discovered by one of his comrades, from the appearance of the border, he made the Duke of Monmouth acquainted with the circumstance, who presently ordered the whole troop to cloak; at which, Ogle began unpacking his petticoat, and loudly bawled, "Gentlemen, if I can't cloak, I can petticoat with the best of you."

JOHN OGLE.

He could never afford to keep a horse out of his pay; but, when he had occasion to muster, made it his constant practice to single out the hackney-coach which had the finest horses, with which he drove up to Hyde Park; where, without much ceremony, he would take the best horse for his purpose, and keep the coach standing with one horse till the muster was over.

One of his frolics had like to have cost him his life. Having a quarrel in the streets with a French officer of the foot guards, who was a man of humour like himself, a challenge ensued, and they agreed to go into the fields to fight. A rabble followed them, in great expectation of a duel. Before they got thither, the quarrel was made up; but they ran with precipitation, as if they were eager to engage, and leaped into a saw-pit. Here they were discovered in a very ridiculous posture, as if they were easing themselves. The disappointed mob presently saluted them with a shower of stones and brick-bats.

At last Ogle got so much of the sharping part at play, that those who knew his person would not play with him. Thus finding no more bubbles at ordinaries, the Groom Porter's, or other places of gaming, he haunted the cock-pits; at which pastime being a novice, he lost in less than a year, at cocking, above nine hundred pounds; then being reduced to a very low ebb, hard drinking, and an infamous disease, hastened his death, aged thirty-nine years.

JACOB HALL.

THERE was a symmetry and elegance, as well as strength and agility, in the person of Jacob Hall, which was much admired by the ladies, who regarded him as a due composition of Hercules and Adonis. The open-hearted Duchess of Cleveland was said to have been in love with this rope-dancer, and Goodman the player, at the same time; the former received a salary from her grace.

Mr. Wycherley's intimacy with the Duchess of Cleveland was so far from being a secret, that it seems to have been known to every body but the king. This correspondence was begun by her grace; who called to him, as their coaches passed by each other in the streets of London, and told him that he was a son of a whore. This was only telling him, in other words, that he was a wit; as it plainly alluded to the last stanza of a song in his "Love in a Wood, or St. James's Park." The story is circumstancially told in Dennis's Letters.

Purcell, the musician, has made Jacob Hall one of the subjects in his catch beginning

"Here's that will challenge all in the fair."

The authenticity of Hall's portrait has been questioned, from an inscription under one of the prints that had been imported from Holland; but it is now clearly established, that the plate was originally done for Hall, and afterwards altered, to represent a different person; which has been too much the practice of English publishers, as well as foreign ones.

JACOB HALL.

BUCKHORSE.

JOHN SMITH.

JOHN SMITH, better known by the appellation of Buck-horse, was one of the singularities of Nature. He first saw the light in the house of a *sinner*, in that part of London, known by the name of Lewkner's-lane,—a place notorious in the extreme, for the eccentricity of characters it contained: *here* the disciples of Bamfylde Moore Carew were to be found in crowds, and where *beggars* of all descriptions resorted to regale themselves upon the *good things of this life*, laughing at the credulity of the public in being so easily duped by their impositions; groups of the frail sisterhood adorned its purlieus, whose nudicity of appearance, and glibbiosity of mother tongue, formed a prominent feature in this conglomeration of the vicious and depraved, by their coarse amours, and barefaced pilfering; the juvenile *thief* was soon taught to become an adept in the profession, by taking out a handkerchief or a snuff-box from the pocket of a coat *covered with bells*, without ringing any of them—and the finished thief *roosted* here from the prying eye of society, and laid plans for his future depredations in the arms of his unsophisticated charmer; those timber-merchants who reduced their logs of wood to *matches*, to light the public, might be observed issuing out in numbers from this receptacle of *brimstones!* Costermongers, in droves, were seen mounting their *neddies*, decorated with hampers, *scorning* the refined use of saddles and bridles; and *Lewkner's Lane* was not only celebrated amongst all its other attractions, in being the residence of a finisher of the law, (Tom Dennis) *slangly* denominated Jack Ketch; but acquired considerable notoriety by giving birth to the ugliness of a Buck-horse, and beauty to a celebrated female, who, possessing those irresistible charms that levelled all distinctions of rank before its superior power, transplanted her from the rude and dirty company of the dust-hill to the downy couch of royalty; and who was for many years the

enviable and elevated rib of a celebrated four-in-hand baronet of the old school of whips, whose feats in driving, and sporting high-bred cattle, were considered the very acme of style; and acknowledged one of the most *knowing* lads upon the turf, when he led this *fair piece* of the creation to the Hymeneal altar, who for a long period continued a *fixed star* in the hemisphere of fashion.

It appears then, that few places could boast of more originality of character than *that* from which Buckhorse sprang; and from the variety of talent here displayed, there is little doubt he did not long remain a *novice*. As we have never been troubled with any account, to what *good-natured* personage he owed his origin, we cannot determine; but suffice to observe, that *little* Buckhorse and his mother were turned out upon the wide world long before he knew its slippery qualities, by the cruel publican, their landlord; which inhuman circumstance took place about the year 1736.

This *freak* of nature it should seem, was indebted to his mother for what little instruction he received, the principal of which was an extraordinary volubility of speech; and from his early acquaintance with the streets, he picked up the rest of his qualifications.

Buckhorse's composition, however rude and unsightly, was not without *harmony;* and although his fist might not appear *musical* to his antagonist by its potent *touch*, yet when applied to his own chin, was capable of producing a variety of popular tunes, to the astonishment of all those who heard and saw him, by which peculiar trait he mostly subsisted. It was a common custom with him to allow any person to beat a tune on his chin for a penny; and which was a source of much profit: and added to that of selling switches for a half-penny apiece, were his only means of subsistence for many years. His *cry* of "here is pretty switches to beat your wives," was so singular, that Shuter, the celebrated comedian, among his other imitations, was more than successful in his attempts of Buckhorse, and which was repeatedly called for a second time.

As a pugilist, Buckhorse ranked high for courage and strength among the boxers of his day, and displayed

JED: BUXTON.

great muscular powers in the battles he had contested; and like many of the sporting *gemmen*, was distinguished by his numerous amours with the gay nymphs of the town, *more* by the *potency* of his arm, than the persuasive powers of rhetoric, notwithstanding his rapid improvements of the tongue.

Buckhorse was the person whom the late Duke of Queensbury selected to ride for him, when he won his celebrated wager against time.

JEDEDIAH BUXTON.

This famous calculator, was born at Elmeton, near Chesterfield, in Derbyshire, in 1704. His grandfather, John Buxton, was vicar of Elmeton; and his father, William Buxton, was schoolmaster in the same parish; yet, notwithstanding the profession of his father, the education of Jedediah seems to have been totally neglected, for he was never taught either to read or write. How he came first to know the relative proportions of numbers, their denominations and powers, he never could remember; but upon these his attention was constantly riveted, and he scarcely took any notice of external objects, except with respect to their numbers. If any space of time was mentioned before him, he would soon after say that it contained so many minutes; and, if any distance, he would assign the number of hair-breadths in it, even when no question was asked him by the company. His power of attraction was so great, that no noise whatever could disturb him; and, when asked any question, he would immediately reply, and return to his calculation without any confusion, or the loss of more time than the answer required.

A person who had heard of his astonishing capacity, meeting with him accidentally, in order to try his calculating powers, proposed to him the following question: In a body whose three sides are 23,145,789 yards, 5,642,732 yards, and 54,965 yards, how many cubical eighths of an inch? After once naming the several figures distinctly, one after the other, in order to assure himself of the several dimensions, this self-taught calculator fell to work amidst more than a hundred of his fellow-labourers; and the proposer of the question, leaving him for about five hours, returned and found Jedediah ready with his answer, which was exactly right.

A variety of questions, he would solve in very little time, by the mere force of memory. He would multiply any number of figures, either by the whole or any part of them, and at different times, and store up the various products in his memory, so as to give the answers several months after. He would work at several questions; first begin one, and work it half through; then another, and so on, working in this manner six or eight questions, and would either, as soon as finished, or several months after, tell the result. This extraordinary man would stride over a piece of land, and tell the content of it with as much exactness as if he had measured it by the chain. His perpetual application to figures prevented him from making the smallest acquisition in any other branch of knowledge; for, beyond mere calculations his ideas were as confined perhaps as those of a boy at ten years of age in the same class of life.

The only objects of Jedediah's curiosity, next to figures, were the king and royal family; and his desire to see them was so strong, that in the spring of 1754, he walked up to London for that purpose, but was obliged to return disappointed, as his majesty had removed to Kensington. He was taken to see the tragedy of Richard III. at Drury-lane; and it was expected that the novelty of every thing in this place, together with the splendour of the surrounding objects, would have fixed him in astonishment, or that his passions would in some degree have been roused by the action of the performers. Instead of this, during the dances, his attention was en-

gaged in reckoning the number of steps. After a fine piece of music, he declared that the innumerable sounds produced by the instruments perplexed him beyond measure; but he counted the words uttered by Mr. Garrick in the whole course of the entertainment, and affirmed that in this he had perfectly succeeded.

Heir to no fortune, and educated to no particular profession, Jedediah Buxton supported himself by the labour of his hands. His talents, had they been properly cultivated might have qualified him for acting a distinguished part on the theatre of life; he nevertheless pursued the "noiseless tenor of his way," content if he could satisfy the wants of nature, and procure a daily sustenance for himself and family.

When he was asked to calculate a question, he would sit down, take off his old brown hat, and resting upon his stick, which was generally a very crooked one, in that attitude he would fall to work. He commonly wore on his head a linen or woollen cap, and had a handkerchief carelessly thrown round his neck.

If the enjoyments of this singular man were few, they seem at least to have been fully equivalent to his desires. Though the powers of his mind raised him far above his humble companions, who earned their bread in like manner by the sweat of their brow, yet ambitious thoughts never interrupted his repose, nor did he, on his return from London, regret the loss of any of the pleasures he had left behind him.

Buxton was married and had several children. He died in the year 1775, aged 70 years.

MOTHER LOUSE.

The original print, which is well executed, and much like the person represented, gained the engraver, David Loggan, who was employed at Oxford in engraving views of public buildings, a considerable share of his reputation. It was drawn from the life, at Louse Hall, an ale-house near Oxford, which was kept by this matron, who was well known to the gentlemen of that University, who called her *Mother Louse.*

She was probably the last woman in England that wore a ruff.

The following lines which are inserted under the print, were doubtless written by one of the students that frequented her house.

You laugh now, goodman Two-shoes, but at what?
My grove, my mansion-house, or my dun hat?
Is it for that my loving chin and snout
Are met, because my teeth are fallen out?
Is it at me or at my ruff you titter?
—Your grandmother, you rogue, ne'er wore a fitter—
Is it at forehead's wrinkle, or cheek's furrow;
Or at my mouth so like a coney-borough?
Or at those orient eyes that ne'er shed tear
But when th' exciseman comes?—that's twice a year,
Kiss me and tell me true; and when they fail,
Thou shalt have larger pots and stronger ale.

Louse Hall seems to be quite forgotten; Kidney Hall, which a facetious author tells us was formerly a seminary, is well known; Cabbage Hall, which is said to have been built by a tailor, is in as good repute as ever.

MOTHER LOUSE of LOUSE HALL.

PRICE the SWINDLER.

CHARLES PRICE.

CHARLES PRICE was born about the year 1730; his father lived in Monmouth-street, and carried on the business of a dealer in old clothes; here he died in the year 1750, of a broken heart, occasioned (as it is said) by the bad conduct of his children.

Charles began early to manifest those traits of duplicity for which he afterwards became so greatly distinguished; one remarkable instance deserves to be mentioned as an example of juvenile hypocrisy scarcely to be paralleled. He ripped off some gold lace from a suit of old clothes which his father had bought, and putting on his elder brother's coat, went to sell it to a Jew. The Jew became a purchaser, and in the way of trade most unfortunately afterwards offered it to the father for sale. He instantly knew it, and insisted on the Jew's informing him from whom he received it. The boys coming in at the time, and the Jew recollecting the coat of the elder, immediately declared he was the person from whom he purchased it; in consequence of which he was directly seized and severely flogged, notwithstanding his protestations of innocence; the father was inflexible, while the conscious depredator, with an abominable relish for hypocrisy, witnessed the suffering of his brother, and inwardly rejoiced in the castigation.

By a continued series of tricks and knaveries, practised under the eye of the father, he at length grew tired of his son, and placed him with a hosier in St. James's-street. Here he continued but for a short time, indulging in all the vagaries of his prolific imagination, and exercising himself in all the arts and deceptions of which he eventually made himself master. He robbed his father of an elegant suit of clothes, in which having dressed himself he went in that disguise to the hosier, and bought about ten pounds worth of the most fashionable and expensive silk stockings, desiring them to be

sent home for him in an hour, and assuming the name of Henry Bolingbroke, Esq. The cheat was successful, for his master did not know him; but this was not enough, for in about half an hour after he appeared in the shop in his usual dress, and was desired to take the goods home, which he actually pretended to do; thus both his father and master were robbed. He was, however, soon discovered and dismissed. From this period we shall have to consider him at large in society, where he continued to practice the most outrageous acts of duplicity for many years.

Soon after this he set off for Holland, under the name of Johnson. Forging a recommendation to a Dutch merchant he became his clerk, debauched his daughter, and was offered her hand in marriage;—robbed his master, and returned to England. Upon his arrival, he contrived to get himself engaged in his Majesty's small beer brewery near Gosport. In this situation he conducted himself so well as to gain the confidence of his employer; and was upon the point of forming a matrimonial connexion with his daughter. This match, however, was prevented by an accidental discovery: the Jew, to whom he had formerly sold the gold lace, happened to reside at Portsmouth, and by his means the character of Price was soon disclosed; his schemes frustrated, and he was again thrown upon the world.

His wits, however, were not exhausted, nor did they ever slumber long, though always employed for some deceptive end. He determined upon a trial to establish a new brewery, by obtaining a partner with money, and as a first step towards it, in the year 1775, he issued the following curious advertisement:—

Wanted.

"A partner of character, probity, and extensive acquaintance, upon a plan permanent and productive. Fifty per cent. without risk, may be obtained. It is not necessary he should have any knowledge of the business, which the advertiser possesses in its fullest extent; but he must possess a capital of between five hundred and one thousand pounds to purchase materials, with which, to the knowledge of the advertiser, a large fortune must

be made in a very short time. Address to P. C., Cardigan-head, Charing-cross.

"P. S. None but principals, and those of liberal ideas, will be treated with."

By means of this advertisement, the famous Comedian Samuel Foote, was brought into the sphere of our hero's depredation. Eager to seize what he conceived to be a golden opportunity, he was induced to advance 500*l.* for a brewery. This sum did not last long; and instead of the rapid fortune which the advertiser appeared so certain of, Foote was glad to disengage himself from the concern with the loss of his capital, and retired wrung with the anguish of disappointment. Notwithstanding which, Price had the impudence not long afterwards to apply to him again, under the idea of getting him to embark in the baking trade; the witty comedian, however, by this time knew his *Price,* and archly replied, "As you have *brewed*, so you may bake; but I'll be cursed if ever you *bake* as you have *brewed*."

Price, after this unfortunate business, assumed a new character, and appeared as a methodist preacher, in which disguise he defrauded several persons of large sums of money. He issued advertisements, offering to procure gentlemen wives, and swindled a person of the name of Wigmore of fifty guineas; this turned out more serious than he expected, for Mr. Wigmore brought an indictment against him, but he found means to refund a part of the money, and effected his escape. These and other fraudulent means were long the objects of his ambition, though they were all the certain roads to infamy.

Still undismayed in his career, he had the astonishing impudence to set up again as a brewer, in Gray's Inn-lane; here however, after committing a variety of frauds, he became a bankrupt in the year 1776. With ingenuity ever fruitful, he now set out for Germany, and engaged in a smuggling scheme, for which he was thrown into a prison in Holland, after realizing 300*l.* From this confinement he had address enough, by an artful defence, to extricate himself, and immediately returned to his native country. Here he again engaged himself in a sham brewery at Lambeth, where he was married;

still continuing his depredations, till at length he found it necessary to decamp; he actually went to Copenhagen. After some time he came back to England, where he was doomed to close his days.

His brewing attempts having all failed, he was obliged to study some new mode of plundering society, and under the pretence of charity he obtained money, for which he was imprisoned, and having obtained liberation, he, in the character of a clergyman, succeeded in various depredations, which eventually brought him to the King's Bench, from which place, he had dexterity enough to extricate himself.

His next plan was to try his success among the schemers in the Lottery, and made his efforts answer his purpose for a time; but absconding with a ticket of very considerable value, his attempts in this manner were brought to a termination; indeed, his arts and tricks were so various, that to recount them all, would extend our memoir of him beyond the limits of a publication of this kind: Alas! for human depravity.

We are now arrived at that period of our hero's life, when, by connecting himself with the Bank of England, he immortalized himself, by recording his name on the lists of notoriety, as one of the most artful, and for a time the most successful of impostors; but the result was as might be expected, the loss of his life, after practising a series of the most iniquitous devices that were ever brought to play upon mankind.

In the year 1780, memorable for the riots in London, he assumed the name of Brant, and engaged a plain, simple, honest fellow as a servant, whom he converted into the instrument of passing his forged notes, without detection. He advertised for this servant, and conducted himself in a manner truly curious towards him. Of the advertisement he heard nothing for about a week. One evening, however, just about dusk, a coachman was heard enquiring for the man who had answered the advertisement, saying, there was a gentleman over the way in a coach who wanted to speak to him. On this, the young fellow was called and went to the coach, where he was desired to step in; there he found an apparently old man affecting the foreigner, seemingly very much

afflicted with the gout, as he was completely wrapped up in flannel about the legs, and wore a camblet surtout, buttoned over his chin close up to his mouth; a large black patch over his left eye, and almost every part of his face so hid, that the young fellow could scarcely discover a feature, except his nose, his right eye, and part of that cheek. The better to carry on this deception, Price took care to place the young man on his left side, on which the patch was, so that the old gentleman could take a look askance at the young fellow with his right eye, and by that means discover only a portion of his face. In this disguise he appeared to be about sixty or seventy years of age, and when this man whom he engaged saw him afterwards not much under six feet high, his surprise and astonishment were so great, that he could scarcely believe his own senses; and in addition to the deceptive dress in which he has been described, he sometimes wore boots or shoes with heels very little less than three inches high, and appeared so buttoned up and straitened, as to look quite lank. While we are thus remarking upon the expedients to which he resorted, the better to effect his diabolical purposes, it may not be ill-timed, to those who did not know him, to give a true description of his person: he was in reality about five feet six inches high, a compact neat made man, square shouldered, inclined to corpulency, his legs were firm and well set, but by nature, his features gave him a look of more age than really belonged to him, which, at the time we are describing him, was near upon fifty; his nose was aquiline, and his eyes small and grey, his mouth stood very much inward, with very thin lips, his chin pointed and prominent, with a pale complexion; but what favoured in the greatest degree his disguise of speech, was the loss of his teeth. His walk was exceedingly upright, and his manner active; in a word, he was something above what the world in general would term a *dapper made man*.

The honest simplicity of the young man whom he had thus duped into his service was such, that Price found no difficulty whatever, in negociating through his hands his forged bills, which were principally disposed of in the purchasing of lottery tickets and shares, at the same

time taking care never fully to disclose to poor Samuel his real name, person, or history; and it must be confessed, his plan was devised and executed with the utmost skill and ability. Samuel continued for some time the innocent and unsuspecting instrument of these nefarious practices, after passing bills to the amount of 1400*l.* was detected and taken into custody. Upon learning this, Price retired with his booty into the deepest obscurity, leaving poor Sam, who was terrified out of his wits at a contemplation of the consequences that might ensue from being an accomplice in such complicated villany, to suffer near a twelve month's imprisonment.

Price with a purse well lined, having sought refuge in some lone place of retirement, was heard nothing of, till the year 1782, when, having, in all probability, exhausted his former acquisitions, he again sallied forth in search of new game with the most unparalleled audacity; and as a first step to the accomplishment of his purpose, he engaged a smart active lad of the name of Power, from a Register Office. The father of this lad was a Scots Presbyterian, and to ingratiate himself with the old man, Price professed high pretensions of religion, talked of virtue and morality, expressing a hope that the boy was well acquainted with the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments. Having thus far succeeded, he now commenced his ravages on the well-known Mr. Spilsbury of Soho-square, ordering large quantities of his drops in the name of Wilmot, and introduced himself to that gentleman as possessing all the symptoms of age and infirmity. He was wrapped up in a large camblet great coat, with a slouched hat on, the brim of which was large, and bent downward on each side of his head; a piece of red flannel covered his chin, and came up on each side of his face as high as his cheek bones; he wore a large bush wig, and a pair of green spectacles on his nose; his legs and feet were completely enveloped in large wraps of flannel, and a green shade hung down from his hat; but, upon this occasion he abandoned the black patch upon his eye, considering his features sufficiently disguised and obscured; and also, that it would not be safe to resort to an old expedient,

It is not a little remarkable, that Mr. Spilsbury, who knew Price well, was not able to detect his villany in the character of Wilmot; and it is a fact, that sitting together, side by side, in a coffee-house, Mr. S. was complaining to his coffee-house acquaintance, of the notes which Wilmot had so artfully and successfully imposed upon him; Price actually favoured his own deceptions by pretending commiseration, frequently crying out, "Lack-a-day, good God!—is it possible!—who could conceive such knavery to exist!—but it is a wicked world, sir. What, and did the Bank refuse payment, sir?" staring through his spectacles with as much seeming surprise as an honest man would have done. "O yes," said Mr. S., with some degree of acrimony; "for you must know it was upon the faith of the Bank of England that I and a great many others have been induced to take them, and they were so inimitably well done, that the nicest judges could not have distinguished them; but the old scoundrel will certainly be detected." "Good God!—lack-a-day!" continued Price, "he must have been an ingenious villain; what a complete old rascal!"

Price had frequently been at the shop of a Mr. Roberts, grocer in Oxford-street, where he now and then bought a few articles, and took many opportunities of showing his importance. Upon one occasion he called in a hackney-coach, disguised as an old man, and bought some few articles; a day or two afterwards he repeated his visit; and on a third day, when he knew Mr. Roberts was not in the way, went again, with his face so painted that he appeared to be diseased with the yellow jaundice. The shopman, to whom he enumerated his complaints, kindly informed him of a prescription for that disorder, which had cured his own father. Price gladly accepted of the receipt, promising that if it succeeded, he would call again, and handsomely reward him for his civility. In conformity with which, he entered the shop a few days afterwards, apparently perfectly free from the complaint, and acknowledged his great obligations to the shopman; after which, he expatiated freely on his affluent circumstances, the short time he had to live, and the few relations he had to

leave his property to; he made him a present of a ten pound bank-note. It will naturally be conceived this was a forgery, but it had the desired effect with Price; for at the same time he said he wanted cash for another, which was a fifty pound note. This the obliging and unsuspecting shopman got change for at an opposite neighbour's. The next day, during Mr. Robert's absence, he called again, and entreated the lad to get small notes for five other notes of fifty pounds each; the lad however, telling him his master was not at home, Price begged he would take them to his master's bankers, and there get them changed; this request was immediately complied with. The bankers, Messrs. Burchall and Co. complied with Mr. Robert's supposed request, immediately changed them, and small notes were that day given to Price for them.

Having found out a fit object to practise his deceptions upon, in the person of Mr. E——, who was an eminent merchant in the city, and having traced his connexions to Amsterdam, even to the obtaining a letter which was directed to him from a merchant there, he commenced his attack on that gentleman in the following manner:—He accosted him on 'Change in another disguised character, and told him that he had received a letter from a correspondent of theirs at Amsterdam, whose name he mentioned, informing him that a Mr. Trevors, who frequented the 'Change, had defrauded the Dutch merchant of 1000*l.*; that the latter requested Mr. E 's assistance in the recovery of the whole or any part of it he could obtain. With this prelude he opened the letter and presented it to Mr. E. who having read it, entertained no doubt of its being the hand-writing of his Amsterdam correspondent; he therefore readily offered his assistance in any plan that might be pursued to favour his Dutch friend. After thus paving the way, he began to advise Mr. E. how to act. "Trevors," said he, "will most likely be upon 'Change to-morrow; he always frequents the Dutch walk, and is dressed in a red surtout, with a white wig; he has also square-toed shoes, and very small buckles. Your best way will be to accost him, draw him into a conversation upon the mercantile affairs of Amsterdam, and by pretending he can be of service

to you, invite him home to dinner with you. You will then have a good opportunity to mention the business; show him the letter, and inform him that unless he refunds the whole or part of the money immediately, you will expose the affair to the merchants. By such a procedure you may probably procure the greater part of the property, as he is rich, and always has cash about him, and will rather comply with your demand, than run the risk of exposure." Mr. E. highly approved of this proposal, and was much pleased with the prospect he appeared to have, of rendering such essential service to his Dutch friend. The next day appeared our hero on the Dutch walk, in the dress he had so minutely described. Mr. E. followed the advice which had been given him, and after a little conversation, invited the supposed Trevors to dine with him, which was immediately accepted by Price. After the cloth was removed, and the family had retired from table, Mr. E. began to open to Mr. Trevors, with as much delicacy as he could, the purpose of his invitation. Our hero affected surprise at this application, but acknowledged the charge in part, assured him of his intention to settle the whole account shortly, begged it might not be mentioned on 'Change, and as a proof of his intention he was willing to pay 500*l.* down, if Mr. E. would bury the matter in oblivion. This being readily promised on Mr. E.'s part, Mr. Trevors produced a 1000*l.* bank-note from his pocket book, which he said he would leave with Mr. E. if he would give him the difference. Not having sufficient cash and notes in the house, Mr. E. gave him a check on his banker for the remaining 500*l.* with which our hero very soon after took his leave. The next morning Mr. E. discovered that the 1000*l.* note was a forgery, and ran to the bankers to stop the payment of his draft, but unfortunately too late; for a porter, who appeared to have been followed by a tall old woman into the banking-house, had obtained notes for the check, four hours before Mr. E.'s application to stop payment.

Upon a variety of others in a similar way did Price exercise his deceptions; among the rest Mr. Watt, hosier, and Mr. Reeves, a colourman, were sufferers; and such was his success that in one day he negociated sixty

ten pound notes, changed fourteen fifty pound notes for seven one hundred pound notes; indeed, such were his tricks at this period, that it is scarcely possible to recount them.

The practices of evil-minded persons, who forget that useful and comprehensive commandment—"Do unto others as you would be done by,"—seldom lead to happy or truly fortunate results, nor could it be expected to be the case with our present subject; he had assumed the character of an Irish Linen factor, under the name of Palton, and employed two young men to circulate his notes, whilst he still kept himself greatly disguised, and in obscurity. The notes were detected, and by means of a pawnbroker, Price was with great difficulty at length discovered; upon being taken, however, he most solemnly declared he was innocent, and when taken before the magistrate, conducted himself with great insolence. This took place on the 14th of January 1786, and notwithstanding his disguises he was soon sworn to by more persons than one; in consequence of which, and finding there was no means of escape from his present situation, he pretended to his wife in particular, great and serious penitence; for which, however, there did not appear the least ground. The Bank were fully determined on prosecuting him, and there was little chance of his escaping an ignominious death by the hands of the public executioner; but even this he managed to avoid, for one evening he was found hanging against the post of his door, in the apartment allotted him in Tothill-fields Bridewell. Thus ridding the world of as great a monster as ever disgraced a civilized society.

In this situation he was discovered by the keeper of the prison, who cut him down quite dead, and found in his bosom three letters; in one of which, addressed to the directors of the Bank, he confessed every thing relative to the forgery, and the manner of circulating the notes; another addressed to his wife, was written in a most affecting style; and in the third, directed to the keeper, he thanked him for the very humane treatment he had experienced during his confinement.

A coroner's jury was summoned as usual in such cases, and returned a verdict of self-murder: in consequence of which, his body was thrown into the ground in Tothill fields, and a stake driven through it.

In a box belonging to Price, were found after his death, two artificial noses, very curiously executed in imitation of nature. These it is obvious he occasionally wore as a part of the various disguise by which he had been enabled, so long, to elude the hands of justice. The counterfeit plates were found buried in a field near Tottenham-court-road, the turf being replaced on the spot. His wife, who had been confined with him as a supposed accomplice, was discharged, after making full confession of all she knew concerning his affairs; and the rolling press, plates, and other materials were destroyed by order of Sir Sampson Wright, the then presiding magistrate.

It has been calculated, that the depredations of this artful villain on society, amounted to 100,000*l.*! and yet, after his apprehension, he had the audacity to write a letter to a gentleman whom he had defrauded of more than 2000*l.* recommending his wife and eight children to his protection.

Price's expenditure must have been great, or the imprudence of his female coadjutor excessive; for at her lodgings were fixed all the apparatus for manufacturing the paper, and printing the bank-notes; the plates were also engraved by this ingenious culprit. Being thus paper-maker, engraver, printer, and circulator, it is not altogether surprising, that he contrived to prolong his existence to the age of fifty-five; six years of which he passed in hostilities against the Bank directors, whose emoluments by fire, shipwreck, and other casualties, Price conceived were much too enormous.

It must appear extraordinary to the reader, that this depraved impostor was so long able to escape discovery. But it should be added, such was the inventive ingenuity of his mind, that in order to avoid detection, he took especial care, as well by the multifarious disguises of his person and voice, to study the art of prevention, by combining the whole of the proceedings necessary for

MASSANIELLO.

TOMASO ANIELLO.

After many changes and revolutions, the ancient kingdom of Naples submitted to the power of the House of Austria; and by their large and voluntary contributions, the inhabitants gave, from time to time, the most undoubted proofs of their fidelity and obedience to that illustrious family.

But this liberality was exerted at an expense the people were ill able to bear. They were oppressed with heavy and increasing exactions, till at length the necessary provisions for the support of life grew dear. This begot discontent; tumult and insurrections followed; which were attended with murder and bloodshed, and all those outrages that are the sure consequences of popular fury and distraction.

Philip IV. King of Spain, of whose dominions Naples constituted a part, experienced no small share of this generosity from the Neapolitans; and in the year 1647, it was proposed by government to present him with a further donative. Philip was sensible of their affection; but those who made the offer, did not consider the inability of the people. All kinds of commodities being already taxed, it was difficult to contrive a method whereby to raise the money. So that they were obliged, in the present necessity, to lay a gabel (or tax) upon every sort of fruit; by which the common people were deprived of their usual nourishment and support, and reduced to the lowest misery and distress.

This gabel was collected with severity for seven months; but it grew at last so insupportable, that the inhabitants of every part of the kingdom determined to bear the burden no longer, and to get rid not only of this, but of all the other imposts. And their design was attended with success, beyond their most sanguine expectations. There are certain limits fixed by nature in the mind of man, beyond which oppression becomes in-

tolerable; heavy loads and exactions then beget despair, and opposition, even at the hazard of fortune and death, ensues.

The city of Naples was extremely populous; and as many families were undone by the weight of the taxes, particularly by that on fruit, whenever the Duke d'Arcas, their viceroy, went out from his palace, he was surrounded by multitudes, who made known to him the hardships they suffered, and supplicated for relief. This not availing, they one day peremptorily demanded a release from the most burthensome taxes, and threatened him with having recourse to desperate means, if their demand was not complied with. The viceroy was so terrified at these threats, that he promised them to take off the gabel, and returned, not without apprehensions of the consequences, to his palace. But being naturally indolent, and unfixed in his resolutions, he neglected to do any thing in the affair, thinking it would subside of itself.

His excellency, however, was greatly mistaken. The populace grew more and more enraged, and commotions and outrage were the consequence. What gave the greater encouragement to the rioters was, the example of their neighbours, the Sicilians; who had lately, by force of arms and popular insurrections, obtained from the viceroy of that kingdom, a release from the principal taxes, and a mitigation of the rest, together with a general pardon. So that by the month of July, the affairs of Naples were in such a posture, that every thing seemed tending towards a rebellion.

At this time there lived in the corner of the great market-place, a poor fellow whose name was Tomaso Aniello d'Amalfi, but vulgarly, and by contraction, called *Masaniello*. He was in the twenty-fourth year of his age, of a sprightly, active disposition, pleasant and humorous in his discourse, and of a confident, bold address. His stature was of the middle size; his eyes black, sharp, and piercing; his body rather lean than fat, and he had short cropped hair. He usually wore a mariner's cap on his head, long linen slops or drawers, a blue waistcoat, and went barefoot. His countenance was daring and enterprising; and he possessed a good

share of stern resolution and rough courage, of which he afterwards gave many proofs. He got his living by angling for small fish, with a cane, hook, and line; and sometimes he bought fish in the market, which he sold again by retail: in short, he was one of those whom the Neapolitans call *Pescivendoli*.

He lived, as before observed, in a corner of the great market-place; and it strangely happened, that under one of the windows of his house were fixed the arms and name of Charles V. of a very ancient standing. This circumstance, trivial as it may appear, seems to have given rise to Masaniello's exertions in favour of his countrymen; and it was understood to be a mysterious presage of what afterwards happened; *viz.* that this retailer of fish (as he would often jocularly say of himself) should restore the city to a state of exemption and liberty, and recover and establish the charter of privileges which had been granted by that great and invulnerable monarch to the people of Naples.

Being naturally of a bold and enterprising disposition, and of a warm and passionate temper, Masaniello could not behold the distresses of his fellow-citizens with indifference; and the situation of the emperor's arms having inspired him with an idea that he was the man appointed by Heaven to obtain them redress, the thought took possession of his mind, and stirred him up to interest himself in their favour.

About a century before, there had been a violent commotion in Naples, occasioned by Philip II. endeavouring to introdnce the inquisition into that city; at which time there had started up a Masaniello, who put himself at the head of the mob, and was successful in opposing the measures of the court. This person, who was a banditti captain, was principally concerned in raising and keeping up the tumults: but though the nobility at that time acted in concert with the people, these commotions were attended with no very bad consequences, nor was the ferment of long continuance. This event, which was still remembered, might also have some influence on the mind of the Neapolitan fisherman.

This man, reduced to misery, and inflamed by the general murmurs of the city, desperately resolved either

to suppress the taxes, or to perish. One day, as he was going towards his house in great indignation, he met with Perrone, a famous captain of banditti, who, after some deed of violence, had, with a comrade, fled to a church for refuge. They observed the rage of Masaniello as he passed by, and inquired the cause. He answered furiously, "I will engage to be hanged, if I do not right this city." They laughed at his words, saying, "A proper person, truly, to right the city of Naples!" Masaniello replied, "Do not laugh: if I had two or three of my humour, you should see what I could accomplish. Will you join with me?"—"Yes," said they. Then, when they had given him their solemn assurance, he departed.

Observing, from a kind of natural craftiness, that murmurs and discontent prevailed in every part of the town, and that the people were ripe for disturbance, the designs of Masaniello began by degrees to unfold themselves, and an incident which at that time happened, ripened them into action.

Some of the officers of the custom, with whom the city then swarmed, from the number of commodities taxed, having accidentally met his wife in the street with a small quantity of contraband flour in her apron, they carried her to prison; and without having the least regard to the tears and entreaties of her husband, would not set her free, until he had paid a fine of an hundred ducats; a sum which the poor fellow was obliged to sell the whole of his household furniture to raise. This extortion sunk so deep into the heart of the young fisherman, that he determined to be revenged.

His first step for effecting this purpose, was to excite occasional tumults in the fruit-market, for which the people were already well disposed. He next ran through every quarter of the city, crying out, *No gabel! No gabel!* And though some of the citizens laughed, and took him for a madman; yet his words, as was afterwards proved by the event, made a deep impression upon others.

Finding the boys to gather round him, he endeavoured to ingratiate himself into their favour, by a speech adapted to their young minds, wherein he bitterly in-

veighed against the cruelty of government, and enumerated to them the enormous gabels that were laid on all the necessaries of life. And having, after several repetitions, made them acquire the substance of his speech, he directed them to disperse themselves through every street, repeating their lesson as they went, even to the very windows of the viceroy's palace.

The number of these young insurgents went on increasing, till they amounted to upwards of five thousand choice sturdy lads, about sixteen or seventeen years of age. With these he entered the market-place, on Sunday the 7th of July, and raised such disturbances among the collectors of the gabel, and the country and retail fruiterers, that the taxes could not be collected; and the fruit in the scuffle being thrown about, the boys scrambled for it, to the great entertainment of the spectators.

At length affairs, as he intended they should, grew more serious. The rabble flocked together in great numbers, as well in the market-place, as in other quarters of the city, where they talked loudly, and without reserve, of the oppressions they laboured under, until a riot ensued between the shopkeepers and fruiterers, when Anaclerio, the elect of the people, was sent by the regent of the city to restore order. One of the most active in the disturbance was a cousin of Masaniello; he also had received his instructions, and was particularly instrumental in exasperating the people. He perceived, that he could sell his fruit but at a low price, which, when the tax was paid, would not only deprive him of all profit, but render him a loser. Under this impression he fell into a great fury, threw two large baskets on the ground, and cried out, "God gives plenty, and the bad government a dearth: I care not a straw for this fruit; let every one partake of it." The boys eagerly ran to gather and eat the fruit, and Masaniello rushed in among them, crying, "No tax, no tax."—Anaclerio endeavoured to interpose; he threatened him with whipping and the gallies; but this so inflamed the resentment of the crowd, that the fruiterers and all the people threw figs, apples, and other fruits in his face. Masaniello struck him upon the breast with a stone, and encouraged his militia of

boys to do the same. It was well that Anaclerio sought his safety in flight.

The fury and violence of the populace still increasing. Masaniello put himself at the head of them, and, surrounded by an infinite number of boys, and loose people of all descriptions, some armed with sticks, others with pikes and javelins, he leaped upon the table among the fruiterers, and demanding silence, made the following harangue; which, as it will furnish the reader not only with a specimen of our hero's oratorical abilities, but with many other traits of his character, is here given at length: "Rejoice, my dear companions and countrymen; give God thanks, and the most gracious Virgin of Carmine, that the hour of our redemption, and the time of our deliverance draweth near. This poor fisherman, bare-footed as he is, shall, as another Moses, who delivered the Israelites from the cruel rod of Pharoah the Egyptian king, free you from all the gabels and impositions that were laid upon you. It was a fisherman, I mean St. Peter, who reduced the city of Rome from the slavery of the Devil, to the liberty of Christ; and the whole world followed that deliverance, and obtained their freedom from the same bondage.—Now another fisherman, one Masaniello, I am the man, shall release the city of Naples, and with it a whole kingdom, from the cruel yoke of tolls and gabels. Shake off therefore, from this moment, the yoke; be free, if you have but courage, from those intolerable oppressions under which you have hitherto groaned. To bring this glorious end about;—for myself, I do not value if I am torn to pieces, and dragged up and down the city of Naples, through all the kennels and gutters that belong to it. Let all the blood in my body spin cheerfully out of these veins; let this head dance from these shoulders by the fatal steel, and be perched up over this market-place, upon a pole, to be gazed at; yet I shall die contented and glorious; it will be triumph and honour sufficient for me, to think that my blood and life were sacrificed in so worthy a cause, and that I became the saviour of my country."

This speech, which speaks the firm and intelligent redresser of grievances, in however rude a garb it appears, was received with loud acclamations by his hearers, who

all declared, that they were ready to follow him whithersoever he should lead; and, as a testimony of their attachment to the cause, instantly set fire to the toll-house belonging to the farmers of the fruit-customs; which was in a few moments consumed, with all the books of accounts, and many valuable articles.

The whole city was now alarmed; the mob increased in every street; the citizens shut up their shops, and many of them joined in the riot, in hopes of sharing in the spoil; the toll-houses, in every quarter, were broke open, and the books, money, furniture, and every article contained therein, thrown into fires made in the streets, and totally consumed, no one daring to appropriate a single article to his own use; it being the general sentiment, that as the wealth and costly furniture of the rich had been extorted from the poor, it ought not to be spared upon any account, or for any purpose whatever.

The mob was by this time increased to upwards of ten thousand; and growing, from their numbers, and from having hitherto met with no opposition, more confident and audacious, they now boldly advanced, with Masaniello at their head, towards the palace of the viceroy, crying as they went, "Long live the King of Spain! but cursed be the government!" for, amidst all their licentiousness, there was not one of them, particularly their heads, but what professed the most untainted loyalty to their king.

When they arrived at the palace, they forced their way through the guards, and obliged the Duke de Arcas to make his escape in the best manner he could; which, after being in the most imminent personal danger, he effected, and took shelter in the castle of St. Elmo. In the mean while, that party of the rabble which had got into the palace, burned and destroyed all the furniture and moveables they could lay their hands on.

Finding that the viceroy had escaped, the rioters continued their outrages in all quarters; breaking open the prisons, and setting the prisoners free; destroying the toll-houses, together with great quantities of corn and provisions; and not even sparing the churches, which they entered, after those who took refuge therein.

During these proceedings, Masaniello was publicly acknowledged as their general, and complimented with the title of *Saviour and Father of his country*. Having accepted of the command, amidst the loud huzzas of the rioters, and thanked them in a pertinent speech; the first official step he took, was, by beat of drum throughout the whole city and suburbs, to summon the people to arms against the tyranny of the government, and the oppression of the taxes; and he soon found himself at the head of a force that nothing could withstand.

In vain were solemn processions made by the religious orders, and prayers offered up by them for the restoration of peace; neither these, nor the interference of the most popular characters among the nobility and clergy, could appease in the least, the distractions that reigned. The viceroy and his whole court were confounded at the extravagance of the mob; and thinking himself no longer safe in the castle of St. Elmo, he removed, in the middle of the night, to Castlenovo.

It has been thought by many, that the viceroy did not act with that vigour on this occasion he ought to have done. Had he had resolution enough to have opposed them at the beginning, he might easily, it is supposed, have suppressed the tumults; and even in this stage of the commotions, had he put himself at the head of his troops, and exerted his authority, the rioters must have laid down their arms.

The duke, however, took a more lenient course, and thought to win them by acts of kindness and popularity; he proposed several salutary regulations with regard to the price of provisions, and an abatement of the taxes; but it was now too late. The fury of the people was not in the least abated by any of his proposals; nothing but fire and desolation could satisfy them, and they proceeded in their outrages.

Towards the evening, they began to range themselves under some order and discipline: and during the night they kept regular watch, and made every preparation for pursuing their plan of reform.

On the 8th, before it was clear day, Masaniello appeared in the great market-place; and, having taken an account of the arms and ammunition that had been col-

lected, he computed how many troops could be supplied with them; this done, he divided his military rabble into regiments and companies, among whom he distributed the arms. And with such exactness were all his orders, even thus early, obeyed, that by a motion of his hand, they would have cut the throats of all the nobility, and have set every house on fire.

Nothing now was to be heard in the streets but the noise of drums and trumpets, and the clashing of arms. The colours of each corps were regularly displayed; and Masaniello's followers no longer appeared to be a rabble rout, but a formidable and well-ordered army, absolutely at the command of their general. And what was still more surprising, and tended to increase the terror and astonishment of the court, the country people thronged into the town in great multitudes, armed with pitchforks, spades, pikes, and other rural implements, and breathing nothing but fire and destruction. Nor were the women, in this general confusion, wanting in their zeal; for they assembled in great numbers, furnished with spits, fire-shovels, and other domestic instruments, protesting that they would lose their lives in the common cause. The very children too were seen with canes and sticks in their hands, threatening the nobility, and urging their fathers to battle: and the general cry was, "Long live the King of Spain, but no more gabels!"

Such were the outcries that rung through all the streets of Naples on the morning of the 9th. No man was safe either in his life or his property. The nobility and gentry were in the utmost consternation. Some of them retired into the country, taking with them their most valuable effects. A general fear and amazement seized the sober part of the citizens, who, sensible of the fury of an enraged populace, kept their shops shut up, and were forced to applaud the proceedings of the multitude, in order to secure their goods and houses from being burnt. And business of every kind was at a stand.

The viceroy, in the midst of these calamities, was not inattentive to his own defence and security. He augmented the garrison of Castlenovo; planted cannon at

the ends of several streets, and took every precaution to secure his palace, and the fortifications he held, from any attempt of the rebels. At the same time, he endeavoured to soften the people, by increasing the assize of bread; and, instead of pursuing the advice of the council, which was to make a sally from the castle with a strong body of the guards, and thus repel force by force, his excellency, being tender of the lives of the people, thought proper to try as yet more gentle measures. He accordingly sent a soft and condescending letter to Masaniello, wherein he granted what had been demanded the day before, *viz.* That the obnoxious taxes should be taken off, and the people established in their privileges.

But the haughty general only grew the more imperious upon this condescension; and, rising higher in his demands, declared, "that he would be satisfied with nothing less than a restitution of the whole of the privileges granted to the Neapolitans by King Ferdinand, and Charles V. of glorious memory, whose arms and name he had against his house." To this were added many requisitions relative to the future government of the city, which the viceroy thought too injurious to the authority and prerogative of his royal master to be complied with, He still, however, promised to make every reasonable concession, if they would lay down their arms, and peaceably enter upon a treaty of settlement and accommodation.

The passions of the rioters were too much inflamed to be satisfied with any thing but the whole of their demands, and they proceeded to fresh acts of violence; nor could the intercession of the principal noblemen—the remonstrances of the Archbishop of Naples, who was held in the greatest veneration by them—the prayers of the clergy—the exposition of the host, and of the miraculous blood and sacred head of St. Gennaro—nor repeated processions, allay the tumult. They would accept of no offers short of seeing the original charters of Ferdinand and Charles, (which, by some means or other, were not to be found among the archives,) and having them solemnly ratified by the viceroy and the different councils.

Though Masaniello, as already observed, had been advanced to be generalissimo of the mob, upon account of his courage and natural bravery, yet the people at the same time appointed an old priest, named Julio Genovino, to be always near him as his privy counsellor. This ecclesiastic was a grave, sober person, of great cunning, and of singular skill and experience in state affairs. He loved to fish in troubled waters, and had been imprisoned for some time, for attempting to raise disturbances, and inflaming the common people against the government.

The next in power to Genovino, was the banditto, Perronne, who had likewise been just released from prison by the mob. These two counsellors were to attend upon Masaniello, as a curb to his fury; but instead of restraining his rage, they added fuel to the fire; and by their advice were transacted, in a great measure, all the murders and cruelties, all the burnings and devastations, that followed in every part of the city.

In this dreadful destruction the noblest structures were set fire to;—palaces and houses without number were stript of their contents, all of which were burnt in the streets by the rabble, who danced about the flames, rending the skies with their shouts and acclamations.

On the morning of the 10th of July, Masaniello made a general review of those under his command, and found them to be one hundred and fourteen thousand men, armed and embodied, besides a number of citizens who were not inrolled.

While this was going on, the archbishop exerted himself with the viceroy to bring about the wished-for accommodation; and the original charters of Ferdinand and Charles being now found, things were in a good train, and there appeared a probability of seeing the distractions which reigned, at an end. The rabble, satisfied with the vengeance they had taken, and dazzled by the prospect of so many immunities and privileges as they were on the point of enjoying, abated of their former fury, and even sighed after peace: but a fatal and unexpected accident entirely ruined these good dispositions, and blew up the flames of discord to a greater height than ever.

Just at the very time when the market-place, as well as the church and convent of Carmine, were crowded with an infinite number of people, who all waited with impatience to learn the success of the pending negociation; about five hundred banditti, well armed and mounted, came into the market-place, where they were received with demonstrations of joy, upon their giving out, "they had been sent for by Dominico Perrone, (the person mentioned before as the third in command,) and were come for the service of the most faithful people;" which was the denomination the rabble gave themselves.

As soon as Masaniello saw the new comers, he thanked them for their good will, and ordering them to alight, appointed them different quarters of the city, where they should expect his further orders, on foot: upon which Perrone, who was by, told him, he judged it much more proper to assign them a place to themselves, and by no means dismount them, because, being on horseback, they would be much readier to assist him in case of need.

To this Masaniello replied, "it was altogether unnecessary for them to continue as a separate body, and they would be as serviceable to him on foot as on horseback." But Perrone, warmly insisting upon their going mounted, and in a body, and also without being able to give any good reason for it, Masaniello began to suspect some dark business was going forward, and therefore peremptorily commanded the banditti to go on foot to the place he assigned them, and not stir from thence without his orders.

He had no sooner spoke, than a musket was fired off, which Masaniello considering as the signal of some mischief, cried out, "Treason! Treason! there is a plot on foot!" and immediately five muskets, were discharged at him by some of the banditti, who had found means to mix themselves among the crowd that surrounded him. He, however, received no hurt, though a bullet or two came so near him as to singe his shirt.

The people seeing their general alive, and unharmed, cried out one and all, "that God and the Lady Carmine had preserved him, and this miraculous deliverance

of his person was a manifest token that they approved of his undertaking." They had no sooner said this, than they fell, without mercy, upon the banditti, thirty of whom were killed on the spot, and the remainder in the church and convent of Carmine, whither they fled for shelter. Among them perished Dominico Perrone, and Gregory Perrone; the former lost his life for being an accomplice in the conspiracy, and the latter for being his brother.

This being discovered, by the confession of one of the banditti, to have been the contrivance of the Duke de Mataloni and Don Pepe Caraffa, his brother, two rich and powerful noblemen, Masaniello spared no pains to find them out. And at length having discovered the latter in the monastery of Santa Nova, where he had taken refuge, he was soon demolished by the mob, and his head, together with those of the principal banditti, were, by the general's orders, fixed upon poles in the market-place. The duke fortunately made his escape; but was proclaimed a traitor, and a large reward offered for apprehending him.

Masaniello having grown very diffident and suspicious, since the discovery of this plot against his life, he made no scruple to believe that it had been contrived by, or at least carried on with the consent and approbation of the viceroy. He therefore determined to reduce him to such straits as should at once satiate his revenge, and force him to accept of whatever conditions he might think fit to impose upon him.

For this and he published an order, prohibiting, upon pain of death, all persons from conveying any kind of provisions into Castlenovo, where the viceroy was in a manner pent up, with the duchess his wife, the councils of state, and the greatest part of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom. He likewise caused the aqueducts that supplied the castle with water to be cut off, issuing at the same time several other mandates; one of which was that the city gates should be shut, and nobody suffered to pass and repass, without a special order from himself; and all these orders were as punctually and diligently executed, as those of the Grand Signior are at Constantinople.

Upon the approach of evening, he directed, that during the night, all the windows throughout the city and suburbs should be illuminated, and the people be under arms; and almost in an instant, every house in Naples, as well those of noblemen as others, had lights in their windows; for, what the people did out of love to their chief, the nobles did through fear of him.

The viceroy seeing that Masaniello treated thus, with sword in hand, and fearing that the storm which had so long hovered over his head, should at last burst upon him, and overwhelm him, he resolved, upon any terms, to conclude the treaty of accommodation, not doubting but that time and cunning would furnish him with an opportunity of breaking any engagement that should prove prejudicial either to his own interests, or those of the prince he represented.

For this purpose he wrote a letter to the Archbishop of Naples, wherein he disclaimed having any share in the late conspiracy, protesting at the same time, that he had nothing so much at heart as the peace of the city, and the good of the people; he therefore pressed him to bring the treaty to a conclusion as soon as possible.

The letter, which the archbishop showed to Masaniello, had the desired effect. The people began to believe that the viceroy was innocent, and abated very much of their former rage and insolence; so that the treaty, which had been interrupted by various unlucky accidents, was now in a fair way of being brought to a conclusion, through the medium of the archbishop, or rather through the craft and subtlety of Julio Genovino, the ecclesiastic before mentioned as Masaniello's prime coadjutor. This artful priest, though a sworn enemy to government, having more of ambition in him than of animosity, wavered almost as soon as he engaged in the sedition, and listened to the promises of favour and preferment, which were secretly made to him by the viceroy, by whose instructions he fomented the misunderstanding between the nobles and the commons, and now managed with great art and dexterity the treaty of accommodation in favour of the Spanish court; which being at length perfected, and fairly drawn up by Genovino, and read by him, received the approbation of Masaniello and the

other ringleaders of the rabble.

The concessions comprised in the agreement were to the following purport:—"That the people should from that time forward enjoy all the benefits, privileges and immunities granted to them by the Emperor Charles V. and King Ferdinand, according to the purport and meaning of the original charters, which should hereafter remain in their hands; that all excesses and outrages committed on the 7th of July, when the insurrection began, to the date of these articles, should be pardoned by a general amnesty;—that the elect, as well as the counsellors and deputies of the people, and other inferior officers therein specified, should be chosen every six months by the commons, without need of further confirmation;—that the said elect should have as many voices as all the nobility together, as it used to be before they had been stripped of this privilege by Don Frederick, and which the most Catholic King Ferdinand had, in the year 1505, promised to restore to them;—that the viceroy should cause the said articles to be ratified by the King of Spain, within three months after their publication; when they should be engraved on marble, and set up in the middle of the great market-place:—that the people should not lay down their arms, till the said confirmation of their privileges:—and, lastly, that in case they could not obtain such a ratification, and the execution of the said articles and privileges, they might with impunity rise in arms, and strive to redress themselves, without being guilty of irreverence to the King of Spain."

Although the viceroy well knew that these articles tended to the ruin of at least ninety thousand persons, who were concerned either in the collection or the produce of the gabels; and what was still of more importance to him, that ministers could not hereafter raise any more subsidies, nor oppress the subject, in order to support their ambition and luxury; yet he signed them with a smiling countenance, and gave them to the different councils, who signed them in their turns.

After this, they were read aloud by a notary in the church of Carmine, the cardinal archbishop being present, with Masaniello, Genovino, and an infinite num-

ber of people, who, by their repeated *Ios*, seemed to give their assent to them, and seal the peace. The whole concluded with a grand *Te Deum*.

This being accomplished, the archbishop informed Masaniello, that the viceroy desired much to see him; and at the same time expressed a wish of having the pleasure to introduce him to his excellency. Masaniello, as well as the other leaders, seemed at first very averse to the interview; but his eminence, by the force of his reasons, and the veneration in which he was held by all ranks, at length prevailed; and they immediately set forward towards the viceroy's palace.

Upon this occasion Masaniello threw off his mariner's dress which he had hitherto worn; and appeared on horseback, in a magnificent habit, a towering plume of feathers in his hat, and a drawn sword in his hand. Thus accoutred, he rode before the archbishop's coach. His brother, Mateo d'Amalfi, clad likewise in a rich embroidered suit, rode on the right side of his eminence, and Aspaja, the tribune of the commons, on the left; Julio Genovino came last, followed by one hundred and sixty companies of horse and foot, consisting in all of about fifty thousand men.

Numberless were the praises and blessings bestowed upon Masaniello, as he passed along the streets, by the spectators, who, out of a grateful sense of the great deliverance he had wrought for them, honoured him with the glorious title of THE SAVIOUR OF HIS COUNTRY. Nor did they express their gratitude more by their words, than by their actions. The men strewed the way before him with palm and olive branches; while the ladies, from their windows and balconies, which were hung with the richest silks and tapestries, curtsied as he went by, and threw down flowers and garlands. The air was filled with the harmony of musical instruments, and nothing was to be heard but universal sounds of joy and triumph.

Masaniello being arrived at Castlenovo, the captain of the viceroy's guard came out to salute him in the name of his excellency, and bid him welcome to the palace. The general returned the compliment in a few words, uttered with great gravity, and then making a sign to

the people that they should be silent, he addressed himself to them in a speech, wherein he pointed out the importance of the privileges he had been the means of obtaining for them; and, without arrogating to himself any merit for what he had done, warned them to be very attentive to the preservation of their newly restored rights.

Among other singular passages in his speech, which was of considerable length, and uttered with becoming energy, and in a language not to be expected from a fisherman, were the following:—"The archbishop has experienced my disinterestedness in my refusal of two hundred crowns a month, which, during the first day of the revolution, he offered to settle upon me for life, if I would but calm your resentments, and make you desist from your just pretensions. Nor even at this time, should I have thrown off my tattered weeds, to assume this gaudy magnificence, had not his eminence, for decency's sake, and upon pain of excommunication, obliged me to it. No, no—I am still Masaniello the fisherman; such was I born, such have I lived hitherto, and such I intend to live and die. And after having fished for, and caught the public liberty, in that tempestuous sea wherein it had been immersed so long, I'll return to my former condition; reserving nothing for myself but my hook and line, with which to provide daily for the necessary support of the remainder of my life. The only favour I shall desire of you, in token of acknowledgment for all my labours, is, that when I am dead, you will each of you say an *Ave Maria* for me: do you promise me this?" An answer immediately burst forth from thousands,—"*Yes! but let it be a hundred years hence.*" Upon which Masaniello thanked them, and then proceeded to give them his advice relative to their future caution; and concluded with saying, "I am now going to negociate with the viceroy, and shall soon be with you again, at least before to-morrow morning; but if you do not see me then, you may set fire to the palace."

Having ended his speech, and the archbishop having, at his request, given his blessing to the people, Masaniello commanded them, on pain of his displeasure, to

follow him any further; and then went into the palace, accompanied by the Archbishop, Genovino, Arpaja, and his brother Mateo.

The viceroy stood ready at the top of the staircase to receive them. As soon as Masaniello saw him, he fell at his feet, and having kissed them, and thanked his excellency, in the name of all the people, for his gracious approbation of the treaty, he told him he was come there to receive whatever sentence his excellency should think fit to pass upon him. The viceroy, with the dissimulation of a courtier, raised him up, and embracing him, answered, "that he was happy to see him there; and so far from thinking him criminal, he would most assuredly give him daily proofs of his favour and esteem." To this Masaniello replied, "that God could witness for him, the only scope and end of all his designs was the service of the king and his excellency."

These mutual salutations being ended, the viceroy, the archbishop, and Masaniello, retired into a private apartment, in order to consult what were the best measures to be pursued in the present posture of affairs.

During this conference, an incident happened which sufficiently gave the Spaniards to understand how much Masaniello was esteemed by the people, and how anxious they were for his safety. Those who had assembled in the palace-yard, thinking him long before he made his appearance, began to murmur, fearing some mischance had befallen him; and that the viceroy had violated his faith to him, and caused him to be arrested, or perhaps murdered.

The murmur increased, and the rabble grew at last so clamorous, the noise reached the viceroy's ears; who being informed of the reason, to appease the tumult, immediately showed himself, with his company, in a balcony; where Masaniello having assured the multitude he was safe, and under no manner of restraint, they all cried out, *Long live the King of Spain! Long live the Duke d' Arcas!* Masaniello then told his excellency, he would let him see how obedient the Neapolitans were. At the same time, putting his finger to his mouth, the rabble ceased their cry; a profound silence instantly

followed; and, among so great a multitude, there was scarce one of them seen to breathe. Then commanding, upon pain of his displeasure, every soul should retire, the court-yard was cleared in an instant, and not a man left upon the place.

The conference ended with the warmest professions of friendship and esteem from the viceroy to Masaniello, and not without more substantial marks of his favour; for he made him a present of a gold chain of considerable value, which Masaniello refused several times to accept, but at the earnest solicitation of the archbishop, he at length complied.

He was at the same time created by his excellency, Duke de St. George. The viceroy accompanied this great honour with many caresses, which probably were meant only to amuse his visitor. After having kissed the viceroy's knee, and taken leave, Masaniello waited upon the archbishop to his palace, and from thence retired in his eminence's coach, pretty late in the evening, to his own house, attended by a numberless throng of people, who, by their acclamations, bonfires, ringing of bells, &c., gave public demonstrations of their joy and gratitude.

The day following, Masaniello issued out various proclamations, as captain-general; which office had been confirmed to him by the viceroy. All of these were drawn up with the judgment of a veteran in politics, and were all of the most salutary nature, tending to restore order and tranquillity, and at the same time to establish the rights he had obtained for the people upon a solid foundation. These proclamations, which were subscribed Thomas Aniello d'Amalfi, head and captain-general of the most faithful people of Naples, were obeyed with wonderful exactness, by persons of every rank and quality.

We now see this extraordinary man arrived at the highest pitch of his glory. We see him exalted from the state of a poor fisherman, to an eminence which has immortalized his name, and procured him a place among our instances of the mutability of fortune.

Sunday, the 13th of July, was the great day in which the treaty that had been entered into between the vice-

roy and the people was to be ratified in the cathedral. Masaniello spent the morning in hearing causes, redressing grievances, and making regulations relative to the affairs of the city, both civil and military.

Immediately after dinner, the viceroy having sent a pair of very fine horses, richly caparisoned, for the general and his brother to appear on at the cavalcade; they mounted, both dressed in cloth of silver tissue, and moved slowly towards the castle; the former bearing a drawn sword in his hand, the latter the articles of capitulation. From thence, after being joined by the viceroy and his whole court, they proceeded to church, where his excellency, and all the great officers of state, swore upon the holy evangelists, to observe inviolably the conditions of the treaty.

All the time the articles were reading, Masaniello stood up, with his sword drawn in his hand, and was very busy in explaining some of them to the people, and enlarging upon others. As soon as the oath had been administered, and the *Te Deum* sung, he made a long harangue, sometimes addressing himself to the viceroy, and sometimes to the multitude, and confounding several good things, with many senseless and impertinent ones.

Having finished his discourse, he began to tear in pieces the rich dress he had on, and desired the archbishop and viceroy to help him off with it, saying, "That as he had only put it on for the honour of the ceremony, it was now become useless since that was ended; that, for his part, he had done all he had to do, and would now return to his hook and line." Being, however, made to understand, it would be very indecent to strip in the church, and in the sight of so many persons, he accompanied the viceroy: who, with all the nobility and gentry, went in procession through the most public streets of the city, and then returned to the castle. Masaniello having there taken leave of his excellency, retired to his own house in the market-place, through all the acclamations and blessings due from the people to the great restorer of privileges.

Thus ended that happy day, which crowned all Naples with joy; and the next day, Masaniello, as the author

of this great change, was congratulated by, and received the compliments of, several of the nobility and gentry, the ministers of state, and almost all the ecclesiastics and religious orders of the city.

Such were the honours bestowed upon this poor fisherman.—But there is a certain point to which these sudden elevations are permitted to rise; a boundary which they seldom exceed. The brighter the glare of these political meteors, the sooner do they evaporate.

Of this, Masaniello is a most conspicuous proof. He who from the seventh day of July to the thirteenth, had behaved himself with so much wisdom and kingly authority, and in that short period had perfected a revolution as extraordinary as beneficial to his fellow-citizens, on a sudden, to the surprise of every one, exhibited symptoms of insanity. His late behaviour in the cathedral, where he was about publicly to disrobe himself, seems to have been the first visible prelude to it. It afterwards showed itself in various shapes;—such as, the most ludicrous behaviour to the archbishop of Santa Severina, and others;—by riding full speed through the streets of Naples, abusing, maiming, or kicking whoever had the misfortune to come in his way;—and by many other pranks which too plainly indicated a mind deranged.

Numberless were the causes to which this sudden alteration in Masaniello has been attributed. Some were of opinion, the stupendous height of power to which he had arrived as it were in an instant, made him giddy, and overturned his reason. Others would have it to have been occasioned by the great and continual fatigues he had undergone, as he scarcely allowed himself to take the natural refreshments of food or sleep. But the most probable and most received opinion was, the viceroy had caused an intoxicating draught to be given him, which, by inflaming his blood, should make him commit such extravagances as would oblige the people to despise and forsake him.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, Masaniello went to the palace, having a ragged coat on his back, only one stocking, and without either hat, sword, or band; and showing himself in this condition to the viceroy,

told him he was almost starved, and would fain eat something: whereupon his excellency commanded meat to be brought and set before the Lord Masaniello, to which he replied, it was no consequence, for he did not come to eat, but to desire his excellency to accompany him as far as Posilipso, where they would take a collation together, having provided every thing necessary for that purpose. As soon as he had said this, he gave a call, and immediately several mariners came in, laden with all sorts of fruits and dainties.

But the viceroy, who was not in a humour to drink with a crazy fisherman, excused himself on account of a pain in his head, with which he said he was that moment taken. He, however, ordered his own gondola to be made ready; and when it was prepared, Masaniello went on board, forty feluccas attending him, filled with persons, who used their utmost endeavours to divert him.

This agreeable airing, instead of refreshing him, rather contributed to extinguish what reason was left in him, and wholly deprive him of his senses; for it is said, in going and coming, he drank no less than twelve bottles of strong-bodied wine, called *Lachrymæ Christi* which so dried up his brain, he never after was seen to act or speak in cool blood.

After Masaniello's return from Posilipso, he committed so many extravagant acts, the citizens were greatly offended thereby, and came to a resolution to confine him; but none could find in his heart to take away the life of the deliverer of his country. This resolution was not, however, powerful enough to remove the fears of the viceroy, who trembled at his very name. He accordingly employed four conspirators, who dispatched him by a musket shot from each, while playing his mad pranks in the church of Carmine; as he fell beneath their wounds, he exclaimed, "ungrateful traitors," and immediately expired.

The assassins having cut off his head, fixed it on a pole, and carried it directly to the viceroy, crying out, as they went, "Masaniello is dead!"—"Let the King of Spain live, and let nobody hereafter presume to mention the name of Masaniello."

The bold action so terrified the rabble, who, to the number of ten thousand or more, were assembled in the church and market-place, that far from avenging the death of one that had lately stood so high in their esteem, they became stupified and motionless: affording upon this occasion, a memorable instance of the inconstancy of the populace. And those who from the beginning of the insurrection had loved Masaniello to adoration, now calmly saw him murdered; his head taken off, and thrown into a ditch; and his body, as he had himself foretold, dragged through the streets of Naples, by the lowest of the mob.

Thus rose and fell, Masaniello d'Amalfi, the dread of the Spaniards, the avenger of public oppressions, and the saviour of his country. Antiquity cannot furnish us with a similar example; and after ages will hardly believe to what a height of power this fisherman arrived, who trampling barefoot on a throne, and wearing a mariner's cap instead of a diadem, in the space of four days, raised an army of above one hundred and fifty thousand men, and made himself master of one of the most populous cities in the world. In short, it may be averred without exaggeration, that neither the most formidable tyrant, nor the most beloved prince, were ever so much dreaded, or so soon obeyed, as Masaniello was, during his short, but stupendous reign. His orders were without reply; his decrees without appeal; and the destiny of all Naples might be said to have depended upon a single motion of his hand.

This is the more amazing, as he had never had any education, and had always passed among those of his acquaintance, for a simple, joking fellow; and yet, all on a sudden, he was seen to act and speak as if he had been long conversant in politics, and the management of public affairs. In the very heat of the commotions, he made, and maintained, the most useful orders and regulations, with more wisdom and discretion than the wisest legislators, and the most experienced generals, could have been capable of. With what art and address did he not insinuate himself into the hearts of so many thousands, by far his superiors; encouraging the fearful, extolling the bold, reproaching the coward, and

pathetically describing to all, the miserable state of their country, and animating them, to revenge and redress themselves!

In short, when we reflect upon the magnitude of the enterprise which he projected and executed; the indefatigable assiduity with which he applied himself to it (an assiduity that robbed him of the hours of nourishment and repose, and made him dictate to seven secretaries at a time); the just severity, which, though it compelled him to put many persons to death, never exerted itself on any whose crimes had not deserved it; and above all, that noble and generous disinterestedness, which kept him poor in the midst of such vast heaps of wealth; we may truly say, that Masaniello was endowed with all those qualifications, high birth accepted, that constitute the GREAT MAN, and which must render his name immortal.

Having mentioned the ingratitude of the people of Naples, in forsaking their great deliverer, and suffering his remains to receive the indignities they did, it is but reasonable that we notice the sorrow and penitence which they afterwards expressed for it. His remains being collected, it was resolved in a general assembly of the people, who were gathered together on purpose, that he deserved to receive all the honours due to the captain-general of Naples. He was accordingly buried on the 17th, with all the solemnities which are commonly used at the funeral of a martial commander.

Upon this occasion his corpse was preceded by above five hundred priests and religious, and followed by forty thousand men in arms. As the procession passed by the palace of the viceroy, his excellency, to conform to the present temper of the people, sent eight of his pages, with flambeaux in their hands, to join in it, and at the same time ordered the guard to salute the body. Being arrived at the cathedral, he was there interred, amidst the tears and lamentations of an infinite multitude, who showed so much respect and veneration for his dust, that it might be said, in less than three days, Masaniello was obeyed like a monarch, murdered like a villain, and revered like a saint.

Mrs. DAVIES.

MARY DAVIES.

THE account of this wonderful woman may be thought an idle and impertinent fiction; such as some frontless persons have too frequently exposed to public view, on purpose to impose upon the credulity of the gazing multitude, who are apt to gape at wonders, and think all true, which appears in print.

That this may court more favourable thoughts, it may be said that such as are intended to deceive, generally refer to wonders so remote and distant, either suddenly to disprove, or presently to confirm the belief of what they have told.

This woman, when our narrative was written, lived at the *Swan* in the *Strand*, near *Charing Cross*, where the curiosity of the beholder might be gratified.

There might be seen a woman with horns growing upon the hinder part of her head, an object not only worthy of sight, but admiration too! She lived to the age of seventy-six, was bred and born in the parish of *Shotwick*, in *Cheshire*, and within four miles of *Chester*, tenant unto his sacred majesty, upon a farm of sixteen pounds *per annum*; so that she was not necessitated to this course of life, or to deceive the credulous and shortsighted people, but to manifest to the world such a wonder in nature, as hath neither been read or heard of since the creation.

She was wife to one Mr. Henry Davies, died thirty-five years passed; after his death, she lived a religious widow, all along, of a spotless and unblameable life and conversation; of singular use to her neighbours: for she was a professed midwife, happy and successful in that undertaking; so that her departure was generally lamented in the place of her abode, in such a measure, that several of her neighbours and acquaintance brought her many miles on her journey. This strange and stupendous effect began first from a soreness in that place where the horns afterwards grew, which was thought to

be occasioned by wearing a strait hat. This soreness continued twenty years, in which time it miserably afflicted this good woman, and ripened gradually into a wen, near the bigness of a large hen egg, which continued for the space of five years, more sadly tormenting her than before: after which, it was, by a strange operation of nature, changed into horns, which are in shew and substance, much like a ram's horns, solid and wrinkled: but sadly grieving the old woman, especially upon the change of weather. But more accurately to describe its nature and manner of production, may be a subject proper for a college of physicians; and no question but it will be esteemed worthy to employ the ingenious *virtuosi* of the age, who need not their glasses to magnify its wonders.

The horns came off three times: the first was but a single horn, which grew long, but as slender as an oaten straw. The second was thicker than the former. The two first Mr. Hewson, minister of *Shotwick*, (to whose wife this rarity was first discovered) obtained of the old woman, his parishioner. They kept not an equal distance of time in falling off, some at three, some at four, and another at four years and a half's growth.

The third time grew two horns, both of which were beat off by a fall backward. One of them an *English* lord obtained, and (as is reported) presented it to the *French* king, for the greatest rarity in nature, and was received with no less admiration. The other (which was the largest) was nine inches long, and two inches about. It is much valued for the novelty; a greater than any *John Tradeskin* can set to view, (who was the celebrated collector of Lambeth); or the greatest traveller can affirm to have seen. Sir *Willoughby Aston* hath also another horn dropped from this woman's head, and reserves it as a choice rarity. At the time this narrative was written, she had a pair of horns upon her head of six months growth; and it was not without reason believed, they would, in a short time, be larger than any of the former; for still the latter exceeded the former in bigness. The circumstance of this relation considered or examined, I hope will not be believed to be an imposture, or artificial projecting: for so grossly

to impose upon his majesty, and all his loyal subjects, would be an unpardonable crime, and would deserve men's contempt, and not their company, and certainly would have exposed the party to the violence of the multitude, who, upon the discovery of the cheat, would soon have made the old woman *pull in* her HORNS.

The picture of this Mother Davies was in the possession of the learned Sir Richard Mead, M. D., also Mr. Ward, peruke maker in the Strand, had a horn, several inches in length, which he used as a snuff-box, which he averred to have grown on the head of another woman, whom he affirmed was then alive, and had several others, at different times: and named the persons in whose hands the said horns then were. The curious may, perhaps think it worth their trouble to make further enquiry.

In the university library at Edinburgh is preserved a horn, which was cut from the head of Elizabeth Love, in the fiftieth year of her age. It grew three inches above her ear, and was growing seven years.

There is an engraved portrait of a Mrs. Allen, who was to be seen in Coventry-street, near the Haymarket, in the year 1790, who had a horn of some years growth, cut from above her ear; after which there appeared in different parts of her head, several hard substances, one of which ripened into the crooked horn the print represents; and it was the opinion of an eminent surgeon that the rest might grow into horns in a few years: she settled in Leicestershire soon afterwards.

MARTHA HATFIELD.

The original print is prefixed to "The Wise Virgin, or a wonderful Narration of the various Dispensations of God towards a Child of eleven years of age; wherein, as his severity hath appeared in afflicting, so also his goodness, both in enabling her (when stricken dumb, deaf, and blind, through the prevalency of the disease) at several times to utter many glorious truths concerning Christ, Faith, and other subjects; and also in recovering her, without the use of any external means, lest the Glory should be given to any other; to the astonishment of many that came far and near to see and hear her. With some observations in the fourth year since her recovery. By James Fisher, a servant of Christ, and late Minister of the Gospel in Sheffield. The fifth Edition, 1664." The epistle dedicatory, by the author, is dated 1652.

This title so fully expresses the contents of the book, that nothing more need be added, but only that she was the daughter of Anthony and Faith Hatfield, of Leighton, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and was twelve years old the 27th of September, 1652; that she was seized with the disorder which the author calls the spleen-wind on the 6th of April, the same year, and suffered repeated convulsions, and was rapt into several trances, till the 9th of December following, when she was restored to her senses. She continued in this state when the book was first published, with an imprimatur, signed "Joseph Caryl, 18th April, 1653." The licenser says the truth of the particulars related in the narrative will be avouched by many persons of worth;" and concludes thus: we hope reader, those that are engaged in this work dare not commit such an impiety, as to gull the world with a forgery." This seems to intimate that Caryl himself suspected the truth of the relation; which will naturally remind the reader of the story of Elizabeth Barton, the pretended holy Maid of Kent. This pious fraud was so artfully managed, as to deceive even Sir Thomas More, who cannot be supposed accessary to any kind of imposture.

MARTHA HATFIELD.

THOMAS PARR.

THOMAS PARR, was one of the oldest post-diluvians, of whom we have any authentic account. In the year 1635, John Taylor, commonly called the Water Poet, published a pamphlet, intituled, "The Olde, Olde, Very Olde Man: or, The Age, and Long Life of Thomas Parr, the Sonne of John Parr, of Winnington, in the Parish of Alderbury, in the County of Sallop (or Shropshire) who was born in the reign of King Edward the IVth. and is now living in the Strand, being aged 152 years and odd monthes. His manner of life and conversation in so long a pilgrimage; his marriages, and his bringing up to London about the end of September last, 1635."

From this scarce book, which is almost the only work of authenticity that contains any particulars concerning the venerable subject of this article, we shall present the reader with a few extracts.

"The Right Hon. Thomas Earl of Arundell and Surrey, Earl Marshall of England, &c. being lately in Shropshire to visit some lands and manors, which his lordship holds in that county; or, for some other occasions of importance, the report of this aged man was certified to his honour; who hearing of so remarkable a piece of antiquity, his lordship was pleased to see him, and in his innate noble and Christian piety, he took him into his charitable tuition and protection; commanding a litter and two horses, (for the more easy carriage of a man so enfeebled and worn with age) to be provided for him; also, that a daughter-in-law of his (named Lucye) should likewise attend him, and have a horse for her owne riding with him; and to cheere up the olde man, and make him merry; there was an antique faced fellow, called Jacke, or John the Foole, with a high and mighty no beard, that had also a horse for his carriage. These all were to be brought out of the country to London, by easie journeys, the charges being allowed by his lordship: and likewise one of his honour's

own servants, named Brian Kelly, to ride on horseback with them, and to attend and defray all manner of reckonings and expenses; all which was done accordingly as followeth.

"Winnington is a hamlet in the parish of Alderbury, near a place called the Welsh Poole, eight miles from Shrewsbury; from whence he was carried to Wim, a towne of the earle's aforesaid; and the next day to Sheffnal, a (mannour house of his lordship's) where they likewise staied one night; from Sheffnal they came to Woolverhampton, and the next day to Brimicham, from thence to Coventry, and although Master Kelly had much to do, to keepe the people off they pressed upon him, in all places where he came, yet at Coventry he was most opprest: for they came in such multitudes to see the olde man, that those who defended him were almost quite tyred and spent, and the aged man in danger to have been stifeled; and in a word, the rabble were so unruly, that Bryan was in doubt he should bring his charge no further; (so greedy are the vulgar to hearken to, or gaze after novelties.)

"The trouble being over, the next day they passed to Daventry, to Stony-stratford, to Redburn, and so to London, where he is well entertained and accommodated with all things, having all the aforesaid attendants at the sole charge and cost of his lordship."

The above-mentioned writer then proceeds to inform us, in verse, that "John Parr, (a man that lived by husbandry)

"Begot this Thomas Parr, and born was hee
The yeare of fourteen hundred, eighty three.
And as his father's living and his trade,
Was plough and cart, scithe, sickle, bill, and spade;
The harrow, mattock, flayle, rake, fork, and goad.
And whip, and how to load and to unload:
Old Tom hath shew'd himself the son of John,
And from his father's function hath not gone."

He then continues:—

"Tom Parr hath liv'd, as by record appeares,
Nine monthes, one hundred fifty and two yeares.

For by records, and true certificate,
From Shropshire late, relations doth relate,
That hee lived seventeen yeares with John his father,
And eighteen with a master, which I gather
To be full thirty-five; his sire's decease
Left him four yeares possession of a lease;
Which past, Lewis Porter gentleman, did then
For twenty-one yeares grant his lease agen;
That lease expir'd, the son of Lewis, called John,
Let him the like lease, and that time being gone,
Then Hugh, the son of John, (last nam'd before)
For one and twenty years, sold one lease more.
And lastly, he hath held from John, Hugh's son,
A lease for's life these fifty years outrun;
And till olde Thomas Parr, to earth againe
Returne, the last lease must his own remaine."

John Taylor then relates the following curious anecdote of Olde Parr's craft in endeavouring to over-reach his landlord.

"His three leases of sixty-three yeares being expired, he took his last lease of his landlord, (one Master John Porter) for his life, with which lease hee hath lived more than fifty yeares; but this olde man would (for his wife's sake) renew his lease for yeares, which his landlord would not consent unto; wherefore old Parr, (having beene long blind) sitting in his chair by the fire, his wife look'd out of the window, and perceiv'd Master Edward Porter, son of his landlord, to come towards their house, which she told her husband; saying, "husband, our young landlord is coming hither." "Is he so?" said old Parr, "I prithee wife lay a pin on the ground neere my foot, or at my right toe," which she did, and when Master Porter, (yet forty yeares old) was come into the house, after salutations between them, the olde man said, "wife, is not that a pin which lyes at my foot?" "Truly husband," quoth she, "it is a pin indeede," so she took up the pin, and Master Porter was half in a maze that the olde man had recovered his sight again; but it was quickly found to be a witty conceit, thereby to have them suppose him to be more lively than hee was, because he hop'd to have his lease renew'd for his wife's sake, as aforesaid."

With respect to his matrimonial connexions, Taylor says:

"A tedious time a batchelur hee tarried,
Full eightie years of age before hee married:
His continence to question I'll not call,
Man's frailtie's weak, and oft doth slip and fall.
No doubt but hee in fourscore years might find,
In *Salop's* countie, females fair and kind:
But what have I to doe with that; let passe,
At th' age aforesaid hee first married was
To *Jane, John Taylor's* daughter; and 'tis said,
That she (before he had her was a mayd.
With her hee liv'd yeares three times ten and two,
And then she dy'd (as all good wives will doe.)
She dead, hee ten yeares did a widdower stay,
Then once more ventred in the wedlock way:
And in affection to his first wife *Jane,*
Hee tooke another of that name againe:
(With whome hee now doth live) she was a widow
To one nam'd *Anthony* (and surnam'd *Adda)*
She was (as by report it doth appeare)
Of *Gillsel's* parish, in *Montgom'ryshiere,*
The daughter of *John Lloyde* (corruptly *Flood)*
Of ancient house, and gentle *Cambrian blood.)*"

Of Parr's issue, Taylor says in plain prose, "he hath had two children by his first wife, a son and a daughter: the boyes name was John, and lived but ten weekes, the girl was named Joan, and she lived but three weekes."

Thomas Parr seems to have been a man of very different constitution from the rest of mankind, for the same writer thus describes him:—

"From head to heel, his body hath all over
A quick-set, thick-set, nat'rall hairy cover."

John Taylor concludes his account of this wonderful old man, by saying, "that it appeares hee hath out-lived the most part of the people near there (meaning Alderbury) three times over."

BARBARA URSELIN.

Old Parr did not long survive his removal to the metropolis, where he died on the 15th of November, 1635, and was buried in Westminster-abbey. It is conceived that the change of air and diet, together with the trouble of numerous visiters, must have accelerated his death.

His body was dissected by Dr. Harvey, and proved to be very fleshy; his heart and kidneys were remarkably stout and fat, as was his body altogether.

BARBARA URSELIN.

In the year 1655, was publicly shown for money, a woman named Augustina Barbara, the daughter of Balthazer Ursler, then in her twenty-second year; her whole body, and even her face, was covered with curled hair of a yellow colour, and very soft like wool: she had besides a thick beard that reached to her girdle, and from her ears hung long tufts of yellowish hair. She had been married above a year, but then had no issue, her husband's name was Vanbeck, and it is said he married her merely to make a shew of her, for which purpose he travelled into various countries, and among others visited England.

Her picture deserves a place in any gallery or collection, to be preserved for its extreme singularity. If I conjecture right she is that very hairy girl mentioned by my celebrated friend Bartoline, and appears to me not to differ from her whom Borelli describes by the name of Barba; who he believed, improved if not procured that hairiness by art. But whether she is the same that the famous Vitrilius saw at Rome and Milan, I dare not affirm; for he hath no where mentioned this countryman of his that I know of."

HENRY JENKINS.

Few countries can produce such numerous instances of extraordinary longevity as the British islands, which afford incontestible proof of the healthiness of their climate. Among these examples, the most remarkable is, perhaps, that of Henry Jenkins, who attained the patriarchal age of 169 years. The only account now extant of this venerable man, is that given by Mrs. Anne Saville, who resided at Bolton, in Yorkshire, where Jenkins lived, and had frequent opportunities of seeing and conversing with him.

"When I came," says she, "to live at Bolton, I was told several particulars of the great age of Henry Jenkins; but I believed little of the story for many years, till one day he coming to beg an alms, I desired him to tell me truly how old he was. He paused a little, and then said, that to the best of his remembrance, he was about 162 or 163; and I asked, what kings he remembered? He said, Henry VIII. I asked what public thing he could longest remember? he said Flodden-field. I asked whether the king was there? he said, no, he was in France, and the Earl of Surry was general. I asked him how old he might be then; he said, I believe I might be between ten and twelve; for, says he, I was sent to Northallerton with a horse-load of arrows, but they sent a bigger boy from thence to the army with them. All this agreed with the history of that time; for bows and arrows were then used, the earl he named was general, and King Henry VIII. was then at Tournay. And yet it is observable that this Jenkins could neither read nor write. There were also four or five in the same parish that were reputed all of them to be 100 years old, or within two or three years of it, and they all said he was an elderly man ever since they knew him; for he was born in another parish, and before any registers were in churches, as it is said. He told me then too that he was butler to the Lord Conyers, and remembered the Abbot of Fountains-abbey very well, before

the dissolution of the monasteries. Henry Jenkins departed this life, December 8, 1670, at Ellerton upon Swale in Yorkshire. The battle of Flodden-field was fought September 9, 1513, and he was twelve years old when Flodden-field was fought. So that this Henry Jenkins lived 169 years, viz. sixteen years longer than old Parr, and was, it is supposed, the oldest man born upon the ruins of the post-diluvian world.

"In the last century of his life he was a fisherman, and used to trade in the streams: his diet was coarse and sour, and towards the latter end of his days he begged up and down. He has sworn in Chancery, and other courts, to above 140 years memory, and was often at the assizes at York, whither he generally went on foot; and I have heard some of the country gentlemen affirm, that he frequently swam in the rivers after he was past the age of 100 years. In the king's remembrancer's office in the Exchequer, is a record of a deposition in a cause by English bill, between Anthony Clark and Smirkson, taken 1665, at Kettering in Yorkshire, where Henry Jenkins, of Ellerton upon Swale, labourer, aged 157 years, was produced and deposed as a witness."

About seventy years after his death a monument was erected at Bolton, by a subscription of the parishioners to perpetuate the memory of this remarkable man. Upon it was engraved the following inscription:—

"*Blush not marble to rescue from oblivion the memory of* HENRY JENKINS, *a person of obscure birth, but, of a life truly memorable: for he was enriched with the goods of nature, if not of fortune, and happy in the duration, if not variety of his enjoyments: and though the partial world despised and disregarded his low and humble state, the equal eye of Providence beheld and blessed it with a patriarch's health and length of days, to teach mistaken man these blessings, are entailed on temperance, a life of labour, and a mind at ease. He lived to the amazing age of* 169: *was interred here, December* 16, 1670, *and had this justice done to his memory,* 1743."

COLLY MOLLY PUFF.

"THIS little man," Granger says, "who had nothing at all striking in his appearance, and was but just able to support the basket of pastry, which he carried upon his head, sung, in a very peculiar tone, the cant words which passed into his name."

The Spectator, No. 25, informs us that he was called COLLY MOLLY PUFF.

"This singularity," Granger adds, "was very advantageous to him, as it rendered him one of the most noted of the Cries of London."

Of this humble creature, who, in the reign of James II. was "*crawling between heaven and earth;*" nothing more than the above is any where recorded.

At almost every different period, some such peculiar itinerant, has become remarkable in the streets of London; the very existence of many of whom is now utterly unknown; two or three, not quite forgotten, may, by the following account, be snatched from absolute oblivion.

Upwards of forty years since, a miserable wretch perambulated this metropolis, to purchase "*shreds and patches,*" whose cry was,

"Linen, woollen, and leather,
Bring 'em out all together."

About this time or rather later, crept along a sleek-headed, whimsical, little old man, commonly called *The Wooden Poet;* from his crying wooden ware; which he carried in a basket slung round his neck, about the streets; chaunting a kind of song, in doggrel rhyme, nearly as can be recollected, as follows:

"Come, my good soul,
Will you buy a wooden bowl?
I am just come from the Borough,
Will you buy a pudding-stirrer?
I hope I am not come too soon,
But you may buy a wooden spoon!
I made all the haste I was able,
For fear you should want a good ladle;

COLLY MOLLY PUFF.

R. NIXON,

The Cheshire Prophet.

And if I am not come too late
Please to buy a trencher, or a wooden-plate;
Or, if they won't do, it's no great matter,
So you buy of me a wooden platter.
It may help you and me to get a dinner,
If you buy of me a wooden skimmer.
Come, neighbours, come, I deal just and fair;
Come, and buy all sorts of wooden ware."

ROBERT NIXON.

The father of our Prophet was an husbandman, of the name of John Jonathan Nixon, who, during the course of his life, held a farm of the Abbey of Vale-royal, in the forest of Delamere, in the county of Cheshire. This place is still held in veneration as being the birth-place of his son Robert, the subject of our present memoir, who was born in the year 1467, in the seventh year of the reign of Edward IV. From his infancy our prophet was remarkable for a stupidity and invincible ignorance, so that it was with great difficulty his parents could instruct him to drive the team, tend the cattle, and such sort of rustic employments.

His parents, at their decease, left the farm, and our Robert very young, to the care of an elder brother, with whom he first gave an instance of that foreknowledge which renders his name so famous.

As he was driving the team one day, whilst his brother's man guided the plough, he pricked an ox so very cruelly with his goad, that the plough-holder threatened to acquaint his master; on which Nixon said, the ox should not be his brother's three days hence; which accordingly happened, for a life dropping in the estate, the lord of the manor took the same ox for an heriot.

During his residence here, he was chiefly distinguished for his simplicity, seldom spoke, and when he did, it was with so rough a voice that it was painful to hear him; he was remarkably satirical, and what he said had generally some prophetic meaning. It was about this time, that the abbot of Vale-royal having displeased him, he said in an angry tone,

When you the harrow come on high,
Soon a raven's nest will be;

which is well known to have come to pass in the person of the last abbot of that place, whose name was Harrow. Being brought before Sir Thomas Holcroft, he was put to death for denying the supremacy of King Henry VIII. Having suppressed the abbey, the king gave the domain to this knight and his heirs, who bore a raven for their crest.

At another time he told them that Norton and Vale-royal abbies should meet on Acton-bridge, a thing at that time looked upon as improbable; yet those two abbies being pulled down, the stones were used for repairing the bridge; and what was more important still, a small thorn growing in the abbey-yard, would become its door. We may easily guess, no one thought this last would ever come to pass, and especially as it was understood by every one, at that time of day, that thorns never grew so large; but this shews the uncertain meaning of a prophecy, and that what we understand one way, is probably meant quite different; so it happened in this case, for, at the Reformation, the savage ravagers, under the sanction of religion, sought nothing but rapine and plunder to enrich themselves, and under the name of banishing superstition, and pulling down idolatry, spared not even the revered lineaments of antiquity, the most sacred piles, the most noble structures, or most valuable records, books written by our most venerable forefathers, and heroic ancestors. Pieces of the nicest paint, and figures of the best workmanship, being all lost in one common fit of destructive zeal, which every hue and cry is too apt to raise in the breast of a hot-headed bigot: whilst the truly religious, honest, and learned men regret to this day the loss those des-

tructive times has occasioned. Whilst those reached Vale-royal, this thorn amongst the rest being cut down, was cast in the door-way, to prevent sheep which grazed in the court from going in.

But the Reformation he declares in still plainer terms; for he says,

A time shall come when priests and monks
Shall have no churches nor houses;
And places where images stood,
Lined letters shall be good;
English books through churches are spread,
There shall be no holy bread.

It is not necessary to recite every particular he is said to have foretold, which regard either private families or past occasions—however, it may not be amiss to mention what is fresh in every one's memory who lives near Delamere forest, and what was vouched by several of the oldest inhabitants:

Through Weaver-hall shall be a lone,
Ridley-pool shall be sown and mown,
And Darnel-park shall be hacked and hewn.

The two wings of Weaver-hall are now standing, and between them is a cart-road; Ridley-pool is filled up, and made good meadow land; and in Darnel-park the trees are cut down, and it is made into pasture ground.

We are also assured that he foretold the use of broad wheels, &c., and that the town of Norwich, now a considerable place of trade for salt, will be destroyed by water, which is expected to come to pass by the natives of Cheshire, as much as any other part of his prophecy has done; and some urge, that the navigable cuts lately made is the water meant; but whether a prejudice against those useful improvements may not have given rise to this notion, time only can determine.

But what rendered Nixon the most noticed was, that at the time when the battle of Bosworth Field was fought between King Henry VII. and King Richard III., he stopped his team on a sudden, and pointing with his whip from one hand to the other, cried, "Now Richard, now Harry!" several times; till at last, he said, "Now

Harry, get over that ditch, and you gain the day." The plough holder, amazed, related what had passed when he came home, and the truth of the prediction was verified by a special messenger, sent to announce the proclamation of King Henry on the field of battle.

The messenger who went this circuit, related on his return the predictions of Nixon concerning the king's success; which though it had been confirmed by his arrival, had made it no news to the natives of those parts; but Henry, perhaps the wisest prince of his time, not willing to be deceived, nor yet doubting the dispensations of Providence, though by the mouth of a fool, sent the messenger back to find Nixon, and to bring him before him. At the moment the King gave his orders, our prophet was in the town of Over, about which he ran like a madman, declaring the king had sent for him, and he must go to court; and there be clammed, that is, be starved to death. Such a declaration occasioned a great deal of laughing in the town, to think his Majesty should send for a poor drivelling clown to his court, to starve him there. But how great was their surprise in a few days after, when the messenger passing through the town, demanded a guide to find Nixon, who then turning the spit at his brother's, (at the Barkhouse,) cried, "He is coming, he is now on the road for me;" but the astonishment of the family can scarcely be imagined, when on the messenger's arrival, he demanded Nixon in the king's name. The people, who before scoffed at his simple appearance and odd sayings, and had pointed to their very children to make him their sport, were now confounded, on finding the most ridiculous of all he ever foretold, in their opinion, become a truth, which was vouched to their own eyes. Whilst hurried through the country, Nixon still loudly lamented, that he was going to be starved at the king's court.

He had no sooner arrived there, than the cautious king, willing to make a trial of his fore-knowledge, tried the following scheme to prove it. Hiding a ring which he commonly wore, he made a strict inquiry through the palace, whether any one had seen it, he sent for Nixon, telling him what a loss he had sustained, and

if he could not help him to find it, he had no hopes left. But how much surprised was the King, when he got for an answer that old proverb,

"He who hideth can find:"

on which he declared with a smile, he had done this only to try the prophet: but ever after ordered what he said should be carefully put in writing.

To prevent Nixon being starved, his Majesty gave orders for him to have the liberty to range through the whole palace, and the kitchen was to be his more constant dwelling. Besides which, an officer was appointed to take care he was neither misused or affronted by the servants, nor at a loss for any necessary of life. Thus situated, one would have thought want could never have reached him; yet, one day as the king was going out to his hunting seat, Nixon ran to him crying, and begged in the most moving terms, that he might not be left, for if he was, his Majesty would never see him again alive; that he should be starved; and now was the time, and if he was left he must die.

The King, whose thoughts were doubtless fixed on the diversion he was going to, and supposing the matter so very unlikely to come to pass, only said that was impossible, and recommended him strongly to the officer's care: but scarcely was the king gone from the palace-gate, when the servants mocked and teazed Nixon to such a degree, that the officer, to prevent these insults, locked him up in a closet, and suffered no one but himself to attend him, thinking he should prevent this part of his prophecy from coming true. But a message of great importance coming from the king to this very officer, he, in his readiness to obey the royal command, forgot to set poor Nixon at liberty, and though he was but three days absent, when he recollected his prisoner, he found him at his return, dead, as he had foretold, of hunger.

Thus evidenced with what is past, stands his prophecy in every mouth in Cheshire; yet a greater affront cannot be given, than to ask a copy from the families said to be possessed of it. Every possible means, it is well known, has been used to smother the truth, per-

plex the curious, and even to abolish the very remembrance that such a one ever existed, but from what reason cannot appear, except that it is foretold the heir of O——— is to meet with some ignominious death at his own gate, which actually came to pass, with other family events, which though no person or time being perfectly distinguished, may most probably be the occasion of this secrecy.

We must also observe, that the cross on Delamere-forest, that is, three steps and the socket in which the cross formerly stood, are now sunk within a few inches of the ground, though all remember to have seen it within the memory of man, nearly six feet above; the cross itself having been destroyed long since. It is also remarkable, that Headless cross is mentioned by Merlin de Rymer, and most other English and Scotch prophets, as the last place in England on which it is supposed a decisive action will happen: but as to any fixed period, when the things will come to pass we cannot learn, being all mentioned with the greatest uncertainty.

The prophecy of Nixon taken from Lady Cowper's copy, has been carefully revised, corrected, and improved; also some account given of our author, Robert Nixon, who was but a kind of idiot, and used to be employed in following the plough. He had lived in some farmer's families, and was their drudge and their jest.

At last Thomas Cholmondeley, of Vale-royal, Esq. took him into his house, where he lived when he composed this prophecy, which he delivered with as much gravity and solemnity as if he had been an oracle; and it was observed, that though the fool was a driveller, and could not speak common sense when he was uninspired, yet in delivering his prophecies, he spoke plainly and sensibly, how truly will be seen in the following pages.

As to the credit of this prophecy, I dare say it is well attested as any of Nostradamus's or Merlin's, and will come to pass as well as the best of Squire Bickerstaff's: it is plain enough, that great men in all ages had recourse to prophecy, as well as the vulgar. I would not have all great persons despise the inspiration of Nixon. The late French king gave audience to an inspired farrier,

and rewarded him with a hundred pistoles for his prophetic intelligence; though by what I can learn, he did not come near our Nixon for gifts.

The simplicity, the circumstances, and the history of the Cheshire Prophecies are so remarkable, that I hope the public will be as much delighted as I was myself.

By the way, this is not a prophecy of to-day; it is as old as the powder-plot, and the story will make it appear that there is as little imposture in it as the Jacobites pretend there is in the person it seems to have an eye to: but whether they are both impostors alike or not, I leave the reader to determine.

THE PROPHECY.

In the reign of King Henry VII. there lived a man generally reputed a fool, whose name was Nixon. One day, when he returned home from ploughing, he laid the things down which he had in his hands, and continuing for some time in a seemingly deep and thoughtful meditation, at length he pronounced in a loud hoarse voice, "Now will I prophecy," and spoke as follows:—

"When a raven shall build in a stone lion's mouth, on the top of a church in Cheshire, then a king of England shall be driven out of his kingdom, and never return more.

"When an eagle shall sit on the top of a house, then an heir shall be born to the Cholmondeley family: and this heir shall live to see England invaded by foreigners, who shall proceed as far as a town in Cheshire; but a miller named Peter, shall be born with two heels on one foot, and at that time living in a mill of Mr. Cholmondeley's, he shall be instrumental in delivering the nation.

"The person who then governs the nation will be in great trouble and skulk about. The invading king shall be killed, laid across a horse's back like a calf, and led in triumph. The miller having been instrumental in it, shall bring forth the person that then governs the king-

dom, and be knighted for what he has done: and after that England shall see happy days. A young new set of men, of virtuous manners, shall come, who shall prosper, and make a flourishing church for two hundred years.

"As a token of the truth of all this, a wall of Mr. Cholmondeley's shall fall. If it fall downwards, the church shall be oppressed, and rise no more; but if upwards next the rising hill on the side of it, then shall it flourish again. Under this wall shall be found the bones of a British king.

"A pond shall run with blood three days, and the cross stone pillar in the forest sink so low into the ground, that a crow from the top of it shall drink of the best blood in England.

"A boy shall be born with three thumbs, and shall hold three king's horses, while England shall be three times won and lost in one day."

The original may be seen in several families in that county, and particularly in the hands of Mr. Egerton, of Oulton, with many other remarkables; as, that Peckforton windmill shall be removed to Ludington hill, and that horses saddled should run about till their girths rotted away. But this is sufficient to prove Nixon as great a prophet as Partridge: and we shall give other proofs of it before we have done.

I know your prophets are generally for raw-head and bloody bones, and therefore do not mind it much; or I might add, that Oulton mill shall be driven with blood instead of water; but these soothsayers are great butchers, and every hall is with them a slaughter-house.

Now as for authorities to prove this prophecy to be genuine, and how it has been hitherto accomplished, I might refer myself to the whole county of Chester, where it is in every one's mouth, and has been so these forty years. As much as I have of the manuscript was sent me by a person of sense and veracity, and as little partial to visions as any body. For my own part, I build nothing on this or any other prophecy, only there is something so very odd in the story, and so pat in the

wording of it, that I cannot help giving it as I found it.

The family of the Cholmondeley's is very ancient in this county, and takes its name from a place so called, near Nantwich; there are also Cholmton and Cholmondeston; but the seat of that branch of the family, which kept our prophet Nixon, is at Vale-royal, on the river Weave, in Delamere forest. It was formerly an abbey, founded by Edward I. and came to the Cholmondeley's from the famous family of the Holcrofts. When Nixon prophecied, this family was near being extinct, the heir having married Sir Walter St. John's daughter, a lady not esteemed very young, who notwithstanding being with child, fell in labour, and continued so for many days; during which time, an eagle sat upon the house-top, and flew away when she was delivered of a son.

A raven is also known to have built in a stone lion's mouth in the steeple of the church of Over, in the forest of Delamere. Not long before the abdication of King James, the wall spoken of fell down, and fell upwards; and in removing the rubbish, were found the bones of a man of more than ordinary size. A pond at the same time ran with water that had a reddish tincture, and was never known to have done so before or since.

Headless-cross, in the forest, which in the memory of man was several feet high, is now only half a foot from the ground.

In the parish of Bubworth, a boy was born, about eighteen years ago, with three thumbs; the youth is still living there; and the miller Peter lives in Noginshire mill, in expectation of fulfilling this prophecy on the person of Perkin: he hath also two heels on one foot, and I find he intends to make use of them in the interest of King George, for he is a bold Briton, and a loyal subject, zealous for the Protestant succession in the illustrious house of Hanover, has a vote for the knights of the shire, and never fails to give it on the right side. In a word, Peter will prate or box, for the good cause that Nixon had listed him in; and if he does not do the business, this must be said of him, that no man will bid fairer for it; which the Lady Egerton was so apprehensive of, that wishing well to another restoration, she often instigated her husband to turn him out of the mill;

but he looked upon it as whimsical, and so Peter still continues there, in hopes of being as good a knight as Sir Philip his landlord was.

Of this Peter, I have been told, that the Lady Narcliff, of Chelsea, and the Lady St. John, of Battersea, together with several other persons of credit and fashion, have often been heard to talk, and that they all ascribed their knowledge of the truth of our prophecy and its accomplishment, with many particulars that are more extraordinary than any I have yet mentioned.

The noise of Nixon's Predictions reaching the ears of King Henry VIII. he would needs see this fool, who cried and made ado that he might not go to court, and the reason that he gave was, that he should there be starved. (A very whimsical fancy of his, courts not being places where people are used to starve in, when they once come there, whatever they may have done before.) The King being informed of Nixon's refusing to come, said he would take particular care that he should not be starved, and ordered him to be brought up. Nixon cried out, that he was sent for again; and soon after the messenger arrived, who brought him up from Cheshire.

How or whether he prophecied to his Majesty, no person can tell; but he is not the first fool that has made a good court prophet.

That Nixon might be well provided for, it was ordered that he should be kept in the kitchen, where he grew so troublesome in licking and picking the meat, that the cook locked him up in a hole; and the king going on a sudden from Hampton-court to London, in their hurry they forgot the fool, and he was really starved to death.

There are a great many passages of this fool-prophet's life and sayings transmitted in tradition from father to son in this county palatine; as that when he lived with a farmer before he was taken into Mr. Cholmondeley's family, he goaded an ox so cruelly, that one of the ploughmen threatened to beat him for abusing his master's beast. Nixon said, "My master's beast will not be his three days." A life in an estate dropping in that time, the lord of the manor took the same ox for an heri-

ot. This account, whimsical and romantic as it is, was told to the Lady Cowper, in the year 1670, by Dr. Patrick, late Bishop of Ely, then Chaplain to Sir Walter St. John; and that lady had the following farther particulars relating to this prophecy, and the fulfilling of many parts of it, from Mrs. Chute, sister to Mrs. Cholmondeley of Vale-royal, who affirmed, that a multitude of people gathered together to see the eagle before mentioned, and the bird was frightened from her young; that she herself was one of them; and the cry among the people was, Nixon's prophecy is fulfilled, and we shall have a foreign king. She declared, that she read over the prophecy many times when her sister was with child of the heir who now enjoys the estate. She particularly remembers that King James the Second was plainly pointed at, and that it was foretold that he should endeavour to subvert the laws and religion of this kingdom, for which reason they would rise and turn him out; that the eagle of which Nixon prophecied perched in one of the windows all the time her sister was in labour! She said it was the largest bird she ever saw; that it was a deep snow; and perched on the edge of a great bow-window, which had a large border on the outside, and that she and many others opened the window to try to frighten it away, but it would not remove until Mrs. Cholmondeley was delivered, after which it took flight to a great tree over against the room her sister lay in, where having staid about three days, it flew away in the night. She affirmed further to the Lady Cowper, that the falling of the garden-wall was a thing not to be questioned; it being in so many people's memory. That it was foretold that the heir of Vale-royal should live to see England invaded by foreigners, and that he should fight bravely for his king and country: that the miller mentioned is now alive, and expects to be knighted, and is in the mill that is foretold; that he should kill two invaders who should come in, the one from the West the other from the North: that he from the North should bring with him of all nations, Swedes, Danes, Germans, and Dutch: and in the folds of his garments he should bring fire and famine, plague and murder. That many great battles should be fought in England,

one upon London-bridge, which should be so bloody, that people will ride in London streets up to their horses' bellies in blood; that several other battles should be fought up and down most parts of Cheshire; and that the last that ever would be fought in England should be on Delamere forest; that the heir of Oulton, whose name is E——n, and has married Earl Cholmondeley's sister, should be hanged at his own gate.

Lastly, Nixon foretels great glory and prosperity to those who stand up in defence of their laws and liberties, and ruin and misery to those who should betray them. He says, the year before this would happen, bread corn would be very dear, and the year following more troubles should begin, which would last three years; that the first would be moderate, the second bloody, and the third intolerable: that unless they were shortened no mortal could bear them: and that there were no mischiefs but what poor England would feel at that time. But that George the son of George, should put an end to all. That afterwards the church should flourish, and England be the most glorious nation upon earth.

Lady Cowper was not content to take these particulars from Mrs. Chute, but she inquired of Sir Thomas Aston, of the truth of this prophecy, and he attested it was in great reputation in Cheshire, and that the facts were known by every one to have happened as Nixon said they would; adding, that the morning before the garden wall fell, his neighbour, Mr. Cholmondely, going to ride out a hunting, said, "Nixon seldom fails, but now I think he will; for he foretold that this day, my garden wall would fall, and I think it looks as if it would stand these forty years: that he had not been gone above a quarter of an hour before the wall split, and fell upwards against the rising of the hill, which, as Nixon would have it, was the presage of a flourishing church.

As to the removal of Peckforton mill, it was done by Sir John Crew, the mill having lost its trade there, for which he ordered it to be set upon Ludington-hill; and being asked if he did it to fulfil the prophecy, declared he never thought of it. I myself have enquired of a person who knows Mr. Cholmondeley's pond as well as Rosamond's in St. James's park, and he assured me, the

JONATHAN WILD.

falling of the wall, and the pond running blood, (as they call it,) are facts, which in Cheshire, any one who questioned them, would be reckoned mad. As there are several particulars in this prophecy which remains unfulfilled; so when they come to pass, some other circumstances may be added, which are not convenient to be told until accomplished.

As Nixon's prophecies are by some persons thought fables, yet, by what has come to pass, it is now thought, and very plainly appears, that most of them have or will prove true: for which we have on all occasions not only to exert our utmost might, to repel by force our enemies, but to refrain from our abandoned and wicked course of life, and to make our continual prayers to God for protection and safety.

JONATHAN WILD.

JONATHAN WILD was the son of mean but honest and industrious parents; their family consisted of three sons and daughters, whom they maintained in the best manner they could from their joint labours; he as a carpenter, and she by selling fruit in Wolverhampton market, Staffordshire. Jonathan was the eldest of the sons, and having received as good an education as his father's circumstances would allow of, he was put out as an apprentice in Birmingham. He served his time with much fidelity, and came up to London in the service of a gentleman of the long robe, about the year 1704, or a little later; but not liking his service, he retired into the country to his old employment, where he continued to work diligently for some time.

At last, growing tired of work, and still entertaining a desire of tasting the pleasures of London, thither he came a second time, and worked journey-work at the trade to which he was bred. But this not producing money enough to support those expenses his love of pleasure drew him into, he got pretty deep in debt, was suddenly arrested, and thrown into Wood-street Compter. Having no friends to do any thing for him, he lived very badly there, scarce bread enough to support him, from the charity allowed to prisoners, and what little services he could render to prisoners of the better sort in the gaol. However, as no man wanted address less than Jonathan, so nobody could have employed it more than he did upon this occasion; for he got so much into the favour of the keepers, they allowed him the liberty of the gate, and he thereby got some money by going errands. This set him above the very pinch of want, and that was all; but his fidelity and industry in these mean employments, procured him such esteem among those in power there, he was appointed an under keeper to those disorderly persons who are brought in every night.

Jonathan now came into a comfortable subsistence, having learnt how to get money of such people, by putting them into the way of liberating themselves. Here he met with a woman, who went by the name of Mary Milliner, and who soon taught him how to gain yet much greater sums than in his way of life, by methods which he till then never heard of. By this woman's help he became acquainted with all the notorious gangs of loose characters within the bills of mortality, and was perfectly versed in the manner by which they carried on their schemes: he knew where and how their enterprizes were to be gone upon, and in what manner they disposed of their ill-gotten treasures; and having an intriguing head, he sat up for a *director* amongst them, and soon became so useful, that though he never went out with any of them, yet he got more money by their crimes, than if he had been partner therein, which, upon one pretence or other, he always declined.

It must be observed, that formerly, when a thief had got his booty, there were numbers of persons ready to

help him off with his effects, without any more to do; but this method being destroyed by an act passed in the reign of King William, by which it was made felony for any person to buy goods stolen, knowing them to be so, there were few or no receivers to be met with; those who still carried on the trade, taking exorbitant sums for their own profit, and leaving those who had run the hazard of their necks, in obtaining them, the least share of the plunder. This had like to have put an end to the thieving trade; but Jonathan quickly put things again in order, and gave new life to the practitioners in the several branches of stealing. The method he took was this :—

As soon as any considerable robbery was committed, and Jonathan received intelligence by whom, he immediately went to the thieves, and enquired how the thing was done, where the persons lived who were injured, and what the booty consisted of: then pretending to chide them for their wickedness, and exhorting them to live honestly for the future, he gave it them, as his advice, to lodge what they had taken in a proper place, which he appointed, and promised to take some measures for their security, by getting the people to give them a reward to have their goods restored them again. Having thus wheedled those who had committed a robbery into complianee with his measures, his next business was to divide the goods in several parcels, and cause them to be sent to different places, always avoiding taking them into his own hands. Things being in this position, Jonathan and Mrs. Milliner went to the persons who had been robbed, and after condoling with them, pretended they had some acquaintance with a broker, to whom certain goods had been brought, some of which they suspected to be stolen; and hearing that the person to whom they thus applied had been robbed, they thought it their duty to inform them thereof, and enquire what goods they were which they had lost, in order to discover whether those they spoke of were the same or no. People, who had such losses, were always ready to hearken to any thing which had a tendency towards recovering their goods; Jonathan or his mistress, therefore, had no difficulty in making people lis-

ten to their terms. In a day or two, therefore, they were sure to come again with intelligence, that they had found part of the things; and that provided no one was brought into trouble, and the broker had something in consideration of his care, they might be had again.

This practice of Jonathan's, if well considered, carried n it a great deal of policy; for, first, it seemed a very honest act to prevail on evil persons to restore the goods they had stolen, and then it was a great benefit to those who were robbed, to have their goods again, upon a reasonable premium: Jonathan all the while taking apparently nothing, his advantages arising out of the gratuity left with the broker, and out of what he had bargained to give the thief, who also found his advantage, the rewards being very nearly as large as the price given by receivers, since receiving became so dangerous, and affording a certain security into the bargain. With respect to Jonathan, the contrivance placed him in safety from all the laws then in being, so that in a short time he began to give himself out for a person who made it his business to restore stolen goods to their right owners. When he first did this, he acted with so much art, that he acquired a very great reputation, not only from those who dealt with him, but even from people of higher stations, who, observing the industry with which he prosecuted malefactors, took him for a friend of justice, and as such afforded him countenance. Certain it is, that he brought more villains to the gallows than perhaps any man ever did; and so sensible was he of the necessity there was for him to act in this manner, that he constantly hung up two or three of his clients in a twelvemonth, that he might keep up that character which he had attained; and so indefatigable was he in the pursuit of those he endeavoured to apprehend, that in all his course of acting, never so much as one single man escaped him.

When this practice of Jonathan's became noted, it produced not only much discourse, but some enquiries into his behaviour. Jonathan foresaw this, and in order to evade any evil consequences, he put on upon such occasions an air of gravity, and complained of the evil

dispositions of the times, which would not permit a man to serve his neighbours and his country without censure; "For do not I," said he, "do the greatest good, when I persuade people who have deprived others of their property to restore it to them again, for a reasonable consideration; and the villains whom I have brought to suffer punishment, do not their deaths shew how much use I am of to my country? Why then should people asperse me?" Besides these professions of honesty, two great things there were which contributed to his preservation, and they were these:—First, the great readiness government always shews in detecting persons guilty of capital offences; in which case it is common to offer not only pardon, but rewards to persons guilty, provided they make discovery; and this Jonathan was so sensible of, that he did not screen himself behind the lenity of the supreme power, but made use of it also as a sort of authority, taking upon him, as it were, the character of a minister of justice; which, however ill-founded, proved of great advantage to him in the course of his life. The other point, which contributed to keep him free from prosecutions, was the great willingness of people who had been robbed to recover their goods; so that, provided for a small matter they could regain things very considerable, they were so far from taking any pains to bring the offenders to justice, that they thought the premium a cheap price to get off. Thus, by the rigour of the magistrate, and the lenity of the subject, Jonathan claimed constant employment; and, according as the case required it, the poor thieves were either trussed up, to satisfy the just vengeance of the one, or protected and encouraged, to satisfy the demands of the other. Perhaps there is not in all history an instance of a man who thus openly dallied with the laws, and played even with capital punishment. If any title can be devised suitable to Jonathan's character, it must be that of Director General of the United Forces of Highwaymen, Housebreakers, Footpads, Pickpockets, and Private Thieves. Now, the maxims by which he supported himself in this dangerous capacity were these:—In the first place, he continually exhorted the plunderers to let him know punctually what goods they

at any time took; by which means he had it in his power to give a direct answer to those who came to make inquiries. If they complied faithfully with his instruction, he was a certain protector on all occasions, and sometimes had interest enough to procure them liberty, when apprehended; but if they pretended to become independent, and despise his rules, or threw out any threatening speeches against their companions, or grumbled at the composition made for them, in such cases as these, Wild took the first opportunity of informing some of his creatures, of the first fresh act they committed, he immediately set about to apprehend them, and laboured so indefatigably therein, that they never escaped him. Thus he not only procured the reward for himself, but also gained an opportunity of pretending, that he not only restored goods to their right owners, but also apprehended the thief as often as lay in his power. In those parts of his business which were most hazardous, Wild made the people themselves take the first steps, by publishing advertisements of things lost, and directing them to be brought to Mr. Wild, who was empowered to receive them, and pay such a reward as the person who lost them thought fit to offer. Wild, in this capacity, appeared no otherwise than as a person on whose honour the injured person could rely. After he had gone on with this trade for about ten years, with success, he began to lay aside much of his former caution, taking a larger house in the Old Bailey than that in which he formerly lived, giving the woman whom he called his wife abundance of fine things, and keeping an open office for stolen goods. His fame at last came to that height, that persons of the highest quality would condescend to make use of his abilities, when they had the misfortune to lose their watches, jewels, or other things of value; but as his method of treating those who applied to him for assistance has been misrepresented, we shall next give an exact and impartial account thereof:—

In the first place, when a person was introduced at Mr. Wild's office, it was hinted to them that a crown must be deposited, by way of fee, for his advice. When this was complied with, a large book was brought out;

then the loser was examined, with much formality, as to the time, place, and manner wherein the goods were missing; and then were dismissed, with a promise of careful enquiries being made, and of hearing more concerning them in a day or two. Wild had not the least occasion for questions, but to amuse the persons he asked, for he knew beforehand all the circumstances of the robbery much better than they did, and perhaps had the very goods in his house at the time. When the enquirers came a second time, Wild took care by a new scheme to amuse them: he then told them that he had made enquiries, but was sorry to communicate the event to them, for that the thief, who was a bold impudent fellow, rejected the offer that had been made him, pretending he could sell the goods for double the price, and, in short, would not hear a word of restitution, unless upon better terms; "But," says Jonathan, "if I can but get to speak to him, I do not doubt of bringing him to reason." After two or three more attendances, Mr. Wild gave them the definitive answer, "that provided no questions were asked, and you gave so much money to the porter who brought them, you might have your things returned at such an hour precisely." This was transacted with an outward appearance of friendship on his side, and with great seeming frankness and generosity; but when you came to the last article; viz. what Mr. Wild expected for his trouble, then an air of coldness was put on, and he answered with equal pride and indifference, "that what he did was purely from a principle of doing good, and as for a gratuity for the trouble he had taken, he left it totally to yourself—you might do it in what you thought fit." When money was presented to him, he received it with the same cold indifference; always putting you in mind that he did not accept your gift as a reward to himself, but as a favour conferred on you.

Thus, by his dexterity in his management, he fenced himself against the rigour of the law, in the midst of those notorious transgressions of it. For what could be imputed to Mr. Wild? he neither saw the thief, who took away the goods, nor received them after they were taken: the method he pursued was neither dishonest

nor illegal, if you would believe his account of it, and no other account could be obtained. Had he continued satisfied with this way of dealing, in all probability he might have gone to his grave in peace; but he was greedy, and instead of keeping constant to this safe method, came at last to take the goods into his own house, giving those that stole them what he thought proper, and then making such a bargain with the loser, as he was able to bring him up to, sending the porter himself, and taking, without ceremony, whatever was offered him. But as this happened only in the two last years of his life, it is fit we should give some instances of his behaviour before.

A gentleman who dealt in silk, near Covent-garden, had a piece of extraordinary rich damask bespoke of him, on purpose for the birth-day suit of a certain duke; and the laceman having brought such trimming as was proper for it, the mercer had made the whole up in a parcel, tied it at each end with blue riband, sealed with great exactness, and placed on one end of the compter, in expectation of his grace's servant, who he knew was directed to call for it in the afternoon. Accordingly the fellow came, but when the mercer went to deliver him the goods, the parcel was gone, and no account could possibly be had of it. As the master had been all day in the shop, there was no pretence of charging any thing either on the carelessness or dishonesty of his servants. After an hour's fretting, therefore, seeing no other remedy, he determined to communicate his loss to Mr. Wild, in hopes of receiving some benefit from his assistance; the loss consisting not so much in the value of the things as in the disappointment it would be to the birth-day. Upon this consideration a hackney-coach was immediately called, and ordered to drive directly to Jonathan's house in the Old Bailey. As soon as he came into the room, and had acquainted Mr. Wild with his business, the usual deposit of a crown being made, and the common questions of how, when, and where, having been asked, the mercer being very impatient, said, with some warmth, "Mr. Wild, tell me, in a few words, if it be in your power to serve me; if it is, I have thirty guineas here ready to lay down; but if you expect

that I should dance attendance for a week or two, I assure you I shall not be willing to part with half that money. "Good sir," replied Mr. Wild, "I am no thief, nor receiver of stolen goods; so that if you do not think fit to give me time to enquire, you may even take what measures you please."

When the mercer found he was like to be left without any hopes, he began to talk in a milder strain, and, with abundance of entreaties, fell to persuading Jonathan to serve him, and that immediately. Wild stepped out a minute or two, and as soon as he came back told the gentleman, "it was not in his power to serve him in such a hurry, if at all; however, in a day or two, he might be able to give him some answer." The mercer insisted that a day or two would lessen the value of the goods one-half to him; and Jonathan insisted, as peremptorily, that it was not in his power to do any thing sooner." At last a servant came in a hurry, and told Mr. Wild there was a gentleman below desired to speak with him. Jonathan bowed, begged the gentleman's pardon, and told him, he would wait on him again in a minute. In about five minutes he returned with a very smiling countenance, and turning to the gentleman, said, "I protest, sir, you are the luckiest man I ever knew; I spoke to one of my people just now to go to a house, where I sometimes resort, and directed him to talk of your robbery, and to say you had been with me, and offered thirty guineas for the things again. This story has had its effect, and if you go directly home, I fancy you will hear more news of it than I can tell you. But, pray sir, remember the thirty guineas was your own offer, and you are at free liberty to give them or let them alone; it is nothing to me, though I have done all for you in my power."

Away went the mercer, wondering where this affair would end; but as he walked up Southampton-street, a fellow overtook him, patted him on the shoulder, delivered him the bundle unopened, and told him the price was twenty guineas. The mercer paid it him directly, and returning to Jonathan's house, begged him to accept of the ten guineas he had saved him for his pains. Jonathan told him, "that he had saved him nothing,

but supposed that the people thought twenty enough, considering that they were now pretty safe from prosecution." The mercer still pressed the ten guineas on Jonathan, who, after taking them out of his hand, returned him five of them, and assured him, "there was more than enough;" adding, "it is satisfaction enough, sir, to an honest man, that he is able to procure people their goods again." This was a remarkable instance of the moderation he sometimes practised, the better to conceal his villanies. We will add another story, no less extraordinary.

A lady, whose husband was out of the kingdom, and who had sent over draughts for her assistance, to the amount of between £1500 and £2000, lost the pocket-book in which they were contained between Bucklersbury and the Magpie ale-house, in Leaden-hall-street, where the merchant lived, upon whom they were drawn. She, however, went to the gentleman, and he advised her to go directly to Mr. Jonathan Wild. Accordingly she came to Jonathan, deposited the crown, and answered the questions he asked her. Jonathan then told her that in an hour's time some of his people might possibly discover who it was that picked her pocket. The lady was vehement in her desire to have it again, and at last went so far as to offer one hundred guineas. Wild upon that made answer, though they are of much greater value to you, madam, yet they cannot be any thing like it to them; therefore keep your own counsel, say nothing in the hearing of my people, and I will give you the best direction I am able for the recovery of your notes. In the mean time, if you will go to any tavern near, and endeavour to eat a bit of dinner, I will bring an answer before the cloth is taken away." She said she was unacquainted with any house thereabouts; upon which Mr. Wild named the Baptist's Head. The lady would not be satisfied unless Mr. Wild consented to eat with her.

He at last complied, and she ordered a fowl and sausages at the house he had appointed. She waited there about three-quarters of an hour, when Mr. Wild came over, and told her he had heard news of her book, desiring her to tell out ten guineas on the table, in case

she should have occasion for them; and, as the cook came up to acquaint her that the fowl was ready, Jonathan begged she would just step down and see whether there was any woman waiting at his door. The lady, without minding the mystery, did as he desired her, and perceiving a woman in a scarlet riding-hood, walk two or three times passed Mr. Wild's house, her curiosity prompted her to go nearer; but recollecting she had left the gold on the table up stairs, she went and snatched it up, and then running down again, went towards the woman in the red hood, who was still walking before his door. It seems she had guessed right; for no sooner did she approach towards her, than the woman came directly up to her, and presenting her the pocket-book, desired she would open it, and see that it was all safe. The lady did so, and answering, "It was all right;" the woman then said, "Here's another little note for you, madam." Upon which she gave her a little billet, on the outside of which was written ten guineas. The lady delivered her the money immediately, adding also a piece for herself; then she returned, with a great deal of joy, to Mr. Wild, and told him, "she had got her book, and would now eat her dinner heartily." When the things were taken away, she went to the merchant's, who probably now was returned from Change, first thinking it necessary to make Mr. Wild a handsome present; for which purpose, putting her hand in her pocket, she, with great surprise, found her purse gone, in which was the remainder of fifty guineas she had borrowed of the merchant in the morning. Upon this she looked very confused, but did not speak a word, which Jonathan perceiving, asked her, "If she were not well?" "I am tolerable in health, sir," answered she, "but amazed that the woman took but ten guineas for the book, and at the same time picked my pocket of thirty-nine!" Mr. Wild hereupon appeared in as great confusion as the lady, and said, he hoped she was not in earnest; but, if she were, begged her not to disturb herself, for she should not lose one farthing." Upon this, Jonathan, begging her to sit still, stepped over to his own house, and gave, as may be supposed, necessary directions, for in less than half an hour a Jew who

was kept by Wild, rushed into the room, and said the woman was taken, and on the point of going to the Compter. "You shall see, madam," replied Jonathan, "what exemplary punishment I will make of this infamous woman." Then turning himself to the Jew, "Abraham," said he, "was the green purse of money found about her?" "yes sir," replied his agent. "O, la! then," said the lady, "I will take the purse: I would not prosecute the poor wretch for the world." "Would you not so, madam," replied Wild; "well then, we will see what is to be done." Upon this he whispered to his emissary, and dispatched him. He was no sooner gone, than upon Jonathan's saying the lady would be too late at the merchant's, called a coach, and stopped over against the Compter-gate, by Stock's-market. The lady wondered at all this; but by the time they had been in the tavern a very little space, back comes Jonathan's emissary with the green purse, and the gold in it. "She says, sir," says the fellow to Wild, "she has only broke a guinea of the money for garnish and wine, and here is all the rest of it." "Very well, says Jonathan, "give it to the lady. Will you please to count it madam." The lady accordingly did, and found there forty-nine guineas. "Bless me," says she, "I think the woman's bewitched, she has sent me ten guineas more than I should have had." "No, madam," replied Wild, "she has sent you the ten guineas she received from you for the book, I never suffer any such practices in my way: I obliged her therefore to give up the money she had taken as well as that she had stolen." The lady was so much confounded at these unaccountable incidents, she scarcely knew what she did; at last, recollecting herself, "well, Mr. Wild," said she, "then I think the least I can do is to beg your acceptance of these ten guineas." "No," replied he, "nor of ten farthings; I scorn all actions of such a sort, as much as any man of quality in the kingdom; all the reward I desire, madam, is, you will acknowledge I have acted as an honest man, and a man of honour." When he had pronounced these words, he rose up, made her a bow, and went immediately down stairs.

This was the channel in which Jonathan's business generally ran, till he became at last so very notorious, that an act of parliament passed, levelled directly against such practices, whereby persons who took money for the recovery of stolen goods, and did actually recover such goods, without apprehending the felon, should be deemed guilty of felony in the same degree with those who committed the robbery.

After this became a law, a certain honourable person sent to Jonathan, to warn him of going on any longer at his old rate, for it was now become a capital crime, and if he was apprehended for it he could expect no mercy. Jonathan received the reproof with abundance of thankfulness and submission, but never altered the manner of his behaviour in the least; but, on the contrary, carried on his practices more openly and publicly than ever. Indeed, to compensate for this, he seemed to double his diligence in apprehending thieves, and brought the most notorious among them to the gallows, even though he himself had bred them up in their art.

Of these, none was so open and apparent a case as that of Blake, alias Blue-skin. This fellow had from a child been under the tuition of Mr. Wild, who paid for the curing his wounds whilst he was in the Compter, allowing him three shillings and sixpence a week for his subsistence, and afforded his help to get him out at last; yet, soon after this, he abandoned him to his own conduct, and in a short space caused him to be apprehended for breaking open the house of Mr. Kneebone, which brought him to the gallows. When this fellow came to be tried, Mr. Wild assured him that his body should be handsomely interred in a good coffin at his own expense. This was strange comfort, and such as by no means suited with Blue-skin; who insisted peremptorily on a transportation pardon, which he said he was sure Jonathan had interest enough to procure for him; but upon Wild's assuring him he had not, and it was in vain for him to flatter himself with such hopes, Blue-skin was at last in such a passion, that though this discourse happened in the presence of the court then sitting, Blake could not forbear taking revenge for what he conceived to be an insult offered him; he therefore

clapped one hand under Jonathan's chin, and with the other cut him a large gash on the throat, which every body at the time it was done judged mortal. Jonathan was carried off, covered with blood; and though at that time he professed the greatest resentment for such base usage, affirming that he had never deserved to be so treated; yet, when he afterwards came to be under sentence of death himself, he regretted prodigiously the escape he then made, often wishing that Blake had put an end to his life, rather than left him to so ignominious a fate. Indeed, it was not Blake alone who had entertained notions of putting him to death; he had dislodged almost the whole group of villains, and there were numbers of them who had taken it into their heads to deprive him of life. His escapes in the apprehending such persons were sometimes very narrow, having received wounds in almost every part of his body; had his scull twice fractured, and his whole constitution so broken by these accidents, and the great fatigues he went through, that when he fell under the misfortunes that brought him to his death, and was under confinement in Newgate, he was scarce able to stand upright, and never in a condition to go to chapel.

The practices of this criminal continued long after the act of parliament, and that in so notorious a manner at last, that the magistrates of London and Middlesex thought themselves obliged to take notice of him. This occasioned a warrant to be granted by a worshipful alderman of the city; upon which Mr. Wild being apprehended, somewhere near Wood-street, he was carried to the Rose sponging-house, while he waited the leisure of the magistrate who was to examine him. About an hour afterwards he was carried before a justice, and examined, and thereupon immediately committed to Newgate. He lay there a considerable time before he was tried; at last he was convicted capitally, upon the following fact:—

He was indicted on the beforementioned statute, for receiving money for the restoring stolen goods, without apprehending the persons by whom they were stolen. In order to support the charge, the prosecutrix, Catharine Stephens, deposed as follows:—"On the 22nd of

January, I had two persons came into my shop, under pretence of buying some lace: they were so difficult, none below would please them, so leaving my daughter in the shop, I stepped up stairs, and brought down another box; we could not agree about the price, and so they went away together. In about half an hour afterwards, I missed a tin box of lace, that I valued at fifty pounds. The same night I went to Jonathan Wild's house, but not meeting with him at home, I advertised the lace that I had lost, with a reward of fifteen guineas, and no questions asked; but hearing nothing of it, I went to Jonathan's house again, and then met with him at home; he desired me to give him a description of the persons that I suspected, which I did, as near as I could; and then he told me "that he would make enquiry, and bid me call again in two or three days." I did so, and then he told me, "that he had heard something of my lace, and expected to know more in a very little time." I came to him on the day that he was apprehended, and told him, that though I had advertised but fifteen guineas reward, yet I would give twenty or twenty-five guineas, rather than not have my goods. "Do not be in such a hurry," said Jonathan, "I do not know but I may help you to it for less, and, if I can, I will; the persons who have it are out of town, I shall set them to quarrelling about it, and then I shall get it the cheaper."

On the 10th of March he sent me word, that if I would come to him in Newgate, and bring him ten guineas in my pocket, he would help me to the lace. I went, and he desired me to call a porter; but not knowing where to find one, he sent a person, who brought one that appeared to be a ticket-porter. Then he desired me to give the porter the ten guineas, "or else," said he, "the person who has the lace will not deliver it." I gave the porter the money, who went away, and in a little time returned, and brought me a box that was sealed up, but not the box that I lost. I opened it, and found all my lace but one piece. "Now, Mr. Wild," said I, "what must you have for your trouble?" "Not a farthing," says he, "not a farthing for me: I do not do these things for worldly interest, but only for the

good of poor people who have met with misfortunes. As for the piece of lace that is missing, I hope to get it you ere long, and I do not know but that I may help you to your money again, but the thief too; and, if I can, I desire nothing of you but your prayers, and for them I shall be thankful."

The fact suggested in the indictment was undoubtedly fully proved by this deposition, and though it happened in Newgate, and after his confinement, yet it still continued as much a crime as if it had been done before. The law therefore condemned him upon it.

When he was brought up to the bar to receive sentence, he appeared to be much dejected; and when the usual question was asked him, "What have you to say, why judgment of death should not be passed on you?" He spoke, in a very feeble voice, the following words:—

"My Lord,—I hope I may, even in the sad condition in which I stand, pretend to some little merit in respect to the service I have done my country, in delivering it from some of the greatest pests with which it was ever troubled. My Lord, I have brought many bold and daring malefactors to just punishment, at the hazard of my own life, my body being covered with scars I received in these undertakings. I presume, my lord, to say, I have some merit, because at the time the things were done, they were esteemed meritorious by the government; and therefore I hope, my lord, some compassion may be shown on the score of those services. I submit myself wholly to his Majesty's mercy, and humbly beg a favourable report of my case."

When Sir William Tompson pronounced sentence of death, he addressed himself particularly to Mr. Wild; and when he had properly stated the nature and aggravation of his crime, he exhorted him to make a better use of the small portion of time which the tenderness of the law of England allowed sinners for repentance, and desired him to remember this admonition, though he had slighted others: as to the report, he told him, he might depend upon justice, and ought not to hope for more.

Under conviction, no man who appeared upon other occasions to have so much courage ever shewed so little.

When clergymen took the pains to visit him, and teach him those duties which it became a dying man to practise, though he heard them without interruption, he heard them coolly; and was continually suggesting scruples and doubts about a future state, and putting frequent cases of the reasonableness and lawfulness of suicide, where an ignominious death was inevitable, and the thing was perpetrated only to avoid shame. Such discourses were what took up most of his time between his sentence and death; they also occasioned some very useful lectures upon this head, by the charitable divines who visited him. Jonathan pretended to be overcome by these reasons; but it plainly appeared in this he was an hypocrite, for the day before his execution, notwithstanding the keepers had the strictest eye on him imaginable, somebody conveyed to him a bottle of liquid laudanum, of which having taken a large quantity, he hoped it would prevent his dying on the gallows; but as he had not been sparing in the dose, the largeness of it made a speedy alteration in him, and being perceived by his fellow-prisoners, seeing he could not keep open his eyes at the time prayers were said, they walked him about, which first made him sweat exceedingly, and then very sick; at last he vomited, and they continuing still to lead him, he threw the greatest part of the laudanum off his stomach. He continued, notwithstanding that, very drowsy, stupid, and unable to do any thing but gasp out his breath. He went to execution in a cart; and the people, instead of expressing any pity for him, threw stones and dirt at him all the way as he went along, reviling and cursing him to the last, and plainly shewing by their behaviour how much his crimes had made him abhorred. When he arrived at Tyburn, the executioner told him he might take what time he pleased to prepare for death. He there sat down in the cart for some small time, during which the people were so uneasy, that they called out incessantly to the executioner to despatch him, and at last threatened to tear him to pieces if he did not tie him up immediately. Such a furious spirit was hardly ever shown by the populace, who generally behold even the stroke of justice with tears; but so far were they from it in this

case, that had a reprieve been granted, and arrived that moment, it is highly questionable whether the prisoner could ever have been brought back in safety.

He was hanged on Monday the 24th of May, 1725, he being then about 42 years of age.

Never did any malefactor die so much unpitied as this fellow; his untimely end was welcomed by all: every body rejoiced to see him dancing between Heaven and Earth, as unworthy of either; and when his detestable carcase was cut down, so outrageous were the rabble, they certainly would have torn him to pieces, but it was, by a stratagem of his widow, brought away by two surgeons, who pretended they had an order to fetch his body to their hall, to anatomize it; which account satisfied them. Where he was buried is uncertain, for the funeral obsequies were privately performed, lest the mob should go and pull him out of the grave.

TIDDY DOLL.

A well known noted vender of gingerbread, at Bartholomew, Southwark, and other fairs in the reign of George II. was called *Tiddy Doll*, because, to collect his customers around his basket, he used to chaunt a song, in which scarcely any thing was articulated, but the cant expression, "*Tiddy Doll!*" he used to wear a high cocked hat and feather, with a broad scalloped gold lace on it, and had the honour of being imitated by succeeding venders of gingerbread. Hogarth, in one corner of his inimitable picture of Southwark Fair, has introduced this eccentric character.

TIDDY DOLL.

GROSE, THE ANTIQUARIAN.

FRANCIS GROSE.

An eminent English antiquary, was born in 1731, at Richmond, in Surrey. His father was a jeweller, and left him a good fortune, which he soon spent, and became adjutant and paymaster in the Surrey militia. He was remarkable for his wit and humour, and of a generous disposition; but his imprudencies involved him in great difficulties; to clear himself from which, he published his "Views of Antiquities in England and Wales," 8 Vols. 4to. The success of this elegant work induced him to make a tour of Scotland with the same object; and before he had completed this publication, he went to Ireland, with the design of surveying and sketching the antiquities of that Kingdom, but while thus employed he died, at Dublin, in 1791. Besides his "Antiquities," he published a "Treatise on Ancient Armour and Weapons;" "Military Antiquities," and other works.

HENRY LEMOINE.

Henry Lemoine, the remarkable subject of the present narrative, was born in Spitalfields in the memorable year of the unfortunate overthrow of Lisbon, being christened on the fast day kept in England on that occasion. His education was at a free-school belonging to the French Calvinists, whence at fourteen years of age he was apprenticed to a stationer and rag-merchant in Lamb-street, Spitalfields. His master was of an humble, suppliant disposition, and his humility was only

equalled by his hypocrisy, by which means he made shift to acquire a considerable sum, above 3000*l.* which an adventurous young emigrant contrived after his death to defraud his widow of, and she was unfortunately reduced to the workhouse. This stationer, though he dealt in books, had such an aversion to learning, that he was constantly ill-tempered whenever Lemoine was reading, which often happened in spite of his ill humour. Thus his servitude was enlivened by the pursuit of letters at stolen hours, and borrowed from the time of rest, when, with the assistance of a lamp fitted to a dark lanthorn, he contrived to read and digest some necessary works of history, poetry, arts and sciences, being considerably assisted in his choice of subjects by a Mr. Toddy, an American loyalist, whose memory was an enormous chronicle of events of former times. It was during this period that he began to write for the Magazines, where, finding ready admission for his ingenious essays, he perhaps devoted too much of his time to those eleemosynary productions.

From this servitude he removed to a Mr. Chatterton's, a baker, and bookseller too, where he was articled to learn the former business Chatterton was well known among the *bibliopoles* of the metropolis for his knowledge in the old puritanical divinity of Charles and Cromwell's time, and for a short distich over his window, which he had borrowed from one Roberts, an old wine merchant in the Borough, as follows; only substituting bread for wine:

> Two trades united which you seldom find,
> *Bread* to refresh the body, *books* the mind.

In this situation, his notoriety at ridicule and satire was noticed by the parents and masters of a club of minor Thespians, who used to assemble occasionally at the Three Tun Tavern, near Spitalfield's church, and at the Three Morrice Dancers in the Old Change. Here he produced a performance entitled The Stinging Nettle; what this piece wanted in manner, was made up with asperity; and he often rejoiced that not a copy could be found; however, John Scott, of Amwell, a quaker, and author of a volume of poetry, who read it, said, "that

it was in Churchill's *best manner*." This was followed by another, called the "Reward of Merit," the principal part of which is to be found in the old London Magazine for July and August 1780.

Soon after he was out of his articles with this *baking* bookseller, he hired himself as a foreigner to teach French in a boarding school at Vauxhall, kept by one Mannypenny and Co. and succeeded so well in this occupation, that neither master nor scholars suspected him capable of speaking a word of English; but the constraint was too much for him long to bear, and imparting the secret of his disguise to the maids in the kitchen, he received his dismissal, not, however, without the character of having ably done the duties of his station.

An earnest desire after the acquisition of knowledge first led our author to the way of selling books; leisure to read, not to indulge idleness, made him a bookseller. He began early in the year 1777, at the corner of the passage leading to the church in the Little Minories, a book-stall, which had been long before kept by an aged woman named Burgan.

While in this situation he became acquainted with the principal literary *fags*, or labourers of the day, most of whom having survived, he bestowed a *few last words* on them in the way of elegy or panegyric.

In 1780 he began business in Bishopsgate church-yard, at this time he kept *good* company; the day was spent at his *sky-covered* shop in philosophical conversations, and reciprocal communication with some of the first characters, and the evenings, and even nights, in the orgies of youthful blood; yet amidst all this dissipation, he evinced some prudence in his choice of companions, which he always selected from situations better than his own. Saturday nights were particularly devoted to these irregularities, which he jocosely called "borrowing an hour of the Lord;" and some of these frolics sometime assumed a very serious aspect. The police of Bishopsgate parish was very weak and ineffectual about 1784, and it so happened one night in August that year, that some of these nocturnal disturbers being captured and conveyed to the watch-house, they contrived so to intoxicate this

posse of vigilant guardians, that none were left awake, and only two or three were to be found next morning asleep in the watch-house, which, about seven o'clock, was discovered to be on fire.

His first setting out in business was marked with a great degree of industry, enough to cancel the folly of indolence and indulgence which might have preceded it. He hired himself to a widow in Kingsland-road who kept two bakers' shops, and worked there as half-man five years and a half; that is, he took a share of the night-work, and the Sundays for his board and lodging.

In 1792 he commenced the Conjuror's Magazine, a monthly publication of which he was projector and editor. This contained a translation of Lavater's famous work on physiognomy from the French edition, published by the author himself at Paris. Of the first numbers of this collection, 10,000 were sold each month. During this time he brought out a collection of Apparitional histories, prefaced by an ingenious argument, endeavouring to convince the world of the reality of "the visits from the world of spirits," the title of the book; but beyond that he did little more than write over again Baxter, Moreton, Glanville, Webster, Dr. Henry More, and repeat his own stories and others from the Arminian Magazine, one of the most emphatical of which is entitled "Death in the Pot." During these avocations, which were all studied in the street, and mostly written on loose papers at the public house, he projected and carried on a considerable medical work on the virtues of English plants, for the cure of diseases, in the manner of the old and celebrated Culpeper, whose astrological remarks he has carefully preserved with those of Blagrave, a supplementary author to the original work. The whole was illustrated with necessary tables, and above 200 good engravings of the plants. The additional articles, not to be found in the original work, were supplied from Hill's folio Herbal, Short, and Miller on plants. He was also the editor of the Wonderful Magazine. He complained sometimes, and not without reason, of ill usage from his employers. One Locke, a printer of Fetter-lane, who went there by the name of Bentley, and af-

terwards removed to Red-lion-street, Holborn, failed 129*l.* in his debt, for writing only, and the Attorney for the bankruptcy objected to his proving the debt at Guildhall, notwithstanding the commissioners were in his favour, he therefore lost the whole.

Though condemned, by the harshness of his fate, to a daily dependance on his industry about the streets and at sales, to pick up rare and uncommon books, he never so far complied with the wickedness of others as to assist in the publication or sale of improper books or prints.

About this time he published the Kentish Curate, a narrative romance in four volumes, exhibiting some of the most depraved characters in life, but as they are properly *hung* out to view on the gibbet of reproach, their examples can do no harm, and, as Dr. Johnson wisely observes, "we sometimes succeed by indiscretion, when we fail by better examples," while almost all the absurdity of conduct arises from our imitation of those whom we should not resemble.

He continued his business in Bishopsgate church-yard, without interruption, till the year 1788, when he was constrained to purchase his freedom, and kept seven years longer, in all fourteen years. He left it in 1795, when he commenced pedestrian bookseller, after which he was constantly seen in the habit he is depicted in the accompanying plate. In his general appearance he very much resembled a Jew, to which his bag gave a great deal of similitude.

To be a foreigner was always with the vulgar a reason of reproach in England, and to resemble an Israelite with an old clothes-bag is sure to excite some illiberal reflections from the ignorant in our streets. To such, when they mistook him for a Rosemary-lane dealer, he had some pleasant reply, constantly reminding them that Jesus Christ was a Jew also, that he lived and died as such, and for that reason the persons of that dispersed nation ought to be respected and not reviled. On such occasions he was at times treated with respect by some, for recalling this serious truth to their mind.

In 1797, he published a small history of the Art of Printing, in which he displayed considerable knowledge and integrity on the subject. His industry was next di-

rected to the finishing of a Bibliographical Dictionary, which was afterwards published by the learned Dr. Adam Clarke.

From some family misunderstanding he was long separated from his wife; this circumstance imbittered the remainder of his days, and he often deplored the loss of his partner's affections. From this period, his spirits became comparatively broken; and he who had been the gayest of the gay was reduced to distress, and procured a scanty subsistence by collecting books for the trade, and compiling pamphlets for the publishers. Industry was always a leading feature in his character; and from morning till night did he preambulate the streets of London, with a bag under his arm, satisfied if he gained enough to provide for the day which flew over his head.

He was one of the very best judges in England of old books, a professor of the French and German languages, an able commentator on the Jewish writings, an amiable and unaffected man, an enlightened companion! He ended his chequered life in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, April 30, 1812, aged 56 years.

JACK FLETCHER.

An eminent English dramatic Poet, was the son of the Bishop of London, and born in 1576. He received his education at Cambridge, and wrote several plays in conjunction with Beaumont. In this dramatic partnership, it is said that Fletcher found fancy, and Beaumont judgment. He died of the plague at London in 1625, and was buried in St. Saviour's Church, Southwark. The principal piece of his own writing is a dramatic pastoral, entitled, "The faithful Shepherdess;" and there is no doubt but it suggested the idea of Milton's "Comus." Edward Phillips, the nephew of Milton, classes him with Shakspeare and Ben Johnson, as one of the "happy triumvirates" of the age.

JACK FLETCHER.

JACK THE PAINTER.

JACK THE PAINTER,

(Relation of his trial.)

As the court had, the preceding evening, adjourned to seven the next morning, the Castle doors were at that time thrown open, and the court almost entirely filled in a quarter of an hour. At eight o'clock Sir William Henry Ashurst, Knight, and Baron Hotham, Knight, came into court, and silence being proclaimed, the prisoner was set to the bar, and arraigned by the names of James Hill, alias James Hinde, alias John Hinde, alias James Actzen, commonly called Jack the Painter: having heard his indictment read over, he pleaded *Not Guilty*, and put himself on God and his country.

Mr. Fielding, the junior council for the crown, then shortly stated the indictment to the jury.

Sergeant Davy next rose, and entered into an ample discussion of the question before the jury, stating the fact of the fire, which was well known to have burst out on the 7th of December, 1776, and dwelling for a considerable time on the dreadful consequences which might have followed, and especially pointing out the mischiefs which must inevitably have fallen on us as a people, had the scheme of burning all the dock yards taken place at this crisis. After, for some time holding up a picture of national horror, the sergeant took a view of the evidence which would be given in support of the indictment, and showed, that the whole of the charge, enormous as it was, would be proved in such a manner, that it would be impossible for the jury to entertain a doubt of the guilt of the prisoner. He declared that the hand of providence was apparent, and that it was owing to a most unexpected and happy discovery that it had come to light, to whom this country was indebted for the attempt to destroy her natural strength, and render her an easy prey to her enemies.—In order to prove this, he said, that by mere accident one of the witnesses, whose name was Baldwin, had got acquainted with the

prisoner, while he was in prison, and that the prisoner had, in the fullest manner, acknowledged his guilt to him, stating every minute circumstance of his conduct, from his interview with Silas Deane, in Paris, to the moment of his being apprehended. The sergeant took great pains to shew that Baldwin's testimony was unimpeachable; that it stood on the fairest and most honorable grounds; and that it was most clearly genuine and well founded, because that every assertion made by Baldwin, which related to a fact ascertainable by the testimony of other witnesses, was supported by the strongest and most indubitable collateral proof.—After going through the whole of the intended evidence, the sergeant held up, in a new point of view, the danger this country had escaped from the failure of the scheme; he appealed to the jury, whether men, so totally lost to every sense of national honour and interest; men, who could become the instruments of such desperate wretches as Mr. Silas Deane, (whose day of retribution was, he hoped, near at hand) ought not to be made dreadful examples of the justice of an injured nation. He concluded with hoping that the prisoner would be able to deny and refute what would be sworn against him; but if he failed in so doing, he repeated, that it would be impossible for the jury, acting on principles of conscience, honour, and honesty, to acquit him. The sergeant then proceeded to examine the witnesses.

James Russel deposed, that he was clerk of the Rope house in Portsmouth dock-yard, and that a fire broke out in the Rope house on Saturday, the 7th of December last, soon after four in the afternoon. He described the situation of the Rope house, the position of the stores it contained, and the quantity consumed by the fire; and further deposed, that on the 12th of January, in searching the Hemp store-house, he found a tin canister of a singular construction, and at a small distance a wooden bottom, which fitted the canister, and which contained a candle stuck in the centre, and a quantity of pitch, tar and turpentine, in a receptacle or hollow in the middle of it; this machine, he said, appeared to have been flung over the hemp, and by striking against something the parts had separated.—[The instrument

was produced, and the witness, after carefully viewing it, swore it was the same which he found in the Rope house rubbish, and delivered to commissioner Gambier.]

William Tench deposed, that he was apprentice to a tinman in Canterbury; that the prisoner, whose person he recognized, came to his master's shop about a month or six weeks before Christmas, and bespoke a tin machine; that his master, not understanding his directions, could not make it, but that he made it, the prisoner standing by him, and explaining as he went on, in what manner he meant it to be formed. [The machine was handed to him, and he swore that it was the instrument made by him for the prisoner.]

The prisoner cross-examined him, and pushed him hard to fix the time of his being at Canterbury more exactly. The witness declared he could not to a day. The prisoner then questioned him as to the identity of the canister, and asked, if one piece of tin did not resemble another, and how he could swear that the instrument produced was the identical instrument he made; the witness replied, he knew it by the seam and the solder: that the solder was remarkably bad, and he could very safely swear to it.

Elizabeth Boxell deposed, that the prisoner came to lodge at her house in Portsmouth on the 6th of December, the day preceding the fire; that he had not been long there before she was assailed by a violent sulphureous smell; that she went up into his room, and opening his door, saw him at work with gunpowder and other combustibles; that she immediately asked him if he was going to set her house on fire; that he put her off with some excuse, and enquired if she had ever suffered by fire; that he went out, and she seeing his bundle, opened it, and there perceiving the tin canister, was much surprised; that she took down a candle out of his room, and perceived it was not the candle she had given him up; that on his return she insisted on his leaving her house, that he did leave in the morning, first expressing his anger at her having presumed to open his bundle, and demanding the candle she had carried down from his garret.

James Gambier, Esq. commissioner of Portsmouth dock-yard, produced a bundle, tied in a blueish handkerchief, which he deposed was delivered to him by his clerk, Mr. John Jeffery, in consequence of his having ordered a search to be made throughout Common for such a bundle.

John Jeffery swore that he found the bundle produced on the 15th of January, in the house of Mrs. Cole, of North street, Common.

Mary Cole deposed, that the bundle produced was the identical bundle left by the prisoner at her house, when he engaged her lodgings on the 7th of December last, (the morning that the fire happened) and which she delivered into the hands of Mr. Jeffery.

William Abram, a blacksmith, deposed, that he lodged at the house of Elizabeth Boxell; that on Friday, the 6th of December, the prisoner was there, and entered into conversation with him; that the prisoner asked him if the press was hot in Portsmouth; and on hearing they took all persons who could not give a good account of themselves, he said, what then must he do if they took him, as he had nothing to shew who he was but some writings in his pocket?—The witness further deposed, that the prisoner particularly enquired what chance there was for an escape if he was taken, and what sort of a prison there was in the town, and on being told by the witness, that it had very high walls, he asked if those walls could not be climbed over.

John Baldwin deposed, that he was a painter, and having been in America, he was sent by Lord Temple to the office in Bow-street, to hear the examination of the prisoner, and see if he recognized his person; that Sir John Fielding asked him the question, and he replied in the negative; that the prisoner instantly bowed to him from the bar; that he followed the prisoner, after the examination, into another room, when the prisoner returned him thanks for his behaviour, and wished he could make him satisfaction;—[Here the prisoner hastily said, "Satisfaction! for what?" But the court desiring him not to interrupt the witness, but that as soon as he had finished his evidence he should ask any question he chose, he accorded, and the witness pursued

the thread of his testimony,] declaring that the prisoner told him, that he was a gentleman, but that there had been other persons questioned about him, who had spoke what they were entirely ignorant of, and had even gone so far as to say, he could change the colour of his hair if he chose, just as if he was a cameleon; that in the course of conversation, the prisoner asked him to come and see him in New Prison; that he took the advice of lord Temple on the subject, and went at four in the afternoon to New Prison, where he and the prisoner, between the two gates, talked together; that America was the subject; that he mentioned the names of several persons there, and had much conversation about his family, having married his wife at Perth Amboy, and having worked at New York and Philadelphia; that a kind of intimacy subsisted between them, insomuch that he visited the prisoner daily, and frequently twice a day, till the 15th of February; that in the course of that time their conversation often turned upon America, of which country, and its concerns, the prisoner spoke in general terms, and appeared to be very urgent to know if general Cornwallis had been worsted; that he asked him if he knew Deane, and upon his replying in the negative, the prisoner replied—"Not know Deane, Silas Deane!—Oh! he's a fine fellow!—He's employed by the Congress at Paris.—I believe Benjamin Franklin is also employed there on the same account." That the prisoner asked what countryman he was? that he replied a Welchman; that the prisoner said he saw clearly he was, nevertheless, in the interest of America, and was an American by principle; that he therefore talked to him very freely, saying that he knew general Washington; that he was much abler than general Howe; that the former would perplex and harrass the latter during the winter, but that the grand campaign was to be in the summer; that America would certainly be victorious; that she had plenty of pitch, tar, and turpentine, and that the back country would furnish stores; that all her army wanted was a few officers, and that France would supply them. On the 15th of February the witness declared that the prisoner fully revealed his criminality, telling him that he had been to Paris to Silas Deane, and had

carried him an account of the several garrisons in this kingdom, their present state, the number of guns and men at each, and also an account of the quantity of shipping in the service of the navy, their tonnage, guns, &c. That Silas Deane much applauded his zeal; that he then proposed to him the important scheme of setting fire to the dockyards, and offered to return and execute it; that Deane was amazed, and thought it too great a matter to be carried into execution by one man; that he said he could execute more than either he, or any person on the face of the earth, could imagine; that Deane asked him what money he would have; that he replied not much, he only desired to be rewarded according to his merit; that Deane gave him a letter on a great man in the city, a merchant, with bills drawn on the same merchant to the amount of 300*l*. That he, in consequence, came over to England, and at Canterbury applied to a tinman to make him a machine of his own contriving, somewhat like a canister; that the master of the shop was a stupid fellow, and he could not understand him what he meant; that he, however, found the apprentice more ingenious, and stood by him while he finished what he wanted; that he put it under the breast of his coat, and went to an alehouse, where he was interrupted by two dragoons, and had an affray with them; that he got the wooden part of the canister also made at Canterbury, and that it was fitted so close, that no person could see a light was in it after it was shut in; that he ordered two more of the same kind of canisters to be made at another tinman's, but that he left them behind him, they not being finished in time; that he made the best of his way to Portsmouth, and there hired a lodging at the house of Mrs. Boxell; that he instantly set about his preparations; that his mode of making matches was to fold paper double, and cut it into slips, and after grinding charcoal on a painter's colour stone, quite fine, and breaking gunpowder with a knife, as painters do vermillion, to mix the two in clear water till it came to the consistency of new-milk, and then to cover the matches with it; that when so prepared, they would last, according to their length, any given time after they were lit. That Mrs. Boxell was an impudent woman, for that she

had opened his bundle in his absence, and she had come up and seen him at work, and being alarmed, had obliged him to quit her lodgings; that on Friday he had got into the Hemp-house, and found the hemp so closely packed, that it took him a considerable time to loosen it; that he pulled off his coat to do it, and sprinkled a quantity of turpentine all about the hemp, laying also trains of gunpowder along the floor, and lightly strewing hemp over them; that he had some difficulty to find his coat, and after he had found it he perceived a good deal of hemp upon it, which he took off; that when he tried to go out, he found the door fastened; he pulled off his shoes and got up into the loft, hoping to get out that way, but he found it impracticable; he then returned below, and hearing a person at one of the doors, he cried—"Holloa!" and was asked what he did there?—That he replied, he went in from motives of curiosity, and was locked in; that the person at first said he must stay all night, but at length he was let out; that he found his matches would not do, and he bought a half-penny worth of others of a woman who lived on Common; that on Saturday morning he took two lodgings on Common, and picked out such houses as had most wood in them, intending to set them on fire, that the engines might be employed in extinguishing them while the dock-yard was burning; that on Saturday he got into the Rope-house again, and renewed his labour there, cutting his matches into short pieces; that he wasted a whole box of tinder in trying to make his matches light, and almost burnt his lips with blowing the sparks; that he was so vexed at the last matches not succeeding, he was almost ready to fire in at the windows of the woman he bought them of; that after firing the Rope-house, and burning the letter to the merchant in London, and the bills for 300*l.* for fear Mrs. Boxell's having opened his bundle should lead to a discovery of him, he set off to escape, and, as he was running along the road, overtook a market-woman's cart; that he got up in it, and begged the woman to drive fast, wanting to get by the centinels, who are posted four miles round Portsmouth; that the woman drove pretty briskly, but had occasion to stop to purchase something;

that he begged she would not, but that she said she must, but would not stay; that when she stopped, what she bought came to a shilling; that he threw down sixpence, got out of the cart, and made the best of his way towards London; that after going some way, he turned round, and saw the flames of the Rope-house, and that it appeared as if the element was itself on fire. That he walked all night, and two dogs barking at him, he fired a pistol at one, and he believes either killed or wounded him; that he reached Kingston about ten in the morning, staid there till evening, when he went to town in the stage, and on his arrival, called on the merchant for whom the letter had been directed; that he informed him that he came from Paris, and what had passed between Silas Deane and him, and mentioned the bills; that the merchant received him coldly, and said he had no advices from Paris which adverted to the matter; that he then told him he had fired the dock-yard at Portsmouth, as he would see by the Monday's news-papers; and after this he accompanied the merchant to a coffee-house, and observing a person there eye him in a very particular manner, he went away, and walked to Hammersmith; that he was much vexed at the merchant's reception of him, and wrote him a letter that night, in which he told him he was going to Bristol, where he would soon hear of his *handy work;* that he went accordingly; [Here, upon a volunteer motion of a counsel who sat at the table, the court objected to the witness being examined as to any circumstance which happened at Bristol, the facts there not being in question before the court; it was agreed by the counsel for the crown to go no further into that matter than just as far as was necessary to confirm the truth of Baldwin's testimony, by the assistance of collateral proof; he was therefore suffered to go on, and he further said] that the prisoner told him, that on his arrival there he applied to a painter in or near Bristol, and borrowed his colour stone to grind his charcoal upon. The witness added, that the prisoner lamented much having left his bundle at Portsmouth, and said it contained an English Justin, Ovid's Metamorphoses, and The Art of War, and of making Fire-works, according to the manner practised last war

by the military of the king of France, with a French passport, a pistol, a pair of buckles, a piece of an old shirt, &c. and that what chiefly grieved him was, the passport's being there, for that it contained his real name; it was some comfort, however, that it was in French, and probably whoever found it, would not be able to read or understand it.——The witness concluded with declaring that he had imparted to lord Temple and lord George Germaine all that the prisoner had told him.

The prisoner having several times offered to object to particular parts of Baldwin's testimony, the judge, as soon as it was ended, told him, it was then his time to offer his objections, or cross examine. He declared he could not tell at what passages to object, unless he heard the whole again. The judge, therefore, very distinctly recited the whole from his notes, which were exceedingly accurate: the prisoner, instead of objecting, barely remarked on the small degree of credit due to Baldwin; he was therefore told by the court he should reserve such observations till he made his defence. The trial then went on, and

Evans and Wilson, two dragoons, deposed, they were at Canterbury on or about the 20th of November, and they recollected that one of them had an affray at an ale-house with a person, whom they verily believed to be the prisoner, and on his coat flying back, one of them (Wilson) perceived something tucked in his breast, which glistened like tin.

——Fisher, apprentice to Mr. Tuck, a tin-man, deposed, that the prisoner came to his master's shop, and ordered two tin canisters to be made after the fashion of one which he produced; they made them accordingly, but not finishing them early enough, they were left on their hands. This witness produced the two canisters, and they closely resembled that found by Russel in the Rope-house.

William Baldy deposed, that he worked in the dock-yard, he saw the prisoner in or near the east end of the Rope-house, on the 6th of December, and he also saw him there on the 7th, a few hours before the fire broke out, when he picked up a smooth stone, and asked him if they used that in making ropes.

William Mason deposed, that he lived in or near Bristol, and that just previous to the fire at Bristol, the prisoner came there, and borrowed his colour-stone to grind some charcoal, and he lent it accordingly.

The passport found in the bundle left by the prisoner at Mrs. Cole's, was next produced, and being faithfully translated, was read to the jury. It was a common passport for a month, dated the 13th of November.

The books, &c. in the bundle were exactly the same as had been described by Baldwin in his evidence.

This over, the judge told the prisoner it was then his time to make his defence.

He began with observing that the passport had been lately obtained, and made evidence against him, and said, the newspapers had published so much about him, and there had been such a number of reports circulated concerning him, he appealed to the court whether it was not an easy matter for such a man as Baldwin to feign the story he had told, and for a number of witnesses to be collected to give it support. He further declared, that God alone knew whether he was or was not the person who set fire to the dock-yard of his Britannic Majesty, at Portsmouth; but he begged it might be attended to, how far Baldwin ought to be credited, that if he had art enough, by lies, to insinuate any thing out of him, his giving it to the knowledge of others was a breach of confidence, and if he would speak falsely to deceive him, he might also impose on a jury. This he dwelt upon for some time, but ended with begging the judge would say it in properer terms to the jury, declaring he was not endowed with the gift of oratory, as the court might have perceived.

The prisoner called no witnesses.

After the learned judge summed up the evidence, the jury just asked each others opinion, and instantly pronounced the prisoner *Guilty*.

The clerk of the arraigns then asked the prisoner what he had to say why sentence of *Death* should not be pronounced against him, when he said aloud, *Nothing*.

Baron Hotham immediately put on his cap, and told the prisoner he had had a long and a fair trial, that he

had been found guilty of the crime alleged against him, on the fullest and clearest evidence, that he could not have any thing to complain of in the candour of the court, and that his crime was of a nature so enormous, it was not in the power of words to aggravate it; that he did not mean, in his present moments, to heighten his distress, but he was sorry to say, that he felt, he feared, much more than he felt for himself. He begged him, therefore, properly to consider his case, and prepare to meet his God, for that he was bound, and it was by much the most disagreeable part of his duty, to pass the sentence of the law upon him, and he did accordingly adjudge him to be hung by the neck till he was dead; the judge further told him, that he thought it right to advise him, that as his offence might not only have been fatal to every person present, but might have involved the whole British nation in immediate ruin, there was not any probability of his receiving mercy, he therefore earnestly intreated him to spend the few hours he had to live, in preparing himself for eternity, and by a due repentance endeavour to obtain that pardon in the next world, which could not be given him here.

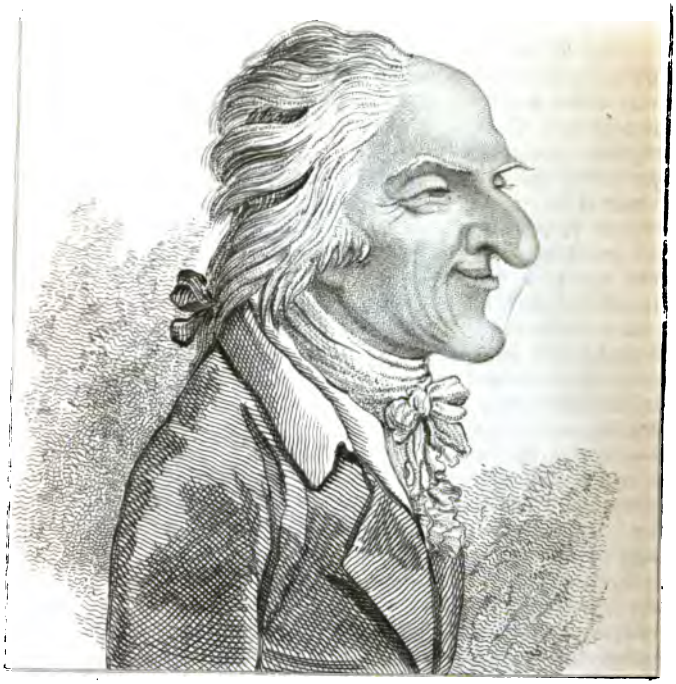
The counsel for the crown were sergeant Davy, Mr. Mansfield, Mr. Missing, Mr. Buller, and Mr. Fielding.

The prisoner had no counsel.

The regular and exact manner in which the witnesses were called upon, and the compact form in which the evidence was adduced, did Mr. Dyson, the solicitor to the admiralty, and Sir John Fielding (by the industry of the first of whom, and by the advice of the second, the whole business of this important national prosecution was conducted) infinite credit.

To the account of the trial it may be proper to add, that early on the morning after his condemnation, he expressed, to the person who attended him, an earnest desire of laying before the public the whole circumstances of his life, and particularly that part of it which had been engaged in striving to injure his country; hoping that, by discovering the whole of this unaccountable plot, it might, in some measure, atone for the injuries he had done, the heinousness and folly of

which he was now too sensible. This request being made known to the earl of Sandwich and the judges, Sir John Fielding was directed to send his clerk to the prison, in order to take down his confession, the heads of which were as follow :—That he left Scotland early, and went into America, where he resided the greatest part of his time. That the scheme for firing the shipping and dock-yards belonging to Great Britain was originally of his own framing. That on the breaking out of the American disputes, this scheme came into his head. That it was continually running in his head, and the more he thought of it, the more practicable it appeared. That he set out for England, in order to take a view of the docks and shipping, to inform himself of the possibility of his scheme, and after visiting all the dock-yards, &c. in the kingdom, he began to lay down his plan of operations. He then proceeds to enumerate his various routes through the different parts of this kingdom; his numerous burglaries and robberies; his voyage to France; his conferences in Paris; the communication of his scheme there; his promises of having a commission in the American service; his arrival from France; tries to fire the dock-yard at Plymouth, and reasons for not succeeding; his manner of firing the store-houses and shipping at Bristol; his whole dealings at Portsmouth; his real name and connexions; his conferences with Dr. Bancroft at Westminster, to whom he was recommended by Silas Deane; their conference at the Salopian coffee-house; discovers the gentleman's name and place of abode; with a number of other interesting affairs.



DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY,

at the Age of 77.

DUKE OF QUEENSBURY.

Few men occupied a more conspicuous place about the court and the town during at least half a century, under the reigns of George II. and George III. than this very singular person. Like Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, he pursued pleasure under every shape, and with as much ardour at fourscore, as he had done at twenty. He appears to have indulged without restraint, in all the animal gratifications of human life; but his passions outlived his power to gratify them. At his mansion in Piccadilly, he had a regular harem, formed by the most infamous means, in which females of all ages and all ranks were included. Many stories, some no doubt fabulous, were circulated and believed respecting him. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, however, who was upon terms of intimacy with him for a series of years, towards the close of his life, states as a fact, that the Duke performed, in his own drawing-room the scene of Paris and the goddesses. Three of the most beautiful females to be found in London presented themselves before him, precisely as the divinities of Homer are supposed to have appeared to Paris on Mount Ida; while he, habited like "the Dardan Shepherd," holding a gilded apple in his hand, conferred the prize on her he deemed the fairest. Neither the second Duke of Buckingham, commemorated by Pope, whose whole life was a voluptuous whim, nor any other of the licentious noblemen, his contemporaries, appear to have ever realized a scene so analagous to the manners of that profligate period. The "correct days" of George III. were reserved to witness its accomplishment. It is stated, indeed, upon very good authority, that something similar to this was often witnessed at Queensbury house, towards the close of its proprietors licentious life, and when no other sense of enjoyment but that of sight was left to him. To obtain the finest figures, he exceeded, by one half, the sum paid by the Academy of Arts, for a posture figure! Sir Nathaniel

Wraxall, upon whose authority we state this fact, also avers, that while his Grace lay dying, his bed was covered with billets and letters to the number of at least seventy, mostly from females of every description from Duchesses downwards. Unable, from his exhausted state, to open, or to peruse them, he ordered them, as they arrived, to be laid on his bed, where they remained, the seals unbroken, till he expired. In the earlier part of his life he was a great sporting man; and upon one occasion, he rode his own horse at Newmarket, against another Scotch nobleman, and carried off the prize. His decease, when it took place, occasioned no ordinary emotion throughout London, on account of the number of persons interested in the distribution of his fortune. Besides his estates in Scotland and in England, he left in money about nine hundred thousand pounds sterling. Nearly seven hundred thousand of this sum he gave away in legacies, and the remainder he bequeathed to the present Viscountess Hertford, his reputed daughter. His Grace dying unmarried, the English Barony, conferred upon himself, and the Earldom of March, &c., conferred upon his grandfather, expired; and the Dukedom, and the inferior titles, provided for by the renewed patent, granted to the second Duke, devolved according to the extended limitation therein specified, upon the Duke of Buccleugh, while the original Peerage descended to his kinsman, Sir Charles Douglas, youngest son of Sir Wm. Douglas, second son of the first Earl of Queensbury, who now represents the family.

SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON.

It cannot be doubted that many fabulous circumstances have crept into the early history of this remarkable character. As no authentic account of his life is extant, and it is impossible, at this distance of time, to ascertain the truth of many particulars recorded of him, we are obliged to follow the popular tradition, leaving it to the judgment of the reader to decide what he ought to believe and what to reject.

Whittington was a native of Shropshire, which he left at an early age, about the year 1368, and repaired to the metropolis. By the way he chiefly subsisted on the charity of well-disposed persons, and on his arrival in London, he made an application to the Prior of the hospital of St. John's, Clerkenwell, where he was kindly relieved; and being handy and willing, was soon put into an inferior post in the house. How long he remained here is uncertain, but to this charitable foundation he was certainly indebted for his first support in London. His next reception was in the family of Mr. Fitzwarren, a rich merchant, whose house was in the Minories, near the Tower. Here he undoubtedly acted as under scullion, for his keep only.

In this situation he met with many crosses and difficulties; for the servants made sport of him; and particularly the cook, who was of a morose temper, used him very ill, and not unfrequently, with a sturdy arm, laid the ladle across his shoulders; so that, to keep in the family, he had many a mortification to endure; but his patience carried it off, and at last he grew used to her choleric disposition.

This was not the only misfortune under which he laboured, for lying in a place for a long time unfrequented, such abundance of rats and mice had bred there, that they were almost ready at times to dispute the possession with him, and full as troublesome by night as the cook was by day, so that he knew not what to think

of his condition, or how to mend it. After many disquieting thoughts, he at last comforted himself with the hopes that the cook might soon marry, or die, or quit her service, and as for the rats and mice, a cat would be an effectual remedy against them.

Soon after, a merchant came to dinner, and it raining exceedingly, he stayed all night. The next morning, Whittington having cleaned his shoes, this gentleman gave him a penny. Going along the streets on an errand, he saw a woman with a cat under her arm, and desired to know the price of her: the woman praised her for a good mouser, and told him sixpence; but he declaring that a penny was all his stock, she let him have her. He took the cat home, and kept her in a box all day, lest the cook should kill her if she came into the kitchen, and at night he set her to work for her living. Puss delivered him from one plague but the other remained, though not for many years.

It was the custom with the worthy merchant, Mr. Hugh Fitzwarren, that God might give him a greater blessing for his endeavours, to call all his servants together when he sent out a ship, and cause every one to venture something in it, to try their fortunes. Just at this juncture he had a ship ready to sail, and all but Whittington appeared, and brought things according to their abilities; but his young mistress being present, and supposing that poverty made him decline coming, she ordered him to be called, on which he made several excuses. Being however, constrained to come, he said he hoped they would not jeer a poor simpleton for being in expectation of turning merchant, since all that he could lay claim to as his own, was but a poor cat, which he had bought for one penny, and which had much befriended him in keeping the rats and mice from him. On this the young lady offered to lay something down for him, but her father told her that according to the custom, what he ventured must be his own. He then ordered him to bring his cat, which he did, but with great reluctance, and with tears delivered her to the master of the ship, called the Unicorn, which had fallen down to Blackwall, in order to proceed on her voyage.

No sooner had this vessel arrived at Algiers than the intelligence reached the Dey, who immediately ordered the captain and officers to wait upon him with presents; for even then, nothing could be done without a bribe. After this first ceremony was over, trade went on pretty briskly, at the conclusion of which, his Moorish majesty gave a grand entertainment which, according to custom, was served upon carpets, interwoven with gold, silver, and purple silk. This feast was no sooner served up than the scent of the various dishes, brought together a number of rats and mice, who unmercifully fell on all that came in their way.

These audacious and destructive vermin did not show any symptoms of fear upon the approach of the company, but, on the contrary, kept to it as if they only were invited. This excited the astonishment of the captain and his people, who, interrogating the Algerines, were informed, that a very great price would be given by the Dey, for a riddance of these vermin, which were grown so numerous and offensive, that not only his table, but his private apartments, and bed, were so infested, that he was forced to be constantly watched for fear of being devoured.

This information put the English captain immediately in mind of poor Dick Whittington's cat, which had done them great service on the passage: and wishing to serve the youth, thought this the best time to come forward with the little industrious animal. Accordingly she was brought the next day, when her presence suddenly kept off most of the vermin; a few only of the boldest daring to venture forward, she dispatched them with wonderful celerity. This pleased his highness so much, that he immediately made very advantageous proposals to the factor of the ship for the possession of this surprising and useful animal. At first the crew seemed very reluctant to part with her; but his liberality soon overcame every objection; and her purchase amounted, in various commodities, to several thousand pounds. During the time the English remained here, her industry in destroying the vermin so completely pleased the Moorish chief, that, on their departure, he again loaded them with rich presents.

The cook, who little thought how advantageous Whittington's cat would prove, incessantly persecuted the youth on account of his penury, so that he grew weary of enduring it, and resolved rather to try his fortune again in the wide world, than lead such a disagreeable life. Accordingly he set out early on Allhallows morning, resolving to go into the country, and get into a more agreeable service.

As he went over Finsbury Moor, since called Moorfields, his mind began to fail; he hesitated, and halted several times: he grew pensive, and his resolution left him. In this solitary manner he wandered on till he reached Holloway, where he sat down upon a large stone, which is still called Whittington's stone. Here he began to ruminate upon his ill-luck, and in the depth of his meditation, he suddenly heard Bow-bells begin to ring. This attracted his attention; and as he listened, he fancied they called him back again to his master. The more he hearkened, the more he became confirmed in this notion, conceiving the bells expressed the following distich:—

"Return again Whittington,
"Thrice Lord Mayor of London."

This proved a happy thought for him; and it made so great an impression on his fancy, that finding it early, and thinking he might get back before the family were stirring, he instantly returned, and entered unperceived, to pursue his usual drudgery.

Things were in this situation when the news arrived of the success of the voyage. When the bill of lading was presented to the merchant, the principal part was found to belong to Whittington, amongst which was a cabinet of rich jewels, the last present of the Dey. This was the first thing brought to Mr. Fitzwarren's house, it being deemed too valuable to remain on board. When the servants' goods for their ventures were all brought up to be divided, Whittington's portion was too bulky to be unpacked before them; but the pearls and jewels alone were estimated at several thousand pounds.

The humility of Whittington's mind prevented him from displaying the least degree of arrogance, petulance, or superciliousness, on this sudden change of his fortune. At first he could scarcely be prevailed upon to quit the scullery, but Mr. Fitzwarren, who, it would appear took him into partnership, omitted no opportunity of promoting his interest, introducing him at court and to the principal characters in the city.

In this new career Whittington's success must have been truly extraordinary, for we find that in a few years, King Edward III. being at war with France, and soliciting of his subjects a subsidy to carry it on, Whittington paid towards the contribution offered by the city of London, no less than ten thousand pounds, an astonishing sum in those days, for an individual's share, when it is considered that history has almost left us in the dark as to the remuneration expected. Be that as it may, history places it in the forty-sixth year of the king's reign, A. D. 1372. The success did not answer his great preparations; for his fleet was dispersed by contrary winds, and he was forced to disband his soldiers.

What contributed much at this time in favour of Whittington, was the absence of the Lombard merchants, who withdrew themselves from London, on account of the oppression of the king, which became excessive towards the latter end of his reign, for continual draughts to support his ambition in France. These, and the Jews abroad, conducted at that time the whole financial commerce of the city of London; but Mr. Whittington, upon their departure, came in for a considerable share of it.

In the 52nd year of Edward's reign, the Lords and Commons granted the King a Poll-tax of four-pence a head, for every man and woman passing the age of fourteen years, beggars excepted. The king demanding of the city of London to advance him 4000*l.* upon this poll, and the Mayor, Adam Staple, proving backward in complying, he was by the king turned out of that office; and Sir Richard Whittington put into his place, to finish the year; and this is the first mention of his being knighted, and of his great importance in the city at that time, being only about ten years after his first coming thither.

According to Stow, Sir Richard Whittington was a great dealer in wool, leather, cloth, and pearls, which were universally worn at that time by the ladies. In 1377, the first year of King Richard II. he was called by summons to the parliament that met at London.

In 1395, the eighteenth of this king's reign, Edmund Duke of York, the king's uncle, held a parliament at London, the king being absent in Ireland, and relating to the citizens the great straights the king was reduced to in Ireland, they granted him a tenth upon their personal estates; first protesting that they were not in rigour of right obliged to it, but that they did it out of affection. The mission to this parliament, we are particularly informed by Sir Robert Cotton, from Leland's papers, was managed by the uprightness of Sir Richard Whittington. It also appears from the parliamentary rolls, that the citizens only granted this for four years, on condition that it should be bestowed upon the wars; that the king should be advised by his council; and that the wars ceasing before the time expired, payment might determine.

Thus he grew in riches and fame, the most considerable of the citizens, greatly beloved by all, especially the poor, several hundreds of whom he publicly or secretly assisted or supplied.

About this time it was that he married his master's daughter, Miss Fitzwarren. According to the pretorian banner, once existing in Guildhall, but destroyed by the fire which consumed the city archives, Whittington served his first mayoralty in 1497. He was now near forty years of age, and was chosen into the office by his fellow citizens, whose approbation of his conduct, after having once before filled the office when put in by King Edward, is a proof that he was a good, loyal, and patriotic man.

He was one of those who went from the city to the Tower to King Richard II. to put him in mind of his promise to relinquish the government; and was upon that constituted one of the king's proxies to declare his renunciation. According to Stow and Collier, he assisted at the coronation of Henry IV. when he took the oath of homage and allegiance to him. He assisted at the

great council which that king soon after summoned, to demand aid of the lords spiritual and temporal against his enemies, the kings of France and Scotland, who were then preparing to invade England; in which council the city of London, as well as the barons and clergy, unanimously granted the king a tenth to support him in the war, which was undertaken by Charles IX. of France to restore his father-in-law, Richard II. who was yet alive. Whittington's name stands second, Scroop, Archbishop of York, being first, of those privy counsellors who were commissioned to treat on the king's part with the Earl of Northumberland, about the exchange of castles and lands. But the designs of Whittington and the city were frustrated by the death of the unfortunate Richard.

Whittington's second mayoralty occurred in 1406. His third and last service of mayor happened in 1419, in Henry the Fifth's time, in which situation he behaved with his usual prudence. Though age had now taken off much of his activity, yet he was the most vigilant magistrate of his time. Soon after Henry's conquest of France, Sir Richard entertained him and his queen at Guildhall, in such grand style, that he was pleased to say, "Never prince had such a subject;" and conferred upon some of the aldermen the honour of knighthood.

At this entertainment the king particularly praised the fire, which was made of choice wood, mixed with mace, cloves, and all other spices; on which Sir Richard said, he would endeavour to make one still more agreeable to his majesty, and immediately tore, and threw into the fire, the king's bond for 10,000 marks due to the company of mercers; 12,500 to the chamber of London; 12,000 to the grocers; to the staplers, goldsmiths, haberdashers, vintners, brewers, and bakers, 3000 marks each. "All these," said Sir Richard, "with divers others lent for the payment of your soldiers in France, I have taken in and discharged to the amount of 60,000*l.* sterling. Can your majesty desire to see such another sight?" The king and nobles were struck dumb with surprise at his wealth and liberality.

Sir Richard spent the remainder of his days in honourable retirement, in his house in Grub-street, beloved by

the rich and the poor. By his wife he left two sons. He built many charitable houses, founded a church in Vintry Ward, dedicated to St. Michael. Here he constructed a handsome vault, for the sepulchre of his father and mother-in-law, and the remainder of the Fitzwarren family, and there himself and wife afterwards were interred.

In 1413, he founded an alms-house and college in the Vintry. The latter was suppressed by order of council in King Edward the Sixth's time; but the former, on College-hill, still remains.

The munificence of Whittington, it would appear, though he was an inhabitant of Vintry Ward, was felt and acknowledged all over the city. The library of the famous church of the grey friars, near the spot where Christ-church, in Newgate-street, now stands, was founded by him in 1429. In three years it was filled with books to the value of 556*l.* of which Sir Richard contributed 400*l*, the rest being contributed by Dr. Thomas Winchelsey, a friar. This was about thirty years before the invention of printing. He also rebuilt Newgate, contributed largely to the repairs of Guildhall, and endowed Christ's Hospital with a considerable sum.

Whittington, as well as his master, Mr. Fitzwarren, were both mercers. How long he lived is uncertain, as his Latin epitaph in the church of St. Michael Paternoster, in the Vintry, where he was buried, does not specify his birth. His will, however, is dated December 21, 1423. In the above-mentioned church, Sir Richard Whittington was three times buried; first by his executors, under a handsome monument; then in the reign of Edward VI. when the parson of the church, thinking to find great riches in his tomb, broke it open and despoiled the body of its leaden sheet, then burying it a second time. In the reign of Queen Mary, she obliged the parishioners to take up the body, and restore the lead as before, and it was again buried; and so he remained till the great fire of London violated his resting place a third time. This church also, which his piety had founded, together with a college and alms-houses near the spot, became a prey to the flames in the great conflagration of 1666.

The capital house called Whittington-college, with the garden, was sold to Armagill Wade, in the second year of Edward VI. The alms-houses which he founded for thirteen poor men, are still supported by the Mercers Company, of which he was a member, and in whose custody are still extant the original ordinances of Sir Richard Whittington's charity, made by his executors, Goventre, Carpenter, and Grove.—The first page, curiously illuminated, represents Whittington lying on his death-bed, his body very lean and meagre, with his three executors, a priest, and some other persons standing by his bedside.

Dame Alice, the wife of Sir Richard, died in the 63d year of her age; after which he never re-married, though he outlived her near twenty years. At last he expired like the patriarch, full of age and honour, leaving a good name and an excellent example to posterity. The following curious epitaph is said to have been cut on the upper stone of his vault, and to have continued perfect till destroyed by the fire of London:—

M. S.

Beneath this stone lies Whittington,
Sir Richard rightly nam'd;
Who three times Lord Mayor serv'd in London,
In which he ne'er was blam'd.

He rose from Indigence to Wealth,
By Industry and that,
For lo! he scorn'd to gain by stealth,
What he got by a Cat.

Let none who reads this verse despair
Of Providence's ways:
Who trust in him, he'll make his care,
And prosper all their days.

Then sing a requiem to departed merit,
And rest in peace till death demands his spirit.

MOTHER DAMNABLE.

Of the shrew thus denominated, whose real name has not reached posterity, nothing farther is known than the following lines, annexed to her portrait—"*London, printed in the Year* 1676,"—inform us; of which, an unique impression, as it is supposed to be, is in the possession of J. Bindley, Esq.

MOTHER DAMNABLE.

Y'HAVE often seen (from *Oxford tipling* house)
Th' effigies of *Shipton* fac'd *Mother Louse*,
Whose petty pranks, (though some they might excel)
With this old trot's ne'er gallop'd parallel.
'Tis Mother Damnable! that monst'rous thing,
Unmatch'd by Mackbeth's wayward womens ring,
For cursing, scolding, fuming, flinging fire
I'th face of madam, lord, knight, gent, cit, squire;
Who, (when but ruffled into the least pet)
Will cellar door key into pocket get.
Then no more ale: and now the fray begins! [shins!
'Ware heads, wigs, hoods, scarfs, shoulders, sides &
While these dry'd bones, in a Westphalian bag,
(Through th' wrinkled weasan of her shapeless crag)
Sends forth such dismal shrieks, and uncouth noise,
As fills the town with din, the street with boys;
Which makes some think, this fierce she-dragon, fell,
Can scarce be match'd by any this side hell.
So fam'd, both far and near, is the renown
Of Mother Damnable, of Kentish Town.
Wherefore, this symbol of the cats we'll give her,
Because, so curst, a dog would not dwell with her.

MOTHER DAMNABLE.

THE PIG PYE MAN.

THE PIG PIE MAN.

A noted peripatetic was the Pig pie man, of whom there is a portrait extant; and who has had the honour of being imitated by several successors: the following was a part of his cry,

"A long-tailed pig, a short-tailed pig,
Or a pig without ever a tail;
A sow-pig, or a boar-pig,
Or a pig with a curly tail.
Come buy a nice pig, and currant sauce!"

The pigs were three or four inches long, composed of, what is termed, standing crust; baked, with currant sauce in the belly.

A singular cry of an equestrian is recollected to have been heard between thirty and forty years since.

A rustic, mounted on a white hobby, with a basket on one arm, used to invade the North purlieus of London, mumbling, "Holloway Cheesecakes!" which, from his mode of utterance, sounded like, All my teeth ache!

These and other cries, used to be so much noticed, that SHUTER, the most humorous comedian of his time, frequently entertained the audience on his benefit nights with an admirable imitation of them; which were styled in the play-bills "THE CRIES OF LONDON."

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely songs, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."

GRAY.

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

This woman was born at Gettisham in Devonshire. She was the daughter of William and Hannah Southcott; her father was in the farming line; and both her parents were professed members of the established church.

The first forty years of her life were passed in honest industry, sometimes as a servant, at others working at the upholsterers' business, without any other symptom of a disordered intellect than that she was zealously attached to the methodists. She mentions in one of her books a preacher who frequented her master's house, and, according to her account, lived in habits of adultery with the wife, trying at the same time to debauch the daughter, while the husband vainly attempted to seduce Joanna herself. This preacher used to terrify all who heard him in prayer, and to make them shriek out convulsively. He said that he had sometimes, at a meeting, made the whole congregation lie stiff upon the floor till he had got the evil spirits out of them; that there never was a man so highly favoured of God as himself; that he would not thank God to make him any thing, unless he made him greater than any man upon earth, and gave him power above all men; and he boasted, upon hearing of the death of one who had censured him, that he had fasted and prayed three days and three nights, beseeching God to take vengeance upon that man, and send him to eternity. Where such impious bedlamites as this are allowed to walk abroad, it is not to be wondered at that madness should become epidemic. Joanna Southcott lived in a house which this man frequented, and where, notwithstanding his infamous life, his pretensions to supernatural gifts were acknowledged, and he was accustomed to preach and pray. The servants all stood in fear of him. Joanna says, he had no power over her, but she used to think the room was full of spirits when he was in prayer; and

he was so haunted that he never could sleep in a room by himself, for he said his wife came every night to trouble him. She was perplexed about him, fully believing that she wrought miracles, and wondering by what spirit he wrought them. After she became a propheteess herself, she discovered that this gentleman was the false prophet in the Revelations, who is to be taken with the beast, and cast alive with him into a lake of burning brimstone.

Four persons wrote to Joanno upon the subject of her pretended mission, each calling himself Christ ! One Mr. Leach, a methodist preacher, told her to go to the Lord in his name, and tell the Lord that he said her writings were inspired by the devil. These circumstances show how commonly delusion, blasphemy, and madness, are to be found in this country, and may lessen our wonder at the phrensy of Joanna and her followers. Her own career began humbly, with prophecies concerning the weather, such as the popular English Almanacs contain ; and threats concerning the fate of Europe, and the successes of the French, which were at that time the speculations of every newspaper, and of every alehouse politician. Some of these guesses having chanced to be right, the women of the family in which she then worked at the upholstering business, began to lend ear to her; and she ventured to submit her papers to the judgment of one Mr. Pomeroy, the clergyman whose church she attended in Exeter. He listened to her with timid curiosity, rather wanting courage than credulity to become her disciple; received from her certain sealed prophecies which were at some future time to be opened, when, as it would be seen that they had been accomplished, they would prove the truth of her inspiration; and sanctioned, or seemed to sanction, her design of publishing her call to the world. But in this publication his own name appeared, and that in such a manner as plainly to imply, that, if he had not encouraged her to print, he had not endeavoured to prevent her from so doing. His eyes were immediately open to his own imprudence, whatever they may have been to the nature of her call; and he obtained her consent to insert an advertisement in the newspaper with her signature,

stating that he had said it was the work of the devil. But here the parties were at issue: as the advertisement was worded, it signified that the clergyman always said her calling was from the devil; on the other hand, Joanna and her witnesses protest that what she had signed was merely an acknowledgment that he had said, after her book was printed, the devil had instigated her to print his name in it. This would not be worthy of mention, if it were not for the very extraordinary situation into which this gentleman brought himself. Wishing to be clear of the connection in which he had so unluckily engaged, he burnt the sealed papers which had been intrusted to his care. From that time all the Joannians regarded him as the arch-apostate. He was the Jehoiakim who burnt Jeremiah's roll of prophecies; he was their Judas Iscariot, a second Lucifer, son of the Morning. They called upon him to produce these prophecies, which she boldly asserted, and they implicitly believed, had all been fulfilled, and therefore would convince the world of the truth of her mission. In vain did Mr. Pomeroy answer that he had burnt these unhappy papers: in an unhappy hour for himself did he burn them! day after day long letters were dispatched to him, sometimes from Joanna herself, sometimes from her brother, sometimes from one of her four-and-twenty elders, filled with exhortation, invective, texts of scripture, and denunciations of the law in this world, and the devil in the next; and these letters the prophetess printed for this very sufficient reason—that all her believers purchased them. Mr. Pomeroy sometimes treated them with contempt; at other times he appealed to their compassion, and beseeched them, if they had any bowels of Christian charity, to have compassion on him and let him rest, and no longer add to the inconceivable and irreparable injuries which they had already occasioned him. If he was silent it was no matter: still they sent him letters, and continued printing copies of all which they wrote; and, when he was worried into replying, his answers also served to swell Joanna's books. In this manner was this poor man, because he had recovered his senses, persecuted by a crazy prophetess and her four-and-twenty crazy elders, who seemed determined

not to desist, till, one way or other, they had made him as ripe for Bedlam as they were themselves.

The books which she sent into the world were written partly in prose, partly in rhyme, all the verse and the greater part of the prose being delivered in the character of the Almighty! It is not possible to convey an adequate idea of this unparalleled and unimaginable nonsense by any other means than literal transcript. Her hand-writing was illegibly bad; so that at last she found it convenient to receive orders to throw away the pen, and deliver her oracles orally; and the words flowed from her faster than her scribes could write them down. This may be well believed, for they were words and nothing else: a mere rhapsody of texts, vulgar dreams and vulgar interpretations, vulgar types and vulgar applications:—the vilest string of words in the vilest doggerel verse, which has no other connection than what the vilest rhymes have suggested, she vented and her followers received as the dictates of immediate inspiration. A herd, however, was ready to devour this garbage as the bread of life. Credulity and Vanity are foul feeders.

The clergy in her own neighbourhood were invited by her, by private letters, to examine her claims, but they treated her invitations with contempt; the bishop also did not choose to interfere;—of what avail, indeed, would it have been to have examined her, when they had no power to silence her blasphemies? She found believers at a distance. Seven men came from different parts of the country to examine—that is—to believe in her; these were her seven stars; and when at another time seven more arrived upon the same wise errand, she observed, in allusion to one of those vulgar sayings from which all her allusions are drawn, that her seven stars were come to fourteen. Among these early believers were three clergymen, one of them a man of fashion, fortune, and noble family. It is not unlikely, that the woman at first suspected the state of her own intellects: her letters appear to indicate this; they express an humble submission to wiser judgments than her own; and, could she have breathed the first thoughts of delusion into the ear of some pious confessor, it is more than

probable that she would have soon acknowledged her error at his feet, and the phrensy which infected thousands would have been cut off on its first appearance. But, when she found that persons into whose society nothing else could have elevated her, listened to her with reverence, believed all her ravings, and supplied her with means and money to spread them abroad, it is not to be wondered at if she went on more boldly;—the gainfulness of the trade soon silencing all doubts of the truth of her inspiration.

Some of her foremost adherents were veterans in credulity; they had been initiated in the mysteries of animal magnetism, had received spiritual circumcision from Brothers, and were thus doubly qualified for the part they were to act in this new drama of delusion. To accommodate them, Joanna confirmed the authenticity of this last fanatic's mission, and acknowledged him as King of the Hebrews,—but she dropt his whole mythology. Her heresy in its main part is not new. The opinion that redemption extended to men only, and not to women, had been held by a Norman in the sixteenth century, as well as by the fair English heretic already mentioned. This man, in a book called Virgo Veneta, maintained that a female Redeemer was necessary for the daughters of Eve, and announced an old woman of Venice, of his acquaintance, as the Saviour of her sex. Bordonius, a century ago, broached even a worse heresy. In a work upon miracles, printed at Parma, he taught that women did not participate in the atonement, because they were of a different species from man, and were incapable of eternal life. Joanna and her followers are too ignorant to be acquainted with these her prototypes in blasphemy; and the whole merit of originality in her system must be allowed her, as indeed she exceeded her forerunners in the audacity of her pretension. She boldly asserted that she was the woman in the Revelations, who has the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars; the twelve stars being her twelve apostles, who with the second dozen of believers make up her four-and-twenty elders. In her visitation it was told her, that the angels rejoiced at her birth, because she was born to deliver both men and angels from the

insults of the devil. Let it be lawful for me to repeat these blasphemies, holding them up to merited abhorrence. The scheme of redemption, she said, was completed in her, and without her would be imperfect; by woman came the fall of man, by woman must come his redemption; woman plucked the evil fruit, and woman must pluck the good fruit; if the tree of knowledge was violated by Eve, the tree of life was reserved for Joanno. Eve was a bone from Adam; she was a bone from Christ, the second Adam. She was the bride, the promised seed who was to bruise the serpent's head; she also claimed the promise made at the creation, that woman should be the helpmate of man; and by her the Creator fulfilled that promise, and acquainted himself of the charge of having given to man the woman in vain. The evening-star was placed in the firmament to be her type. While she arrogated so much to herself, she was proportionally liberal to her followers; they were appointed to the four-and-twenty eldership: and to one of them, when he died, a higher character was more blasphemously attributed; she assured his relations that he was gone to plead the promises before the Lord; that to him was to be given the key of the bottomless pit, and that the time was at hand when he should be seen descending in the air,—for they knew not the meaning of Our Saviour's words when he said, "Ye shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds, in power and great glory."

The immediate object of her call was to destroy the devil: of this the devil was aware; and, that it might not be said he had had foul play, a regular dispute of seven days was agreed on between him and Joanna, in which she was to be alone, and he to bring with him as many of the Powers of Darkness as he pleased: but he was not to appear visibly; for, as he did not choose to make his appearance on a former occasion when some of her elders went to give him the meeting, but had disappointed them, he was not to be permitted to manifest himself bodily now. The conditions were, that, if she held out with argument against him for seven days, the woman should be freed and he fall; but, if she yielded, Satan's kingdom was to stand, and a second fall

of the human race would be the consequence. Accordingly, she went alone into a solitary house for this conference. Joanna was her own secretary upon this occasion, and the proces verbal of the conference was printed, as literally taken down; for she was ordered to set down all his blasphemies, and show to the world what the language of hell is. It is by no means a polite language;—indeed the proficiency which Satan displays in the vulgar tongue is surprising.

Of all Joanna's books this is the most curious. Satan brought a friend with him, and they made up a story for themselves which has some ingenuity. "It is written," said they, "Be still, and know that I am God;" this still worship did not suit Satan; he was a lively cheerful spirit, full of mirth and gaiety, which the Lord could not bear, and therefore cast him out of heaven. This, according to Apollyon's account of heaven, could have been no great evil. "Thou knowest," he says, "it is written of God, he is a consuming fire, and who can dwell in everlasting burnings? Our backs are not brass, nor our sinews iron, to dwell with God in heaven. The heaven, therefore, which men mistakenly desire, is in its nature the very hell of which they are so much afraid; and it is sufficient proof of the truth of all this, that the devil invites them to make themselves happy and lead a gay life, agreeably to his own cheerful disposition; whereas, religion enjoins self-denial, penitence, and all things which are contrary to our natural inclinations. Satan accounted to Joanna for her inspiration by this solution: an evil spirit had loved her from her youth up; he found there was no other access to her heart than by means of religion; and, being himself able to foresee future events, imparted this knowledge to her in the character of a good spirit. This spirit, he said, was one which she had been well acquainted with; it was that of one Mr. Follart, who had told her, if she would not have him for a husband, he should die for her sake; and he died accordingly. But this deception had now been carried so far, that Satan was angry, and threatened, unless she broke her seals and destroyed her writings, he would tear her in pieces.

The conference terminated like most theological disputes. Both parties grew warm. Apollyon interfered, and endeavoured to accommodate matters, but without effect, and Joanna talked Satan out of all patience. She gave him, as he truly complained, ten words for one, and allowed him no time to speak, All men, he said, were tired of her tongue already; and now she had tired the devil. This was not unreasonable; but he proceeded to abuse the whole sex, which would have been ungracious in any one, and in him was ungrateful. He said no man could tame a woman's tongue—the sands of an hour-glass did not run faster—it was better to dispute with a thousand men than with one woman. After this dispute she fasted forty days; but this fast, which was regarded by her believers as so miraculous, was merely a Catholic lent, in which she abstained from fish and flesh.

Once, when the Lord made her the same promise as Herod had done to Herodias, she requested that Satan might be cut off from the face of the earth, as John the Baptist had been. This petition she was instructed to write, and seal it with three seals, and carry it to the altar when she received the sacrament! and a promise was returned that it should be granted. Her dreams were usually of the devil. Once she saw him like a pig with his mouth tied; at another time skinned his face with her nails after a fierce battle; once she bit off his fingers, and thought the blood sweet—and once she dreamt she had fairly killed him. But neither has the promise of his destruction been as yet fulfilled, nor the dream accomplished.

This phrensy would have been speedily cured in Spain; bread and water, a solitary cell, and a little wholesome discipline, are specifics in such cases. Mark the difference in England. No bishop interferes; she therefore boldly asserted that she had the full consent of the bishops to declare that her call was from God, because, having been called upon to disprove it, they kept silent. She, who was used to earn her daily bread by daily labour, was taken into the houses of her wealthy believers, regarded as the most blessed among women, carried from one part of England to another, and treated

every where with reverence little less than idolatry. Meantime, dictating books as fast as her scribes could write them down, and publishing them as fast as they were written. This was not her only trade. The seals in the Revelations furnished her with a happy hint. She called upon all persons "to sign their names for Christ's glorious and peaceable kingdom to be established upon earth, and his will to be done on earth as it is done in heaven, and for Satan's kingdom to be destroyed, which is the prayer and desire of Joanna Southcott" They who signed this were to be sealed. Now if this temporal sealing, which is mentioned by St. John in the Revelations, had been understood before this time, men would have begun sealing themselves without the visitation of the Spirit; and, if she had not understood it and explained it now, it would have been more fatal for herself and for all mankind than the fall of Eve was. The mystery of sealing was this; whosoever signed his name received a sealed letter containing these words: "The Sealed of the Lord, the Elect, Precious, Man's Redemption, to inherit the Tree of Life, to be made Heirs of God, and Joint-heirs with Jesus Christ. Signed, Joanna Southcott.

In 1792 she opened her commission and declared herself to be the woman spoken of in the Revelations, "the Bride, the Lamb's wife, and the woman clothed with the sun." Previous to this, while sweeping her master's shop, she found or pretended to find a seal, on which were the initials J. S.; this of course was applied to her own name, and here she began to show the cloven feet. This seal was for a time thrown aside, probably while she was coujecturing what use to make of it, till at length she informed the few who reposed confidence in her, "The Spirit one day ordered her to look for it," when she found, not only the letters J. S., but what was much more convenient for her purpose, the initials J. C. engraved in addition on it, accompanied with two stars! This miracle was soon blazoned around, and this ridiculous assertion was the ground-work on which she built her mummery, of being visited by God.

Shortly after opening her mission she published the following declaration:—

"I, Joanna Southcott, am clearly convinced, that my calling is of God, and my writings are indited by his spirit, as it is impossible that any spirit but an all wise God, that is wondrous in working, wondrous in wisdom, wondrous in power, wondrous in truth, could have brought round such mysteries, so full of truth, as is in my writings; so I am clear in whom I have believed, that all my writings came from the spirit of the most high God.

"JOANNA SOUTHCOTT."

In December 1813, she declared her pregnancy, and in her third and fourth book of wonders, she said she should have a son that year by the power of the Most High. Her followers now increased rapidly and she amused them with very interesting visions and dreams; and chapels were opened for promulgating her doctrine.

As soon as the wished-for day approached for the alleged delivery, presents of all descriptions, as they pretended, came in unasked. Some one sent her a crib for the expected Messiah, made in all the taste of elegant design, and manufactured with a bed, by Seddon, a cabinet-maker, of Aldersgate-street; and that nothing might be wanting at this accouchement, laced-caps, bibs, robes, mantles, pap-boats, caudle-caps, and every thing necessary for such an occasion, so poured in for the use of the expected Shiloh, as at length to oblige them, as they stated, to refuse further presents. A Bible also, in the most costly decoration, was not forgotten among the offerings of the wise men.

Further to strengthen the fraud, it was unblushingly asserted, that a number of medical men of the highest reputation, were called in, who had expressed their opinion of her pregnancy. Dr. Sims, however, in the Morning Chronicle of September 3, 1814, published a statement, declaring as follows:—

"I went to see her on August 18, and after examining her, I do not hesitate to declare, it is my firm opinion that the woman called Joanna Southcott, is not pregnant; and before I conclude this statement, I feel it

right to say, that I am convinced the poor woman labours under strong mental delusion. Having observed in the newspapers, assertions repeatedly made, that eminent accoucheurs have declared the woman to be pregnant, I am desirous I should not be considered in that number."

At length it seems that Joanno Southcott, when approaching her end, either recovered her senses, or repented of her sins. The following letter appeared in the Observer, October 30, 1814.

TO THE EDITOR.

"Having been requested by Joanna to acknowledge her former wicked errors, I presume no publication better adapted to give publicity to this subject than 'The Observer.' I have therefore, on the part of Joanna, respectfully, and with sincere contrition to state, that for some considerable time past she has been in a state of delirium, but at length having become, as it were, herself again, being now calm and collected, and fearing that she is approaching her latter end, hereby renounces all her wicked incantations of her former distempered brain; and she hopes that a generous public will forget the impositions and errors that she has of late endeavoured to impose upon their understanding. And she further hopes, that all good Christians will not only forgive, but will fervently join in her prayers to the Almighty, for a forgiveness of her late blasphemous doctrines and past sins.

"I. TOZER."

On the 2nd of January, 1815, her remains were privately interred in Mary-le-bone Upper burying-ground, near Kilburn.

ANDREW BORDE.

An English physician; author of "The Merrie Tales of the Madman of Gotham," and several other quaint works. Died 1539.

ANDREW BORDE.

SIR JOHN HOTHAM.

SIR JOHN HOTHAM,

DESCENDED from an ancient family of that name, seated at Scarborough, in the county of York, was created a baronet, 4th January, 1621. He was appointed governor of Hull in 1643; but having been discovered to hold a correspondence with the royal party, he was tried and convicted by a court-martial, for that and other offences against the parliament, and was beheaded on Tower-hill, together with his eldest son, Sir John Hotham, Knight. "He was master," says Lord Clarendon, "of a noble fortune in land, and rich in money, of a very ancient family, and well allied."

MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL.

SINGULARITY of manners and appearance has been assumed by some to excite that attention which they did not deserve, and to gain credit for qualifications they never possessed. By such this method has been employed to make themselves known and to acquire a reputation, which by the ordinary mode of conduct, unaided by talents, they could never have obtained. Such is not the case with Mr. Martin Van Butchell, one of the most eccentric characters to be found in the British metropolis, and a gentleman of indisputable science and abilities, but whose strange humours and extraordinary habits, have rather tended to obscure than to display the talents he possessed.

The family of Van Butchell was originally from Flanders, and the father of Martin was well known at the beginning of the reign of George the Second, as tapes-

try-maker to the king. Martin Van Butchell, was born on the 5th of February 1735, in Eagle Street, Red Lion Square, but afterwards removed with his family to a large house, then called the Crown House, situated a short distance on the Surry side of Westminster Bridge. Having received an education suited to the circumstances of his parents, and disliking his father's profession, he obtained a recommendation to Sir Thomas Robinson, as a travelling companion to his son. On this occasion the candor, integrity and independent character, which have distinguished Mr. Van Butchell through life, were remarkably displayed; for hearing an unfavorable, and as it happened an unjust account of the temper and disposition of Sir Thomas, he declined the engagement. He soon afterwards entered in the capacity of groom of the chambers into the family of Lady Talbot, in which he lived nine years.

The economy of Mr. Van Butchell, in this situation enabled him, on leaving it, to devote himself to his favorite studies, mechanics, medicine, and in particular anatomy. Under the tuition of those eminent masters, the late celebrated Doctors William and John Hunter, he enjoyed an excellent opportunity of obtaining a competent knowledge of the various branches of the healing art. The latter gentleman he has thus commemorated in one of the singular advertisements, which he has for many years been in the habit of sending forth into the world.

"The first Magistrate
And other sincere lovers of this State
Are now informed most respectfully
That some years ago MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL had an appointment to meet
(—At Lady Hunloke's house in Stralford Place—)
his able teacher JOHN HUNTER Esq.
Who overtook him in Grosvenor Square, and bade him get into his chariot: Soon as he was seated
JOHN said: What mischief are you about now?
MARTIN. Curing the king's evil.
JOHN. I can't cure the king's evil.

MARTIN. I know you can't cure the king's evil. If you could cure the king's evil, I should not trouble myself about the king's evil: but I want to do

What you cannot do!

JOHN. That is right. Do you try to get first, (we know nothing compared to what we are ignorant of) make yourself of consequence, and then every body will make you of consequence; but if you dont make yourself of consequence, nobody else will. I do assure you many are in very high esteem and very full practice that (comparatively) know no more about healing than dray horses: they have not powers.

You try to be first!"

The first public appearance of Mr. Van Butchell was in the profession of a dentist, having been led to make human teeth a principal object of his attention, by the accidental breaking of one of his own. It is related that in a very early, and consequently not the most lucrative period of his practice, a lady being dissatisfied with some teeth with which he had furnished her, he voluntarily returned the money (ten guineas) she had paid for them. It was not long, however, before she came back, requesting as a favor, that she might have them again at the original price. So eminently successful was Mr. Van Butchell in this line, that for a complete set of teeth, he is known to have received so high a price, as eighty guineas.

Mr. Van Butchell next turned his attention to the treatment of ruptures; and in this practice acquired so extensive a reputation, that a Dutch physician paid a visit to this country, for the express purpose of placing himself under his care. In return for the relief he received, he instructed Mr. Van Butchell in the art of curing fistulas, which he has since practised with unparalleled success.

The numerous inventions of Mr. Van Butchell, are sufficient demonstrations of a mechanical genius. While he was engaged in the making of trusses for ruptures, he contrived what he denominated elastic bands, or braces for small clothes; but being necessarily of a high price, they have not come into general use. He is also

the inventor of spring girths for saddles, of cork bottoms to iron stirrups to prevent the feet from slipping, and many other things of a similar description.

The ingenuity and eccentricities of Mr. Van Butchell, have often attracted the notice even of Majesty. He says of himself, in one of his curious advertisements, that "your Majesty's nobles, conversing with your Majeesty face to face, when we were hunting of the stag, in Windsor Forest."

It is said that at one time, this extraordinary character aspired to the honor of being appointed dentist to the king, and applied for that purpose, to the Marquis of Salisbury. then lord chamberlain of the household. His wish was intimated to his Majesty, whose consent was obtained, when Van Butchell, from some unaccountable whim, wound up a public advertisement, with a notice, that Lord Salisbury, had no occasion to trouble himself, about procuring him the appointment of dentist to the King.

The conduct of Mr. Van Butchell after the death of his first wife, served to render him more than ever an object of public notice. We have heard of an Irish gentleman who was so distractedly fond of a beautiful wife prematurely snatched from him by death, that he had her embalmed, and kept her in a closet adjoining his room. He never sat down to table without having a chair and a plate, with knife and fork, placed for her; nay, so powerful was the effect of his grief on his intellects, that when he wished perfectly to enjoy himself, he would place her in a chair opposite to his own, and talk to her as though she had still been alive. Whether Mr. Van Butchell was actuated by the same feelings as this fond and unfortunate husband, we cannot pretend to decide, but certain it is that he had the corpse of his wife embalmed, and kept it for many years in a parlour in his house, where it was inspected by great numbers of curious visitors. This singularity gave rise to a report, that by a clause in the marriage settlement he was entitled to the disposal of certain property as long as she remained above ground.

Like the late Lord Rokeby, Mr. Van Butchell is a decided enemy to the razor, which has not touched his

chin for sixteen years. It has been asserted that this singularity is not the mere effect of caprice, but the result of a philosophical conversation with Dr. John Hunter, in which it was agreed that this natural appendage is conducive to the strength and vigor of the human body. His allusions to this ornament in the eccentric compositions, of which we have already given some specimens, are frequent and amusing. He is fond of using the following quotation from the entertaining Mr. D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature:

"Beards the Delight of ancient Beauties.

"When the fair were accustomed to behold their lovers with beards, the sight of a shaved chin excited sentiments of horror and aversion.

"To obey the injunctions of his bishops, Louis the Seventh of France cropped his hair, and shaved his beard. Eleanor of Acquitaine, his consort, found him, with this uncommon appearance, very ridiculous, and very contemptible. She revenged herself, by becoming something more than a coquette. The king obtained a divorce. She then married the count of Anjou, who shortly after ascended the English throne. She gave him for her marriage dower the rich provinces of Poitou and Guienne; and this was the origin of those wars which for three hundred years ravaged France, and which cost the French nation three millions of men. All which, probably, had never taken place, if Louis the Seventh had not been so rash as to crop his hair and shave his beard, by which he became so disgustful in the eyes of the fair Eleanor."

In another of his advertisements he says:—"Girls are fond of hair: (and love comforters.) See their bosom friends:—large waists—muffs, tippets. Let your beards grow long, that ye may be strong, in mind and body." Again he exhorts his readers to "leave off deforming: each himself reform: wear the marks of men: incontestible. Jesus did not shave: for he knew better. Had it been proper our chins should be bare, would hair be put there by wise Jehovah, who made all things good?"

But the most extraordinary, and perhaps the reader may conceive the most unintelligible of Mr. Van Butchell's effusions on this subject, is the following: "Am not I the first healer (at this day) of bad fistulæ? With an handsome beard, like Hippocrates! The combing I sell one guinea each hair. (Of use to the fair, that want fine children:—I can tell them how; it is a secret.) Some are quite auburn; others silver-white:—full half-quarter long, growing—(day and night—) only fifteen months." This appears, from the concluding words, to have been written only a year and a quarter after he first began to cherish the excrescence, and when it had attained the length of half a quarter of a yard, or four inches and a half. About two years afterwards he describes himself as "a British Christian man, with a comely beard, full eight inches long."

The favorite exercise and recreation of Mr. Van Butchell is riding. The principle on which he retains his beard he extends also to animals, which, he contends, should never be docked, nicked, or trimmed. His steed is a grey pony, which, it is said, he sometimes takes it into his head to paint with spots or streaks of purple, black, or other colors. The tout ensemble of the rider with a shallow, narrow-brimmed hat, nearly white with age, a venerable flowing beard, a rusty brown coat, and boots of the same complexion, and the pony with the above-mentioned whimsical decorations, has a most ludicrous effect, and often attracts considerable numbers of spectators. (A striking representation of this singular couple is prefixed. A bridle which he occasionally uses, is a curious contrivance. A blind is fixed to the head, and this he can let down over the horse's eyes and draw up again at pleasure, in case the animal should take fright, or to prevent him from seeing any particular object.

Mr. Van Butchell has resided between thirty and forty years in the house he at present occupies in Mount Street, Berkley Square, the singular inscription on which often arrests the attention of the passenger. His success in the various branches of his practice has been very great, and the sphere of his utility, as well as his

own profits, might have been much increased, had he not taken the resolution to which he has inflexibly adhered, of seeing patients only at his own house. On this subject it is related, that he was once sent for to attend a gentleman of eminence in the law, but he referred to the notice in his advertisement—"I go to none" Five hundred guineas were offered to induce him to alter his resolution, but in vain. The sum was doubled, but with truly admirable consistency, he still replied, "I go to none."

From one of the whims for which Mr. Van Butchell is so remarkable, he used, a few years ago, to sell cakes, gingerbread, apples, nuts, and the like to children at his door. It has been suggested, that his motive for engaging in this line of business, might be to afford employment to his own children, of whom he had a numerous family.

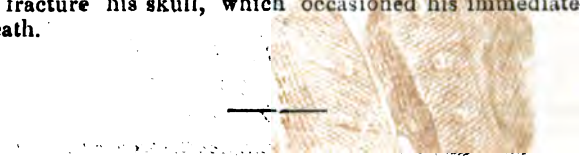
In his domestic habits, he is said to preserve the same characteristic singularity as marks the rest of his conduct; making it an invariable practice to dine by himself. His wife and children also dine by themselves, and the only method in which he calls the latter is by whistling. It is likewise reported, that on his marriage with each of his two wives, he gave them the choice of the two extreme colors for clothes, white or black; and after they had made their election, never suffered them to wear any other. The first chose black and the second white, in which she constantly appears.

The political sentiments of Mr. Van Butchell may be gathered from the following facts. During the agitation produced in the kingdom by the writings of Paine and the artifices of designing men, he thus commenced one of his advertisements: "Corresponding Lads—remember Judas, and the year 80." At the same period, he was a frequent attendant at the Westminster Forum, where he exercised the right belonging to every individual by reading a chapter of the New Testament, probably by way of antidote to the infidel principles which many of the visitors of that place had imbibed. He never failed to act his part with extraordinary gravity, and from this circumstance undoubtedly originated the report of his having occasionally performed the func-

tions of a preacher, Nevertheless, so far is he from being bigoted to a party, and such is the humanity of his disposition, that he paid many friendly visits to Newgate while the persons apprehended for seditious practices were confined in that prison.

Mr. Van Butchell's good state of health at his advanced time of life, may perhaps be ascribed to his manner of living. He retires early to rest and rises betimes; takes no wine or strong drink, and eats but little flesh. The tea used by his family, a fragrant, wholesome beverage, is prepared by himself.

We cannot dismiss the remarkable subject of this article, without noticing the severe domestic affliction which befel him in the summer of 1806, in the death of one of his sons, an amiable young man, of twenty-two, while on a party of pleasure in a boat on the Thames. The same accident also proved fatal to two young ladies of the company. The premature end of the youth was the more deeply regretted on account of the act in which he lost his life. The boat was overturned, and perceiving his mother sinking, he directed all his efforts to her preservation. Rising with her in his arms, he struck his head against the side of a barge with such force as to fracture his skull, which occasioned his immediate death.



CAPTAIN CORAM.

A man who deserves the gratitude of his country, for devoting a long life to the cause of philanthrophy. After great sacrifices, and persevering exertions for years, he established, and obtained a charter for the Foundling Hospital, which, added to other benevolent undertakings, so impaired bis fortune, that in his old age, it became necessary to relieve his necessities by a public subscription. Died 1751.

CAPTN. CORAM.

ELEANOR GWYNNE.

This celebrated female, better known by the familiar appellation of Nell, was of the lowest extraction, and at her first setting out in the world, sold oranges in the play-house. Nature seems to have qualified her for the stage. Her person, though below the middle size, was well-turned; she had a good natural air, and a sprightliness that promised every thing in comedy. Under the instructions of Hart and Lacy who were both actors of distinction, she in a short time became eminent herself in the same profession. She acted the most spirited and fantastic parts, and spoke a prologue and epilogue with admirable address. She rarely appeared in tragedy, but is known to have acted the part of Almahide, and to this Lord Lansdown alludes in his, "Progress of Beauty," when he says:

"And Almahide once more by kings ador'd."

Her profession as an actress was the means of introducing her to the notice of the great, and her charms made such an impression on Lord Buckhurst that a connexion ensued, which was only interrupted by the more flattering solicitations of a royal lover. She is said to have been introduced to King Charles II. by the duke of Buckingham, with a view of supplanting the duchess of Cleveland. If any credit may be given to a manuscript lampoon dated 1686, Lord Buckhurst refused to part with his mistress till he was reimbursed the expence he had lavished on her. The King, at length as the price of his compliance, created him earl of Middlesex, or in the words of the satirist,

Gave him an earldom to resign his b—tch.

The immediate cause of her becoming the object of Charles's affection is, however, related in a different

manner, as follows:—At the duke's theatre, under Killigrew's patent, the celebrated Nokes appeared in a hat larger than that usually assigned to Pistol, which diverted the audience so much as to help off a bad play. Dryden, in return, caused a hat to be made of the circumference of a large coach-wheel, and made Mrs. Gwynne deliver an epilogue under it, with the brim stretched out in its utmost horizontal extension. No sooner did she appear in this strange dress, than the house was convulsed with laughter. Among the rest, the King gave her the fullest proof of his approbation, by going behind the scenes after the play, and taking her home in his own coach to sup with him. The pert and vivacious prattle of the orange-wench, had been by degrees refined into such wit as could please the monarch. After this elevation she still continued on the stage, and shewed great talents in exhibiting the airy, fantastic and sprightly productions of the comic muse.

Nell, who knew how to mimic every thing ridiculous about the court, presently ingratiated herself with her merry sovereign, and retained a considerable place in his affection to the time of his death. It could scarcely be supposed that Charles would have given her a place about the person of his queen, but nevertheless such was the fact. "I am ashamed," says Mr. Pegge in his Curialia, "to confess I find Mrs. Eleanor Gwynne among the ladies of the Privy Chamber to Queen Catherine. This was barefaced enough to be sure! Had the King made a momentary connection with a lady of that denomination, the offence might have been connived at by the queen; but the placing one of the meanest of his creatures so near the Queen's person, was an insult that nothing could palliate but the licentiousness of the age, and the abandoned character of the lascivious monarch."

Mr. Pennant, in his account of London informs us that Mrs. Gwynne's residence was in Pall-Mall, and that, within memory, the back room on the ground floor was entirely of looking-glass, and the ceiling was said to have been composed of the same material. Over the chimney was her picture, and that of her sister decorated another room.

The royal favorite after her elevation betrayed neither ostentation, avarice nor pride. She remembered all her theatrical friends, and rendered them services, generously discharging her debt of gratitude to Dryden, and proving a zealous patroness to Otway and Lee. Dr. Burnet, bishop of Salisbury mentions that the duke of Buckingham told him, when Nell was first introduced to the king, she asked a settlement of 500l. a year, which Charles refused; but he adds from the same authority that, in the space of four succeeding years, the king had lavished on her no less than sixty thousand pounds. Nor was this large sum dissipated entirely in useless purposes. She was most munificent in her charities, and the single act of instigating the King to erect Chelsea Hospital, as an asylum for disabled soldiers, must entitle her memory to no inconsiderable respect. The ground on which it stands is generally admitted to have been given by her as an encouragement to the design. A public house in the vicinity of the Hospital, frequented by its tenants, still exhibits a rude representation of her head; and one of the first toasts drunk after their dinner acknowledges their gratitude to their patroness Nell Gwynne.

She either was or affected to be extremely orthodox, and a friend to the clergy and the church. It is a known fact that going one day through the city, she saw some bailiffs hurrying a worthy clergyman to prison; on which she paid the debt and restored the captive divine to liberty.

Mrs. Gwynne possessed a great fund of wit and good-humor; indeed she sometimes carried them to extravagance; but even her highest flights were so natural that they rather provoked laughter than excited disgust. Being insulted in her coach at Oxford by the mob, who mistook her for the duchess of Portsmouth, a French favorite of the King's, she looked out of the window and said: "Pray good people be civil; I am the protestant whore." This laconic explanation converted the execrations of the populace into blessings, and they suffered her to proceed without farther molestation.

Mrs. Gwynne had by the king two sons, of whom the elder was successively created earl of Burford and duke

of St. Albans. Lord Beauclaire, the younger, died at Paris in 1680. It is reported that before the duke of St. Albans was ennobled, his mother, calling to him in the King's presence, said: "Come hither, you little bastard." For this the king gently reproved her, on which she replied with her usual bluntness, that she had no better name to call him by. He was soon afterwards created Baron of Hedington and Earl of Burford. A son of the duke attained to the honor of the prelacy, and became the inhabitant of the episcopal palace contiguous and nearly adjoining to the humble cot where his grandmother first drew breath.

This celebrated favorite survived her royal protector a few years, and died in 1691, a true penitent for the frailties of her past life.

POWELL THE FIRE-EATER.

THAT there have been at different times, itinerants who have displayed very singular feats with fire, cannot be denied; and although many explanations have been offered, yet they are by no means conclusive. One of the most common is, that these persons are in possession of a secret preparation, with which they anoint themselves. Albertus Magnus, a philosopher of the thirteenth century, in his works, gives the following account of it:— "A wonderful experiment which enables a man to go into the fire without being hurt, or carry fire, or red hot iron, in his hand, without injury. Take juice of marshmallow and white of egg, and fleabane seeds and lime; powder them, and mix juice of radish with the white of egg; mix all thoroughly, and with this composition anoint your body or hand, and allow it to dry, and afterwards anoint again, and after this you may boldly take up iron without hurt. This would form an antacid paste, which, however, would not serve for the purposes of deception, as it would be abundantly visible.

POWELL, THE FIRE-EATER.

EUGENE ARAM.

About 1754, a Mr. Powell seems to have had celebrity as a fire-eater in England, and, in one of his printed bills, he states, that he had exhibited not only before most of the crowned heads in Europe, but even before the Royal Society of London, and was dignified with a curious and very ample silver medal bestowed on him by that learned body, as a testimony of their approbation, for eating what nobody else could eat. Indeed, his wonderful performances in the fire-eating way appear to have been surprising.

EUGENE ARAM.

Many memoirs have been compiled of this unfortunate man, and all seem to harmonise in the description which Bulwer in his Novel has so well particularized; only his person was somewhat slender, his nose prominent, with light hair and eyes, wearing dark gentlemanly clothes. He was a man of a very taciturn disposition, rarely speaking to any one, save men of sensibility, wandering in retirement, after his school hours were completed for the evening, secluded from the noisy buzz of the world, lost in contemplation, looking "through nature up to nature's God," smiling on the face of the Moon, and holding sublime converse with the multitudinous host of bright worlds, which studded the cannot of heaven. No pedantry or apish pride could be charged to the deportment of Aram, but by kindness to his pupils, and the mild manner in which he impressed their minds with the value of scholastic lore, endeared him to them, and his application in the situation in which he figured as a teacher was much appreciated by all.

Arams family consisted of three sons and three daughters: Michael—Joseph, a Saddler—and one an idiot, Betty, Sally and Jane. It would appear that he doubted the legitimacy of some of his children; but was do-

tingly fond of Sally, who was his especial favourite, contending for superiority with his oldest boys, in the dead languages, and assisting her father in the most abstruse studies. Devoted as was Aram to the Classics, no wonder that she gained his approval, and was the idol of his heart, and her father was no less beloved and honored by his Sally.

We may frequently date the happiness or misery of our future years from the day of our marriage: the latter was (according to Aram's own statement,) chalked out for him, as, he was so unfortunate as to be coupled with a mean, base and vulgar partner, on whose virtue he could not depend, having good reasons to suspect her of being intimate with men of doubtful character. Botany and Horticulture he prosecuted with success, and this may, in some measure, account for the seeming acquaintance subsisting between him and Clark, as the latter was frequently seen to assist Eugene in his gardening operations, as well as supplying many rare plants, which he frequently spoke of; yet we have no information, to lead us to suppose that Clark, Houseman, Levi, the Jew, Terry, or any such vile characters as those who appeared in evidence against him, were his companions.

On the 7th of February, 1745, Aram was in the evening visited by Clark and Houseman; they afterwards went out for the purpose of visiting Saint Robert's Cave, and procuring some plate there deposited, when a misunderstanding occurred, and Clark was by some one unknown, knocked down and murdered.

That the murder was premeditated, is certainly not true, as the evidence of Houseman on oath, was opposed to any such conclusion! "that Aram proposed a walk out of the town; that when they came into the field where St. Robert's Cave is, Aram and Clark went into it over the hedge, and when they came six or eight yards off the cave, he heard them quarrelling, and saw Aram strike Clark several times, upon which Clark fell, and he never saw him rise again." On this evidence was Aram convicted—on the testimony of this scoundrel, was the delicate form of this philosopher and scholar exposed, and suspended in chains between heaven and

earth.—Anna Aram, the abandoned wife of Eugene, and paramour of Clarke being admitted evidence, and corroborating the depositions of Houseman he received sentence of death, although his speech was a very learned and artful one. The defence of Aram, on the day of his trial will always be read with delight by the man of learning:—

"My Lord," said Aram, "I know not whether it is of right, or through some indulgence of your Lordship, that I am allowed the liberty at this bar, and at this time, to attempt a defence: since, while I see so many eyes upon me, so numerous and awful a concourse, fixed with attention, and filled with (I know not what) expectancy, I labour, NOT WITH GUILT, my Lord, but with perplexity. For—having never seen a court but this, being wholly unacquainted with law, the customs of the bar, and all judiciary proceedings—I fear I shall be so little capable of speaking with propriety in this place, that it exceeds my hope, if I shall be able to speak at all.

"I have heard, my Lord, the indictment read, wherein I find myself charged with the highest crime—with an enormity I am altogether incapable of—a fact, to the commission of which, there goes far more insensibility of heart, and profligacy of morals, than ever fell to my lot. However, I stand indicted at your Lordship's bar, and have heard what is called evidence, adduced in support of such a charge. I very humbly solicit your Lordship's patience, and beg the hearing of this respectable audience, while I,—single and unskilful, destitute of friends, and unassisted by counsel,—say something, perhaps like argument, in my defence. I shall consume but little of your Lordship's time: what I have to say will be short, and this brevity probably will be the best part of it. However, it is offered with all possible regard, and the greatest submission, to your Lordship's consideration, and that of this honourable court.

"First, my Lord, the whole tenor of my conduct in life, contradicts every particular of this indictment. Yet, I had never said this, did not my present circumstances extort it from me, and seem to make it necessary.

Permit me here, my Lord, to call upon malignity itself, so long and cruelly busied in this prosecution, to charge upon me any immorality, of which prejudice was not the author. No, my Lord, I concerted not schemes of fraud, projected no violence, injured no man's person or property. My days were honestly laborious, my nights intensely studious. And, I humbly conceive, my notice of this, especially at this time, will not be thought impertinent or unreasonable; but, at least, deserving some attention. Because, my Lord, that any person, after a temperate use of life, a series of thinking and acting regularly, and without one single deviation from sobriety, should plunge into the very depth of profligacy, precipitately, and at once, is altogether improbable and unprecedented, and absolutely inconsistent with the course of things. Mankind are never corrupted at once; villany is always progressive, and declines from right, step after step, till every regard of probity is lost, and every sense of moral obligation totally perishes.

"Again, my Lord, a suspicion of this kind, which nothing but malevolence could entertain, and ignorance propagate, is violently opposed by my very situation at that time, with respect to health. For, but a little space before, I had been confined to my bed, and suffered under a long and severe disorder, and was not able, for half a year together, so much as to walk. The distemper left me, indeed, yet slowly and in part; but so macerated, so enfeebled, that I was reduced to crutches, and was so far from being well about the time I am charged with this fact, that I never, to this day, perfectly recovered. Could, then, a person in this condition take anything into his head so unlikely, so extravagant? I, past the vigour of my age, feeble, and valetudinary, with no inducement to engage, no ability to accomplish, no weapon wherewith to perpetrate such a fact; without interest, without power, without motive, without means.

"Besides, it must needs occur to every one, that an action of this atrocious nature is never heard of, but when its springs are laid open, it was to support some indolence, or supply some luxury; to satisfy some avarice, or gratify some malice; to prevent some real, or

some imaginary want. Yet, I lay not under the influence of any one of these. Surely, my Lord, I may, consistent with both truth and modesty, affirm thus much; and none who have any veracity, and knew me, will ever question this.

"In the second place, the disappearance of Clark is suggested as an argument of his being dead. But the uncertainty of such an inference from that, and the fallibility of all conclusions of such a sort, from such a circumstance, are too obvious, and too notorious, to require instances; yet, superseding many, permit me to produce a very recent one, and that produced by this Castle.

"In June, 1757, William Thompson, for all the vigilance of this place, in open day-light, and doubly ironed, made his escape; and, notwithstanding an immediate inquiry set on foot, the strictest search, and all advertisements, was never seen or heard of since. If, then, Thompson got off unseen, through all these difficulties, how very easy was it for Clark, when none of them opposed him? But what would be thought of a prosecution commenced against any one seen last with Thompson?

"Permit me next, my Lord, to observe a little upon the bones which have been discovered. It is said, which perhaps is saying very far, that these are the skeleton of a man. It is possible, indeed, that they may; but is there any certain known criterion, which incontestibly distinguishes the sex in human bones? Let it be considered, my Lord, whether the ascertaining of this point ought not to precede any attempt to identify them.

"The place of their depositum too, claims much more attention than is commonly bestowed upon it; for, of all places in the world, none could have mentioned any one, wherein there was greater certainty of finding human bones, than an hermitage, except he should point out a church-yard; hermitages, in times past, being not only places of retirement, but of burial too; and it has scarce, or never, been heard of, but that every cell now known, contains, or contained, these relics of humanity; some mutilated, and some entire. I do not inform, but give me leave to remind, your Lordship, that here sat

solitary sanctity, and here the hermit, or the anchoress, hoped that repose for their bones, when dead, they here enjoyed while living.

"All this while, my Lord, I am sensible this is known to your Lordship, and many in this court, better than I. But it seems necessary to my case that others, who have not at all perhaps adverted to things of this nature, and may have concern in my trial, should be made acquainted with it. Suffer me, then, my Lord, to produce a few of many evidences, that these cells were used as repositories of the dead; and to enumerate a few in which human bones have been found, as it happened in this in question, lest, to some, that accident might seem extraordinary, and consequently occasion prejudice.

"1. The bones, as was supposed, of the Saxon St. Dubritius, were discovered, buried in his cell, at Guyscliffe, near Warwick, as appears from the authority of Sir William Dugdale.

"2. The bones thought to be those of the anchoress Rosia, were but lately discovered in a cell at Royston, entire, fair, and undecayed, though they must have lain for several centuries, as is proved by Dr. Stukely.

"3. But our own county, nay almost this neighbourhood, supplies another instance; for in January, 1747, was found by Mr. Stovin, accompanied by a Rev. Gentleman, the bones, in part, of some recluse, in the cell at Lindholme, near Hatfield. They were believed to be those of William of Lindholme, a hermit, who had long made this cave his habitation.

"4. In February, 1744, part of Woburn Abbey being pulled down, a large portion of a corpse appeared, even with the flesh on, which bore cutting with a knife, though it is certain this had lain above two hundred years, and how much longer is doubtful; for this Abbey was founded in 1145, and dissolved in 1538-9.

"What would have been said, what believed, if this had been an accident to the bones in question?

"Farther, my Lord, it is not yet out of living memory, that a little distance from Knaresborough, in a field, part of the estate of the worthy and patriot baronet, who does that borough the honour to represent it in Parliament, were found, in digging for gravel, not one human

skeleton only, but five or six, deposited side by side, with each an urn placed at its head, as your Lordship knows was usual in ancient interments.

"About the same time, and in another field, almost close to this borough, was discovered also, in searching for gravel, another human skeleton; but the piety of the same worthy gentleman ordered both pits to be filled up again, commendably unwilling to disturb the dead.

"Is the invention of these cones forgotten, then, or industriously concealed, that the discovery of those in question may appear the more singular and extraordinary? Whereas, in fact, there is nothing extraordinary in it. My Lord, almost every place conceals such remains. In fields, in hills, in highway sides, and on commons, lie frequent and unsuspected bones. And our present allotments for rest for the departed, are but of some centuries.

"Another particular seems not to claim a little of your Lordship's notice, and that of the gentlemen of the jury; which is, that perhaps no example occurs of more than one skeleton being found in one cell; and in the cell in question, was found but one; agreeable in this to the peculiarity of every other known cell in Britain. Not the invention of one skeleton, then, but of two, would have appeared suspicious and uncommon.

"But then, my Lord, to attempt to identify these, when even to identify living men sometimes has proved so difficult, as in the case of Perkin Warbeck and Lambert Symnel at home, and of Don Sebastian abroad, will be looked upon, perhaps as an attempt to determine what is undeterminable. And I hope, too, it will not pass unconsidered here, where gentlemen believe with caution, think with reason, and decide with humanity, what interest the endeavour to do this is calculated to serve, in assigning proper personality to those bones, whose particular appropriation can only appear to Eternal Omniscience.

"Permit me, my Lord, also very humbly to remonstrate, that, as human bones appear to have been the inseparable adjuncts of every cell, even any person's naming such a place at random, as containing them, in

this case, shows them rather fortunate, than conscious present, and that these attendants on every hermitage, only accidentally concurred with this conjecture: a mere casual coincidence of words and things.

"But it seems another skeleton has been discovered by some labourer, which was full as confidently averred to be Clark's as this. My Lord, must some of the living, if it promotes some interest, be made answerable for all the bones that earth has concealed, and chance exposed? And might not a place where bones lay, be mentioned by a person by chance, as well as found by a labourer by chance? Or, is it more criminal, accidentally to name where bones lie, than accidentally to find where they lie?

"Here too, is a human skull produced, which is fractured; but was this the cause, or was it the consequence, of death? was it owing to violence, or was it the effect of natural decay? If it was violence, was that violence, before or after death? My Lord, in May, 1732, the remains of William Lord Archbishop of this province, were taken up, by permission, in this cathedral, and the bones of the skull were found broken; yet, certainly, he died by no violence offered to him alive, that could occasion that fracture there.

"Let it be considered, my Lord, that upon the dissolution of religious houses, and the commencement of the Reformation, the ravages of those times both affected the living and the dead. In search after imaginary treasures, coffins were broken up, graves and vaults dug open, monuments ransacked, and shrines demolished; your Lordship knows that these violations proceeded so far as to occasion Parliamentary authority to restrain them; and it did, about the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. I intreat your Lordship, suffer not the violences, the depredations, and the iniquities of those times, to be imputed to this.

"Moreover, what gentleman here is ignorant that Knaresborough had a castle, which, though now a ruin, was once considerable, both for its strength and garrison. All know it was vigorously besieged by the arms of the Parliament; at which siege, in sallies, conflicts,

flights, and pursuits, many fell in all the places round it; and where they fell, were buried; for every place, my Lord, is burial-earth in war; and many, questionless, of these rest unknown, whose bones futurity shall discover.

"I hope, with all imaginable submission, that what has been said, will not be thought impertinent to this indictment; and that it will be far from the wisdom, the learning, and integrity of this place, to impute to the living, what zeal in its fury may have done; what nature may have taken off, and piety interred; or what war alone may have destroyed, alone deposited.

"As to the circumstances that have been raked toge ther, I have nothing to observe, but that all circumstances, similarly precarious, have been but too frequently found lamentably fallible. They may rise to the utmost degree of probability; yet they are but probability still. Why need I name to your Lordship the two Harrisons, recorded in Dr. Howell, who both suffered on circumstances, because of the sudden disappearance of their lodger, who was in credit, had contracted debts, borrowed money, and went off unseen, and returned again a great many years after their execution? Why name the intricate affair of Jaques du Moulin, under King Charles the Second, related by a gentleman who was counsel for the crown? And why the unhappy Coleman, who suffered innocent, though convicted upon positive evidence, and whose children perished for want, because the world uncharitably believed the father guilty? Why mention the perjury of Smith, incautiously admitted King's evidence; who, to screen himself, equally accused Fainloth and Loveday, of the murder of Dunn; the first of whom, in 1749, was executed at Winchester, and Loveday was about to suffer at Reading, had not Smith been proved perjured, to the satisfaction of the court, by the surgeon of the Gosport hospital.

"Now, my Lord, having endeavoured to show that the whole of this process is altogether repugnant to every part of my life;—that it is inconsistent with my condition of health about that time;—that no rational inference can be drawn that a person is dead, who suddenly disappears;—that hermitages were the constant reposito-

ries of the bones of the recluse; – that the proofs of these are well authenticated;—that the revolutions in religion, or the fortune of war, has mangled or buried the dead; —the conclusion remains perhaps no less reasonably, than impatiently, waited for. I, at last, after a year's confinement, equal to either fortune, put myself upon the candour, the justice, and the humanity of your Lordship, and upon yours, my countrymen, gentlemen of the jury."

Erudition or usefulness could not save him from an ignominious death.—On the morning he was hung at Tyburn, some hours before the execution took place, Aram was found in his bed nearly dead, from two gashes in his arm, having attempted to deprive the executioner of the honour of publicly strangling him! His execution, notwithstanding, took place, and his body was gibbetted on Knaresborough Forest, on the road between Knaresborough and Plumpton.

On the table of his cell, before he attempted suicide, Aram wrote a very peculiar paper, which was afterwards found there.

"What am I better than my fathers?" said the dying Aram. "To die is natural and necessary. Perfectly sensible of this, I fear no more to die, than I did to be born! But the manner of it is something which should, in my opinion, be DECENT and manly. I think I have regarded both these points. Certainly nobody has a better right to dispose of man's life than himself; and he, not others, should determine how. As for any indignities offered to my body, or silly reflections on my faith and morals; they are, as they always were, things indifferent to me. I think—though contrary to the common way of thinking. I wrong no man by this, and hope it is not offensive to that Eternal Being that formed me and the world. And as by this I injure no man, no man can be reasonably offended. I solicitously recommend myself to the Eternal and Almighty Being, the God of Nature, if I have done amiss—but perhaps I have not; and I hope this thing will never be imputed to me. Though I am now stained by malevolence, and suffer by prejudice, I hope to RISE fair and

unblemished. My life was not polluted, my moralsi r-reproachable, and my opinions orthodox.

"I slept soundly till three o'clock; awaked, and then writ these lines:—

"Come, pleasing rest! eternal slumber fall,
Seal mine, that once must seal the eyes of all!
Calm and compos'd, my soul her journey takes,
No guilt that troubles, and no heart that aches!
Adieu! thou sun, all bright like her arise!
Adieu! fair friends, and all that's good and wise."

It is said that Eugene Aram confessed his crime, and that he was the murderer of Clarke, and a confession, said to have been copied from the annals of Tyburn has been repeatedly foisted on the public, but without the slightest foundation.—We subjoin the following extract from the Literary Gazette, and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions, only remarking by the way, that the circumstances hereafter given, never occurred to the mind of Dr. L. until sometime had elapsed after the execution:—

"The recollection of this man," (Eugene Aram,) says the Literary Gazette, "is still preserved at Lynn, in Norfolk; at which town he was, for some time, Usher at the Grammar School. A small room, at the back of the house in which he slept was, until these last few years, when it was pulled down and re-built, mysteriously pointed to by the little urchins as they passed up to bed on a cold, ghost-enticing night, as the chamber in which the Usher, who was hanged for murder, used to sleep.

"The tradition which remains of his character is, that he was 'a man of loneliness and mystery,' sullen and reserved; that on half-holidays, and when his duties would allow, he strayed solitary and cheerless, as if to avoid the world, amongst the flat uninteresting marshes, which are situated on the river Ouse.

"At Lynn, the character of Aram was, until his apprehension, unexceptionable; but, after that event, circumstances were called to mind, which seemed to indicate a naturally dark character; but whether these were

all strictly founded in truth, or magnified suspicions, arising from the appalling circumstances of the crime of which he was convicted, I am unable to determine. The following, being derived from unquestionable authority, (having been related by Dr. L. who was Master of the Grammar-School at that time,) may serve for an example.

"It had been customary for the parents of the scholars, on an appointed day, to dine with the master, at which time it was expected they would bring with them the amount of their bills. It was late at night, after one of such meetings, that Dr. L. was awaked by a noise at his bed-room door; he rose up, and going into the passage which led to the stair-case, but which was not in the direct way from Aram's bed-room to the ground floor, he discovered the Usher dressed. Having questioned him as to the object of his rising at that unseasonable hour, Aram confusedly answered, that he had been taken unwell, and had been obliged to go down stairs. The Dr. then retired unsuspiciously to bed. From the combined circumstances, the worthy Dr. in later years, had no doubt that, from its being known to Aram that a considerable sum of money was in his bed-room, Aram intended nothing less than to rob him; 'and no doubt,' continued the narrator, 'he would have murdered me too, if it had been rendered necessary from my discovering and opposing him.'

ANN SIGGS.

This poor woman was well known to many now living; she used to be seen most days walking the streets of London, on crutches, and from the singularity and cleanliness of her dress became an object of observation.

ANN SIGGS.

ROGER SMITH.

Her parents were respectable, residing in the county of Surrey. At a very early period of life, she had to deplore the loss of her father; which misfortune, leaving her destitute of a protector, it is supposed, was the cause of her abject poverty. Nothing but the inclemency of the weather confined her at home; as she generally left her habitation at 9 o'clock in the morning.—Poor Ann Siggs for some time received a weekly stipend from the churchwardens of St. Michael's, Cornhill, which, with the contributions of the benevolent christians, added considerably to her comfort. We may class her as one of the most pitiable of London mendicants. Her demise took place very recently.

ROGER SMITH.

This itinerant musician is a native of Norwich, where he followed the trade of a weaver, but having received an injury in his sight, he was compelled to resign his trade for the profession which he now follows. He is remarkably civil, and constant in his attendance at church.

He constructed a belfry near Broad-wall, containing a peel of eight bells, from which he obtained a tolerable livelihood; which he was obliged to quit, in consequence of some building improvements. He has ever since exercised his art in the most public places, on eight, ten, aud sometimes twelve bells; and frequently accompanies the song-tunes with his voice, which adds considerably to the effect, though he has neither a finished nor a powerful style of execution. While he performs upon the hand-bells, (which he does sitting) he wears a hairy cap, to which he fixes two bells; two he holds in each hand; one on each side, guided by a string connected with the arm; one on each side, guided by a string connected with the arm; one on each knee, and one on each foot.

JAMES CRICHTON.

This gentleman, was a native of Scotland, who in the course of a short life acquired an uncommon degree of celebrity, and on account of his extraordinary endowments both of mind and body, obtained the appellation of "the admirable Crichton," by which title he has continued to be distinguished to the present day. The time of his birth is said, by the generality of writers, to have been in 1551; but the Earl of Buchan, in a memoir, read to the Society of Antiquaries at Edinburgh, asserts that he was born in the month of August, 1560. His father was Lord Advocate of Scotland in Queen Mary's reign from 1561 to 1573; and his mother, the daughter of Sir James Stuart, was allied to the family which then filled the Scottish throne.

James Crichton is said to have received his grammatical education at Perth, and to have studied philosophy at the university of St. Andrews. His tutor at that university was Mr. John Rutherford, a professor, at that time famous for his learning, and who distinguished himself by writing four books on Aristotle's logic, and a commentary on his poetics. According to Aldus Manutius, who calls Crichton first cousin to the king, he was also instructed, with his Majesty, by Buchanan, Hepburn, and Robertson, as well as by Rutherford; and he had scarcely arrived at the twentieth year of his age, when he had gone through the whole circle of the sciences, and could speak and write to perfection in ten different languages. Nor had he neglected the ornamental branches of education; for he had likewise improved himself, to the highest degree, in riding, dancing, and singing, and was a skilful performer on all sorts of instruments.

Possessing these numerous accomplishments, Crichton went abroad upon his travels, and is said to have first visited Paris. Of his transactions at that place, the following account is given. He caused six placards to be

fixed on all the gates of the schools, halls, and colleges of the university, and on all the pillars and posts before the houses belonging to the most renowned literary characters in that city, inviting all those who were well versed in any art or science, to dispute with him in the college of Navarre, that day six weeks, by nine o'clock in the morning, when he would attend them and be ready to answer to whatever should be proposed to him in any art or science, and in any of these twelve languages, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, Italian, English, Dutch, Flemish, and Sclavonian; and this either in verse or prose, at the discretion of the disputant.

During the whole intermediate time, instead of closely applying to his studies, as might have been expected, he attended to nothing but hunting, hawking, tilting, vaulting, riding, tossing the pike, handling the musket, and other military feats; or else he employed himself in domestic games, such as balls, concerts of music, vocal and instrumental, cards, dice, tennis, and the like diversions of youth. This conduct so provoked the students of the university, that beneath the placard which was fixed on the Navarre gate, they wrote the following words:—"If you would meet with this monster of perfection, the readiest way to find him is to inquire for him at the tavern, or the houses of ill fame."

Nevertheless, when the day appointed arrived, Crichton appeared in the college of Navarre, and acquitted himself beyond expression in the disputation, which lasted from nine o'clock in the morning till six at night. At length the president, after extolling him highly for the many rare and excellent endowments which God and nature had bestowed upon him, rose from his chair, and accompanied by four of the most eminent professors of the university, gave him a diamond ring and a purse full of gold, as a testimony of their respect and admiration. The whole ended with repeated acclamations from the spectators, and henceforward our young disputant was called "the admirable Crichton." It is added, that so little was he fatigued with his exertions on this occasion, that he went the very next day to the Louvre, where he had a match of tilting, an exercise

then in great vogue, and in the presence of a great number of ladies, and of some of the princes of the French court, carried away the rising fifteen times successively.

We find him, about two years after this display of his talents, at Rome, where he affixed a placard in all the conspicuous places of the city, in the following terms: "We, James Crichton, of Scotland, will answer extempore any question that may be proposed." In a city which abounded in wit, this bold challenge could not escape the ridicule of a pasquinade. It is said, however, that being nowise discouraged, he appeared at the time and place appointed; and that, in the presence of the pope, many cardinals, bishops, doctors of divinity, and professors in all the sciences, he exhibited such wonderful proofs of his universal knowledge, that he excited no less surprise than he had done at Paris. Boccalini, however, who was then at Rome, gives a somewhat different account of the matter. According to that writer the pasquinade made such an impression upon him, that he left a place where he had been so grossly affronted, as to be put upon a level with jugglers and mountebanks.

From Rome, Crichton proceeded to Venice, where he contracted an intimate friendship with Aldus Manutius, Laurentius Massa, Speron Speronius, Johannes Donatus, and various other learned persons, to whom he presented several poems in commendation of the city and university. At length he was introduced to the doge and senate, in whose presence he made a speech, which was accompanied with such beauty of eloquence, and such grace of person and manner, that he received the thanks of that illustrious body, and nothing but this prodigy of nature was talked of through the whole city. He likewise held disputations on the subjects of theology, philosophy, and mathematics, before the most eminent professors and large multitudes of people. His reputation was so great, that the desire of seeing and hearing him, brought together a vast concourse of persons from different quarters to Venice. It may be collected from Manutius, that the time in which Crichton gave these demonstrations of his abilities was in the year 1580.

During his residence at Venice he fell into a bad state of health, which continued for the space of four months. Before he was perfectly recovered, he went, by the advice of his friends, to Padua, the university of which was, at that time, in great reputation. The day after his arrival, there was an assembly of all the learned men of the place at the house of Jacobus Aloysius Cornelius, when Crichton opened the meeting with an extempore poem in praise of the city, the university, and the company who had honoured him with their presence. After this, he disputed for six hours with the most celebrated professors on various subjects of learning; and he exposed, in particular, the errors of Aristotle and his commentators, with so much solidity and acuteness, and at the same time with so much modesty, that he excited universal admiration. In conclusion he delivered extempore an oration in praise of ignorance, which was conducted with such ingenuity and elegance, that his hearers were astonished. This exhibition of Crichton's talents was on the 14th of March, 1581.

He soon afterwards appointed a day for another disputation, to be held at the palace of the Bishop of Padua, not for the purpose of affording higher proofs of his abilities, but in compliance with the earnest solicitations of some persons who were not present at the former assembly. According to the account of Manutius, various circumstances occurred which prevented this meeting from taking place; but Imperialis relates that he was informed by his father, who was present on the occasion, that Crichton was opposed by Archangelus Mercenarius, a famous philosopher, and that he acquitted himself so well as to obtain the approbation of a very honourable company, and even of his antagonist himself.

Amidst the high applauses that were bestowed upon the genius and attainments of the young Scotchman, still there were some who endeavoured to detract from his merit. For ever, therefore, to confound these invidious cavillers, he caused a paper to be fixed on the gate of St. John and St. Paul's church, in which he offered to prove before the university, that the errors of Aristotle, and of all his followers, were almost innumerable; and that the latter had failed both in explaining their

master's meaning, and in treating on theological subjects. He promised likewise to refute the dreams of certain mathematical professors, to dispute in all the sciences, and to answer to whatever should be proposed to him, or objected against him. All this he engaged to do, either in the common logical way, or by numbers and mathematical figures, or in one hundred sorts of figures, or in one hundred sorts of verses, at the pleasure of his opponents. According to Manutius, Crichton sustained this contest without fatigue for three days; during which time he supported his credit and maintained his propositions with such spirit and energy, that he obtained, from an unusual concourse of people, unbounded praises and acclamations.

From Padua Crichton set out for Mantua, where there happened to be at that time a gladiator who had foiled in his travels the most skilful fencers in Europe, and had lately killed three who had entered the lists with him in that city. The Duke of Mantua was much grieved at having granted this man his protection, as he found it to be attended with such fatal consequences. Crichton being informed of his concern offered his service to drive the murderer not only from Mantua, but from Italy, and to fight him for 1500 pistoles. Though the duke was unwilling to expose such an accomplished person to so great a hazard; yet relying on the report he had heard of his martial feats, he agreed to the proposal, and the time and place being appointed, the whole court attended to behold the performance. At the beginning of the combat, Crichton stood only upon his defence; while the Italian made his attack with such eagerness and fury, that he began to be fatigued. Crichton now seized the opportunity of attacking his antagonist in return, which he did with so much dexterity and vigour, that he ran him through the body in three different places, so that he immediately died of the wounds. On this occasion the acclamations of the spectators were loud and extraordinary; and it was acknowledged by all of them, that they had never seen art grace nature, or nature second the precepts of art, in so striking a manner as on that day. To crown the glory of the action, Crichton bestowed the prize of his victory

on the widows of the three persons who had lost their lives in fighting with his antagonist.

It is asserted, that in consequence of this and his other wonderful performances, the Duke of Mantua made choice of him as preceptor to his son Vincentio de Gonzaga, who is represented as being of a riotous temper and a dissolute life. The appointment was highly pleasing to the court. We are told that Crichton, to testify his gratitude to his friends and benefactors, and to contribute to their diversion, composed a comedy, in which he exposed and ridiculed all the weak and faulty sides of the various employments in which men are engaged. This was regarded as one of the most ingenious satires that ever was made upon mankind. But the most astonishing part of the story is, that Crichton sustained fifteen characters in the representation of his own play. Among the rest, he acted the divine, the lawyer, the mathematician, the soldier, and the physician, with such inimitable grace, that every time he appeared upon the theatre he seemed to be a different person.

From being the principal actor in a comedy, Crichton soon became the subject of a dreadful tragedy. One night, during the carnival, as he was walking through the streets of Mantua, and playing upon his guitar, he was attacked by half a dozen of people in masks. The assailants found that they had no ordinary person to deal with, for they were not able to maintain their ground against him. Having at length disarmed the leader of the company, the latter pulled off his mask, and begged his life, telling him that he was the prince, his pupil. Crichton immediately fell upon his knees, and expressed his concern for his mistake; alledging that what he had done was only in his own defence, and that if Gonzaga had any design upon his life, he might always be master of it. Then taking his sword by the point, he presented it to the prince, who was so irritated at being foiled with all his attendants, that he instantly ran Crichton through the heart.

Various have been the conjectures concerning the motives which could induce Vincentio de Gonzaga to be guilty of so brutal and ungenerous an action. Some have ascribed it to jealousy, asserting that he suspect-

ed Crichton to be more in favour than himself with a lady whom he passionately loved; while others, with greater probability, represent the whole transaction as the result of a drunken frolic: and it is uncertain, according to Imperialis, whether the meeting of the prince and Crichton was by accident or design. It is, however, agreed by all, that Crichton lost his life in this rencounter. The time of his decease is said by the generality of his biographers to have been in the beginning of July 1583, but Lord Buchan fixes it in the same month of the preceding year. The common accounts declare that he was killed in the 32d year of his age, but Imperialis asserts that he was only in his 22d year, at the period of that tragical event, and this fact is confirmed by the nobleman just mentioned.

Crichton's tragical end excited a very great and general lamentation. If Sir Thomas Urquhart is to be credited, the whole court of Mantua went into mourning for him three quarters of a year; the epitaphs and elegies composed upon his death, would exceed, if collected, the bulk of Homer's works; and for a long time afterwards, his picture was to be seen in most of the bed-chambers and galleries of the Italian nobility, representing him on horseback with a lance in one hand and a book in the other. The same author tells us that Crichton gained the esteem of kings and princes by his magnanimity and knowledge; of noblemen and gentlemen by his courtliness, breeding and wit; of the rich by his affability and good company; of the poor by his munificence and liberality; of the old by his constancy and wisdom; of the young by his mirth and gallantry; of the learned by his universal knowledge; of the soldiers of the undaunted valour and courage; of the merchants and dealers, by his upright dealing and honesty; and of the fair sex by his beauty, in which respect he was a master-piece of nature.

Such are the accounts of the admirable Crichton which have been given by a succession of writers. They are indeed so wonderful that many have been disposed to consider them in a great measure, if not altogether fabulous; and the arguments to this effect adduced by Dr. Kippis in the Biographia Britannica seem to

have considerable weight. That writer questions, and apparently on very just grounds, the authority of those by whom those accounts were first circulated, and reduces the pretensions of Crichton within a much narrower compass. "What then," he asks, "is the opinion which on the whole we are to form of the admirable Crichton? It is evident that he was a youth of such lively parts as excited great present admiration and high expectations with regard to his future attainments. He appears to have had a fine person, to have been adroit in his bodily exercises, to have possessed a peculiar facility in learning languages, to have enjoyed a remarkably quick and retentive memory, and to have excelled in a power of declamation, a fluency of speech, and a readiness of reply. His knowledge, likewise, was probably, very uncommon for his years, but whether his knowledge and learning were accurate, or profound, may justly be questioned. It will always be reflected upon with regret, that his early and untimely death prevented this matter from being brought to the test of experiment."

CHEVALIER D'EON.

CHARLES Genevieve Louise Auguste Andree Timothee D'Eon de Beaumont, was the son of a gentleman of an ancient and respectable family at Tounerre in Burgundy, where he was born, October 2, 1728. Although the register of his baptism, which bears date October 5, distinctly states the child to have been a male, some have conceived that the sex was originally doubtful, and that family reasons induced the parents, who had not long before the birth of the chevalier lost their only son, to educate the infant as one of that sex to which nature eventually proved that it belonged. In the early part of his life, he was educated under his father's roof,

whence, at the age of thirteen, he was removed to the Mazarin College at Paris. He had scarcely finished his studies, when the sudden death of his father, and of an uncle, from whom the family had great expectations, left him doubly an orphan, and threw him on the world dependant on his own exertions for advancement. He was, however, at this period, fortunate in obtaining the patronage of the Prince de Conti, who had long known and esteemed his father, and by the prince's means was introduced to Louis XV. who presented him with a cornetcy of dragoons. Soon after this D'Eon was placed in the office of Mons. Bertier de Savigny, intendant of the generalite of Paris, where he gave great satisfaction to his superiors, by the industry and talent he displayed in the office, and gained considerable credit by one or two small publications on finance.

In 1755, he was employed under the Chevalier Douglas, in transacting a negociation of the most delicate and important nature at the court of Petersburg, by which, after many years suspension of all intercourse, a reconciliation was effected between the courts of France and Russia. After some years residence at Petersburgh, D'Eon joined his regiment, then serving under Marshal Broglio on the Rhine, and during the campaign of 1762, acted as aid-de-camp to that celebrated officer. When the Duke di Nivernois came over to England, as ambassador, to negociate the peace of 1763, D'Eon appeared as his secretary; and so far procured the sanction of the government of England, that he was requested to carry over the ratification of the treaty between the British Court and that of Versailles; in consequence of which the French King invested him with the order of St. Louis. He had also behaved, in the character of secretary, so much to the satisfaction of the duke, that that nobleman, upon his departure for France, in May, 1763, procured D'Eon to be appointed minister plenipotentiary in his room. In October following, however the Count de Guerchy, having arrived here as ambassador from the court of Versailles, the chevalier received orders, or rather was requested, to act as secretary or assistant to the new ambassador. This, we are told, mortified him to such a degree, that

asserting that the recal, which accompanied it, was a forgery, he refused to deliver it; and by this step drew on himself the censure of his court. On this, either with a view of exculpating himself, or from a motive of revenge, he published a succinct account of all the negociations in which he had been engaged, exposed some secrets of the French court, and rather than spare his enemies, revealed some things greatly to the prejudice of his best friends. Among other persons very freely treated in this publication, was the Count de Guerchy, for which D'Eon was prosecuted and convicted in the Court of King's bench, in July, 1764.

It was but natural that this conduct should draw down the resentment of the court of France, and the chevalier either feared or affected to fear the greatest danger to his person. Reports were spread, very probably by himself, that persons were sent over here to apprehend him secretly, and carry him to France. On this occasion he wrote four letters, complaining of these designs, as known to him by undoubted authority. The one he sent to Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, the second to the Earl of Bute, the third to Earl Temple, aud the fourth to Mr. Pitt: of these personages he requested to know, whether, as he had contracted no debt, and behaved himself in all things as a dutiful subject, he might not kill the first man who should attempt to arrest him.

In March, 1764, he took a wiser step to provide for his safety, if there had been any cause for his fears, by indicting the Count de Guerchy for a conspiracy against his life—but this came to nothing; and the chevalier, not having surrendered himself to the Court of King's Bench, to receive judgment for the libel on the Count de Guerchy, was in June 1765, declared outlawed. He however, still continued in England until the death of Louis XV.

About the year 1771, certain doubts respecting his sex, which had been previously started at Petersburgh, became the topic of conversation, and as usual in this country, the subject of betting; and gambling policies of assurance to a large amount were effected on his sex; and in 1775, more policies on the same subject were

effected. In July, 1777, an action was brought on one of these before Lord Mansfield. The plaintiff was one Hayes, a surgeon, and the defendant Jaques, a broker, for the recovery of £700.

In consequence of repeated attacks of this nature, he left England in 1777, but returned again in 1785, and lived on the pension allowed him by Louis XV. of which he was deprived in consequence of the French revolution. In September, 1795, an advertisement appeared, in which D'Eon states, "that at the age of 68, she embraces the resource of her skill and long experience in the science of arms, to cut her bread with her sword, and instead of idly looking up for support from those, who in their prosperity, were her professed good friends, she relies on the liberality of Britons at large, to protect an unfortunate woman of quality, from the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune, in a foreign land, and in the vale of years."

She exhibited her skill in fencing at the Pantheon and other places, against Monsieur St. George, Mr. Angelo, and several others in that art; which was not a source of much profit, and becoming embarrassed, he disposed of his valuable library of books, some of which sold at enormous prices.

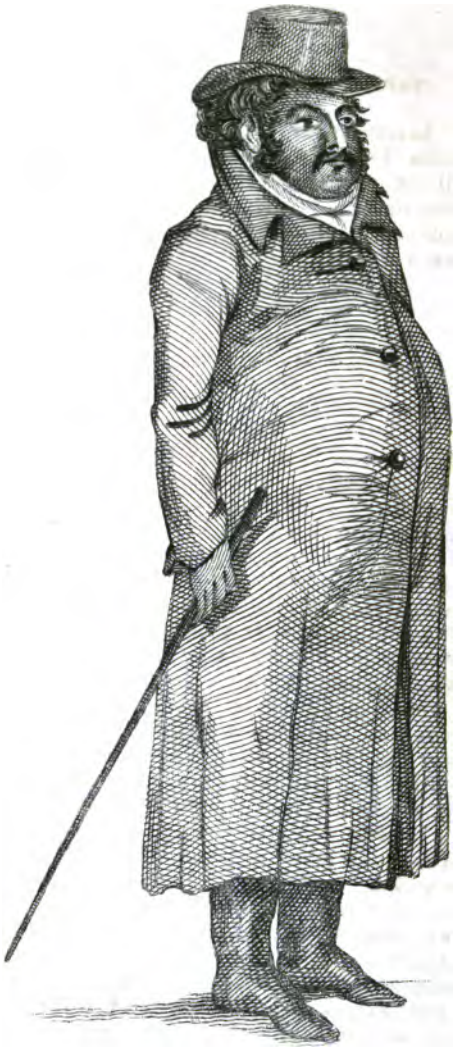
The Chevalier D'Eon died May 21, 1810, and was buried at Pancras. Mr. Copeland, surgeon of Golden Square, opened the body when all doubts subsided as to the sex, which was discovered to be that of a perfect male.

DICK SWIFT.

A notorious thief, who is represented, in the annexed engraving, teaching his son the commandments, and pointing to the eighth, which he has parodied, and made "thou shalt steal," to initiate his own child in the infernal practices to which he had given himself up.

DICK SWIFT,

Thief-taker, Teaching his Son the Commandments.



CAPTAIN HORNEY.

The biographer having already treated of Jonathan Wild and Charles Price, notorious thief-takers and swindlers, he will not again harass the mind of the reader by a re-capitulation of those breaches of the law, and the vile captures of unhappy men whom he had rendered instruments of such crimes.

CAPTAIN HORNBY.

Mr. Richard Hornby, of Stokesley, was master of a merchant ship, the Isabella of Sunderland, in which he sailed from the coast of Norfolk, for the Hague, June 1, 1744, in company with three smaller vessels, recommended to his care. Next day they made Gravesant Steeple, in the Hague; but while they were steering for their port, a French privateer, that lay concealed among the Dutch fishing boats, suddenly came amongst them, singling out the Isabella as the object of attack, while the rest dispersed and escaped. The strength of the two ships was most unequal; for the Isabella mounted only four carriage guns and two swivels, and her crew consisted of only five men and three boys, besides the captain; while the privateer, the Marquis de Brancas, commanded by Captain Andre, had ten carriage guns and eight swivels, with seventy five men and three hundred small arms. The Frenchman in abusive terms, commanded him to strike. Hornby coolly returned an answer of defiance, on which the privateer advanced and poured showers of bullets into the Isabella; the enemy twice attempted to board him on the larboard quarter; but by a dexterous turn of the helm he frustrated both attempts. At two o'clock, when the action had lasted an hour, the privateer running furiously in upon the larboard of the Isabella, entangled her bowsprit among the main shrouds, and was lashed fast to her. Captain Andre now bawled out in a menacing tone, "You English dog, strike." Captain Hornby challenged him to come on board and strike his colours if he dared.

The Isabella continuing still lashed to the enemy, the latter, with small arms, fired repeated and terrible volleys into the close quarters; but the fire was returned with such spirit and effect that the Frenchman repeatedly gave way. At length Captain Hornby seeing them crowding behind the main mast for shelter, aimed a blunderbuss at them, which being by mistake doubly loaded, containing twice twelve balls, burst in the firing, and threw him down, to the great consternation of his little crew, who supposed him dead. In an instant, however, he started up again, though much bruised, while the enemy, among whom the blunderbuss had made dreadful havoc, disengaged themselves from the Isabella, having been lashed to her an hour and a quarter, and sheered off with precipitation, leaving their grapplings, and a quantity of pistols, pole-axes, and cutlasses.

By this time both vessels had driven so near to the English shore, that immense crowds had assembled to be witnesses of the action. The Frenchman, having stopped a leak, returned to the combat, and poured a volley into the stern of the Isabella, when Captain Hornby, was wounded by a ball in the temple, and bled profusely. Andre, who was not deficient in bravery, soon returned to the fight, and having disabled the Isabella by five terrible broadsides, once more summoned our hero to strike his colours. Captain Hornby turned to his brave comrades, "you see yonder, my lads," pointing to the shore, "the witnesses of your valour." Andre then ran his ship upon the Isabella's starboard, and lashed close alongside; but his crew murmured, and refused to renew the dangerous task of boarding, so that he was obliged to cut the lashings and retreat. Captain Hornby resolved to salute the privateer with one parting gun; and this last shot, fired into the stern of the Brancas happened to reach the magazine, it blew up with a tremendous explosion, and the vessel instantly went to the bottom. Out of seventy-five men, thirty-six were killed or wounded in the action, and all the rest, with the wounded, perished, except three, who were picked up by Dutch fishing boats. Mr. Hornby afterwards received from his sovereign a large gold medal, in commemoration of his heroic conduct on this occasion.

JOHN BAPTISTE NEGRETTI.

THE following singular instance of sleep-walking is extracted (from the Journal Encyclopedique,) and, however incredible some parts of it may appear, it is too well attested to admit any doubt of its authenticity.

John Baptiste Negretti, of Vicenze, a domestic of the Marquis Louis Sale, was a man of a brown complexion, of a very dry, hot constitution, by nature choleric, and by custom a drunkard. From the age of eleven he became subject to sleep-walking; but he was never seized with these fits, except in the month of March, and at the farthest they left him by the middle of April.

Mess. Reghelini and Pigatti took a particular pleasure in observing him, while in this condition; and it is to the latter of these gentlemen, whose probity is beyond the reach of slander, that we are now indebted for the following circumstancial detail.

In the month of March, 1745, towards the evening, Negretti having sat down upon a chair in an anti-chamber, fell asleep, and passed a quarter of an hour like any other man in the same situation. He then stretched himself for some time, and afterwards remained motionless, as if he wanted to pay attention to something. At length he arose, walked across the apartment, took a tobacco-box out of his pocket, and seemed desirous to have some tobacco: but finding he had hardly any left, he assumed a look of disappointment; and advancing to a chair which a person was about to occupy, he called him by his name, and asked him for some tobacco: the other accordingly presented him his box open; and Negretti having taken his quid, put himself in an attitude of listening: when, imagining he heard himself called, he ran with a wax taper to a place where there usually stood a burning candle. Thinking he had lighted his taper, he crossed the hall with it, went gently down stairs, stopping and turning about from time to time, as if he had been conducting along a visitor: on reaching the outward door, he placed himself on one

side of it, saluted the company he imagined he was ushering out, and bowed as each of them seemed to pass him. This ceremony over, he returned up stairs very quick, extinguished his taper, and went to put it back in the place he had found it. This scene he repeated three times the same evening. Having left the anti-chamber, he went into the dining-room, searched in his pocket for the key of the beaufet, and not finding it, he called by name for the servant whose duty it was to deliver that key to him every night before he went to bed. On receiving it, he opened the beaufet, took a silver waiter or salver out of it, on which he put four glass decanters, and went to the kitchen, in order, no doubt, to fill them with water. He came back with them empty, however; and when he had reached the middle of the stair-case, he put what he had in his hands upon a kind of post or pillar, ascended the remaining steps, and knocked at a door: as it was not opened to him, he returned down stairs, went in search of the valet de chambre, asked him some questions, turned upon his heel, and running precipitately up the stair-case, he touched the salver with his elbow, and broke the decanters. He again knocked at the door, but to no purpose: and, on his return down stairs, he took the salver with him, which having carried into the dining-room, he placed upon a little table. Thence he went to the kitchen, took a pitcher, carried it to the pump, where he filled it with water, and then to the kitchen again. He returned to the salver, and missing the decanters, he was displeased, and said they certainly ought to be there, as he had placed them himself; and inquired of the other servants if they had taken them away. After a long search he opened the beaufet again, took out two other decanters, rinsed them, poured water into them, and put them on the salver. He then carried the whole into the anti-chamber, to the very door of the dining-room, where the valet de chambre was wont to receive them from his hands. They accordingly took the salver and decanters from him, and a little while after returned them. On this he went to the kitchen, wiped some plates with a cloth, held them to the fire as if he wanted to dry them, and in like manner cleaned the other plates. These preparations

completed, he returned to the beaufet, put the cloth and napkins into a small basket, and went, loaded with all these things, directly to a table where there used to be a lighted candle. Having, by the light of this candle, seemed to search for a knife and fork, he carried back the basket, and shut the beaufet; and having thereafter carried into the anti-chamber every thing he had taken out of the beaufet, and placed it upon a chair, he took a round table, at which the marchioness, his lady, used to eat, and covered it with great neatness, Beside it, was another table of the same form: this he sometimes touched by mistake, but he always returned to that he wanted to cover.—Now that his business was finished, he walked about, blowed his nose, took out his tobacco-box again, but withdrew his fingers from it, without offering to take any tobacco, as if he recollected, at the distance of at least two hours, that there was none in it: yet, though he couid not procure a quid, he found a few grains to throw upon his hand.—Here concluded the first scene. The people about him threw some water upon his face, and he awaked.

The next day, while Negretti was yet awake, the marquis received company in his chamber; a circumstance which rarely happened. As the visitors increased, so increased the demand for chairs. Negretti having in the interim fallen asleep, he rose up, after a very short nap; and, after blowing his nose, paid his respects to his tobacco-box, and hurried away in search of chairs. What is the most remarkable, is, that while he held one chair in both hands, he came to a door which was shut; when, instead of knocking at it, he let go one hand from the chair, opened the door, took up the chair as before, and carried it to the very place it ought to have been in. This done, he went to the beaufet, searched for the key of it, and seemed vexed that he could not find it: he took a candle, and examined every corner of the apartment, and every step of the stair-case, walking about with great quickness, and groping with his hands, in the hopes of finding the lost key: the valet de chambre slid it into his pocket, and Negretti soon after putting his hand there by accident, found the key. Enraged at his folly, he then opened the beaufet, when, after taking out

a napkin, a plate, and two rolls, he shut it again, and went to the kitchen: there he dressed a sallad, producing from a closet every thing necessary for that purpose; and, when he had done, he sat himself down in order to eat it. This dish they presently took from him, and in the place of it gave him one of cabbage, highly seasoned. He continued to eat; and for cabbage they substituted a cake, which he swallowed in the same manner, without appearing to know any difference; a circumstance which proves that he had not relished the sallad by the organs of the taste, but that the soul alone enjoyed this sensation without the intervention of the body. While eating, he now and then listened, thinking he was called; and once he persuaded himself that he actually was. Accordingly he went down in great haste to the hall, and finding he was not wanted, he stepped into the anti-chamber, and asked the servant if he had not been wanted? Rather peevish at being disturbed, he returned to his supper in the kitchen, which, after having finished, he said, in an half whisper, that he should be glad to go to the next public house, in order to have a draught, if he had any money; and he examined his pockets to no purpose: at length he rose from his seat, saying, he would go, however; that he would pay next day, and they would not scruple to trust him. With great alacrity he ran to the public house, which was at the distance of two gun shot from the house: he knocked at the door, without trying whether it was open, as if he had known that at so late an hour it necessarily must be shut; and, on gaining admission, he called for half a pint of wine, instead of which the landlord gave him the same quantity of water: this he drank up, insensible of the difference, and at his departure said he would pay for it on the morrow. With all haste he returned homeward, and, on entering the anti-chamber, he asked the servants if his master had not wanted him? He then appeared in high spirits said he had been out to drink, and was the better for it. On this they penned his eyes with their fingers, and he awoke.

The third scene.—One Friday evening he recollected in his sleep that the family tutor had said to him, if he

was seized with his somnambulency that night, and would bring him a bason of soup, he would give him some drink-money. On this he arose while fast asleep, and said aloud that he would plan a trick for the tutor. He accordingly went down to the kitchen, and repairing thence to the tutor's chamber, as directed, he reminded him of his promise. The tutor gave him a small piece of money; on which Negretti, taking the valet de chambre by the arm, carried him along with him to the public house, and, as he drank, related to him in a very circumstantial manner how he had duped the tutor, whose money he imagined he had received while awake. He laughed heartily, drank repeatedly to the tutor's health, and returned, all life and spirits, to the house.

Once, while Negretti was in this state of somnambulency, a person took it in his head to hit him on the leg with a stick: imagining it to be a dog, he grumbled; and as the person continued to strike him, he went in search of a switch, and pursued the supposed dog, brandishing it about him with all his might: at length he fell in a rage; and, in despair of finding him, poured forth a load of abuse upon the cur. He produced a morsel of bread from his pocket, called the dog by his name, and kept the switch concealed. They threw a muff to him, which he took for the dog, and upon it he discharged his fury.

M. Pigatti, in the course of his repeated observations upon Negretti, remarked, that every night he did something new. He likewise observed, that while his fit lasted he enjoyed neither the sense of seeing, nor of hearing, nor of smelling, nor of tasting. We have seen that he would eat victuals of different sorts without perceiving the change. He heard no noise, however great; he perceived not a candle, though it was held so near as to scorch his eye-lids; he felt not a feather, though they violently tickled his nose with it. As for the touch, he sometimes had it tolerably acute, and sometimes exceedingly blunt.

THOMAS TOPHAM.

"It is curious," observes the venerable and ingenious Mr. William Hutton, in his account of the extraordinary subject of this article, "to observe Nature step out of the common road, and enter the precincts of the marvellous. To march in her usual track excites no admiration; but when, in her wanton moods, she forms an O'Brien of eight feet, and a Borulawski of three, an admirable Crichton with every accomplishment, and a thousand other men with none, it is by these deviations that she raises astonishment."

Thomas Topham, a man whose feats of strength might have figured beside those of Homer's heroes, was born in London about the vear 1710. His father, who was a carpenter, brought him up to the same profession. Though his stature was not remarkable, being at his full height, only five feet ten inches, but he was endowed by nature with muscular powers so extraordinary as to exceed any thing of the kind on record.

He followed the profession of his father till he had attained the age of twenty-four years, when he exchanged it for the less laborious employment of a publican. That Topham was fond of athletic exercises, and that the practice of them contributed to give him that superior strength for which he was so remarkable, can scarcely be doubted; for we find that the house he first took was the Red Lion, at the corner of the City-road, nearly opposite St. Luke's hospital, in order that he might be near the ring in Moorfields, at that time the theatre of gymnastic exhibitions, such as cudgelling, wrestling, back-sword, and boxing.

It was here that he gave the first public display of his astonishing corporeal powers, by pulling against a horse, with his feet placed against a low wall, which divided upper and lower Moorfields. He next tried his strength against two horses, but his legs not being properly placed, he received an injury in one of his knees from a

jerk. But the most extraordinary feat in point of magnitude was that which he performed in Bath-street, Cold-bath-fields, on the 28th of May, 1741, when he lifted three hogsheads of water, weighing 1836 pounds, in the presence of thousands of spectators, assembled to witness this uncommon exertion. This feat he performed in honour of Admiral Vernon, or rather, in commemoration of his taking Porto Bello with only six ships.

The various performances of this prodigy of strength are of such a nature as almost to exceed credibility, were they not attested by persons of undoubted veracity, and who were themselves eye-witnesses of the facts they relate. Dr. Desaguliers assures us, that he saw him perform the following feats. With his fingers he rolled up a very large and strong pewter dish. Thrusting the bowl of a strong tobacco-pipe under his garter, his legs being bent, he broke it to pieces with the tendons of his ham. He broke another bowl of the same kind between his first and second finger, by pressing them together sideways. A table, six-feet long, with half a hundred weight fastened to the end of it, he lifted with his teeth, and held a considerable time in a horizontal position. He struck an iron poker, a yard long and three inches thick, against his bare left arm, between the elbow and wrist, till the instrument was bent so as nearly to form a right angle. Taking another poker of the same kind, he held the ends of it in his hands, and placing the middle against the back of his neck, made both ends meet before him, after which he pulled it almost straight again. He broke a rope two inches in circumference, though he was obliged to exert four times the strength that was requisite for the purpose, in consequence of the awkward manner which he adopted. He lifted a stone roller, weighing eight hundred pounds, by a chain to which it was fastened, with his hands only, and standing on a frame above it.

These exhibitions, probably, took up Topham's time, and drew his attention from his business, for we find that he failed at the Red Lion; after which he took another house in the same line at Islington. His fame for strength now began to spread all over the country, and

he visited various provincial towns for the purpose of exhibiting his wonderful feats. His performances at Derby are thus described by Mr. Hutton of Birmingham, who, at that time, was an inhabitant of the former place.

"We learnt," says he, "from private accounts well attested, that Thomas Topham, a man who kept a public house at Islington, performed surprising feats of strength, such as breaking a broomstick of the largest size by striking it against his bare arm; lifting two hogsheads of water; heaving his horse over a turnpike-gate; carrying the beam of a house, as a soldier his firelock; and others of a similar description. However belief might at first be staggered, all doubt was soon removed when this second Sampson appeared at Derby, as a performer in public, and that at the rate of a shilling for each spectator. On application to Alderman Cooper for permission to exhibit, the magistrate was surprised at the feats he proposed, and as his appearance resembled that of other men, he requested him to strip that he might examine whether he was made like them. He was found to be extremely muscular; what were hollows under the arms and hams of others were filled up with ligaments in him.

"He appeared to be nearly five feet ten inches in height, upwards of thirty years of age, well made but without any singularity. He walked with a small limp. He had formerly laid a wager, the usual decider of disputes, that three horses could not draw him from a post, which he should clasp with his feet: but the driver giving them a sudden lash, turned them aside, and the unexpected jerk broke his thigh.

"The performances of this wonderful man, in whom were united the strength of twelve, consisted in rolling up a pewter-dish of seven pounds, as a man rolls up a sheet of paper—holding a pewter quart at arm's length and squeezing the sides together like an egg-shell—lifting two hundred weight with his little finger and moving it gently over his head. The bodies he touched seemed to have lost their power of gravitation—He also broke a rope fastened to the floor, that would sustain twenty-hundred weight; lifted an oak-table six feet

long with his teeth, though half a hundred weight was hung to the extremity: a piece of leather was fixed to one end for his teeth to hold, two of the feet stood upon his knees, and he raised the end with the weight higher than that in his mouth. He took Mr. Chambers, vicar of All Saints, who weighed twenty-seven stone, and raised him with one hand; his head being laid on one chair and his feet on another: four people, of fourteen stone each, sat upon his body, which he heaved at pleasure. He struck a round bar of iron one inch in diameter against his naked arm, and at one stroke bent it like a bow. Weakness and feeling seemed fled together.

"Being a master of music, he entertained the company with Mad Tom. I heard him sing a solo to the organ in St. Werburgh's church, then the only one in Derby; but though he might perform with judgment, yet the voice, more terrible than sweet, seemed scarcely human.

"Though of a pacific temper, and with the appearance of a gentleman, yet he was liable to the insults of the rude. The ostler at the Virgin's Inn, where he resided, having given him some cause of displeasure, he took one of the kitchen spits from the mantle-piece, and bent it round his neck like a handkerchief; but as he did not choose to tuck the ends in the ostler's bosom, the cumbrous ornament excited the laughter of the company, till he condescended to untie his cravat. Had he not abounded with good-nature, the men might have been in fear for the safety of their persons, and the women for that of their pewter-shelves, as he could instantly roll up both. One blow with his fist, would for ever have silenced those heroes of the bear-garden, Johnson and Mendoza."

These, however, were only the usual performances of Topham, when he went about for the purpose of showing his powers. Many other occasional demonstrations of them are related by persons who knew him. One night perceiving a watchman asleep in his box, he raised them both from the ground, and carrying the load with the greatest ease, at length dropped the wooden tenement with its inhabitant over the wall of Tindall's

burying-ground. The consternation of the watchman on awaking from his nap, may be more easily conceived than described.

At another time, thinking to enjoy a little sport with some bricklayers, by removing part of a scaffold, just before they intended to strike it, from a small building, his grasp was so rude, that a part of the front wall following the timber, the fellows conceived it to be the effects of an earthquake, and immediately ran, without looking behind them, into an adjoining field. Here, however, Topham was near paying dearly for the jest, as one of the poles struck him on his side, by which he was severely injured.

Sitting one day at the window of a low public house in Chiswell-street, a butcher passed by tottering under the burden of nearly half an ox. Of this Topham relieved him with so much ease and dexterity, that the fellow swore that nothing but the devil could have flown away with his load.

Topham having one day gone to witness a race that was run on the Hackney road, the spectators were greatly annoyed by a man in a cart, who endeavoured to keep close to the contending parties. Topham at length resolved to stop the career of this disagreeable intruder, and laying hold of the tail of the cart, drew it back with the greatest ease, in spite of all the exertions of the driver to make his horse advance. The rage of the latter was equalled only by the delight and astonishment of the beholders; while nothing but the fear of being crushed or torn to pieces prevented the fellow from exercising his whip on the formidable cause of his mortification.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL.

The Campbells first made their appearance in the reign of Alexander III., when they were divided into two great families, which were afterwards distinguished by the patronymics of MacArthur and MacCaillanmore.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL.

DUMB JACK.

In 1266, Gillespie Cambel, head of the Mac Caillanmore branch, witnessed the charter of erection of the burgh of Newburgh by Alexander III.; and there is some reason to believe that he was heritable sheriff of Argyle, which had, in 1221, been erected into a sheriffdom by Alexander II. But it was not until the reign of Robert Bruce that the Campbells obtained a firm footing in Argyle, and laid the foundation of their future greatness and power. To the gratitude of that sovereign, whom he had faithfully served, Sir Niell Campbell of Lochawe was indebted for many grants that were made to him out of the lands forfeited by the house of Lorn, the Comyns, and other supporters of the party of John Baliol. The marriage of this baron with the sister of King Robert attached the Campbells still more closely to the dynasty of Bruce; and, during the minority of David II. they adhered to his interests with unwavering fidelity. Early in the fifteenth century, Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochawe, afterwards the first Lord Campbell, was considered as one of the most wealthy barons in Scotland. Colin Campbell, grandson of Sir Duncan, was first Earl of Argyll, acquired by marriage the extensive lordship of Lorn, and, for a long period, held the office of chancellor of Scotland. In 1745, this nobleman was appointed to prosecute a decree of forfeiture against John, Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles; and, in 1481, he received a considerable grant of lands in Knapdale, alongst with the keepership of the castle of Sweyn, which had formerly been held by the Lord of the Isles. Colin, the first Earl, died in the year 1492, and was succeeded by his son Archibald, the second Earl, of whom, however, little or nothing is known.

DUMB JACK.

This character figured on the stage of existence about the year 1664, in a hamlet in the neighbourhood of London. He is said to have had a tolerable idea of making himself understood by signs, although void of

the blessing of speech, frequenting the Inns, and procuring alms of any person in whose face he saw charity depicted.

Having been sent to London on an errand at the time of the great fire there, he was never afterwards heard of, and it was supposed he had fallen a victim to the devouring element.

MARY EAST.

The subject of this article is among the numerous females that might be mentioned, who have, for a long series of years, sustained the characters, and devoted themselves to the occupations and pursuits of men. We have seen them attaining the highest distinction in the republic of letters, intrusted with important diplomatic commissions, and arriving at deserved eminence in the military career. Their examples seem to prove that, with the same education, women might be enabled to acquit themselves with equal credit in the professions exclusively assigned to the other sex.

Mary East was born about the year 1715, and when very young was courted by a man for whom she conceived the strongest affection. This man, afterwards falling into bad courses, resolved to try his fortune on the highway; but it was not long before he was apprehended for a robbery, for which he was tried and condemned to die; the sentence, however, was changed to transportation. This circumstance, which happened about the year 1731, so deeply affected the mind of Mary East, that she determined ever after to remain single. In the neighbourhood of her residence lived another young woman, who, having likewise met with several disappointments in the tender passion, had formed a similar resolution. As they were intimate, they communicated their intentions to each other, and at length

concluded to live together. Having consulted on the most prudent method of proceeding, it was proposed that one of them should put on man's apparel, and that they should live as man and wife, in some place where they were not known. The only difficulty now was, who should be the man, which was decided by lot in favour of Mary East, who was then about sixteen years of age, and her partner seventeen. The sum of money they possessed between them was about thirty pounds, with which they set out; and Mary, after purchasing a man's habit, assumed the name of James How, by which we shall be obliged, for a while, to distinguish her. In their progress they chanced to stop at a small public house at Epping, which was to be let; this house they took, and lived in it for some time.

About this period a quarrel, of the cause of which we are not informed, took place between James How and a young gentleman, against whom James, however, entered an action, and obtained a verdict for five hundred pounds damages. With this sum our couple sought a place in a better situation, and took a very good public house in Limehouse-hole, where they lived many years as man and wife, in good credit and esteem; and, by their industry and frugality, contrived to save a considerable sum of money. Leaving the last-mentioned situation, they removed to the White Horse at Poplar, which, as well as several other houses, they afterwards purchased.

In this manner they had lived about eighteen years, when a woman who was acquainted with Mary East in her youth, and was in the secret of her metamorphosis, knowing in what creditable circumstances she now lived, thought this a favourable opportunity to turn her knowledge to her own advantage. She accordingly sent to Mr. How for ten pounds, at the same time intimating that, in case of a refusal, she would disclose all she knew concerning the affair. Fearful of her executing this threat, James, in compliance with her demand, sent her the money.

For a considerable time they remained free from any farther demands of a similar nature. How, with her supposed wife, continued to live in good credit till the

year 1764; she had served all the parish offices in Poplar, excepting that of a constable and churchwarden, from the former of which she was excused by a lameness in her hand, occasioned by the quarrel above-mentioned, and the functions of the latter she was to have performed the following year. She had been several times foreman of juries, though her effeminacy was frequently remarked. At length, about Christmas, 1764, the woman who had practised the former piece of extortion, resolved again to have recourse to the same expedient, and with the like menaces obtained ten pounds more. Flushed with her success, and emboldened to prosecute her system of depredation, a fortnight had not elapsed before she repeated her demand for the same sum, which James happened not to have in the house; but, still fearing a discovery, sent her back five pounds.

About this time the supposed wife of James How was taken ill and died, and the woman now formed a plan to increase her depredations. For this purpose she procured two fellows to assist her in its execution: one of these, a mulatto, passed for a police officer, and the other was equipped with a pocket staff, as a constable. In these characters they repaired to the White Horse, and inquired for Mr. How, who answered to the name. They informed her that they were come from Justice Fielding, to apprehend her for a robbery, committed thirty years before, and that they were acquainted with the secret of her sex. She was terrified to the highest degree on account of the discovery, but conscious of her innocence with regard to the robbery; and an intimate acquaintance, Mr. Williams a pawnbroker, happening to pass by, she called him in, and acquainted him with the business of the two men, adding that she was really a woman, but was innocent of the crime with which she was charged. Mr. Williams, as soon as he had recovered from the surprise occasioned by this disclosure, told her she should not be carried before Sir John Fielding, but before her own bench of justices, adding, that he would just step home, and return in a few minutes to accompany her. On his departure, the ruffians renewed their threats, but at the same time told

her, if she would give them one hundred pounds, they would cause her no farther trouble, if not, she should be hanged in six days, and they should receive forty pounds a-piece for bringing her to justice. Notwithstanding their menaces, she firmly resisted their demand, waiting with the utmost impatience for the return of Mr. Williams. Persisting in her refusal, they at length forced her out of the house, carried her through the fields, and conveyed her to Garlick-hill, to the house of their employer; where, with threats, they obliged her to give a draft at a short date on Mr. Williams. She was then set at liberty. When Williams came back, he was surprised to find her gone, and immediately set off to the bench of justices to see if she was there; not finding her, he immediately went to Sir John Fielding, not succeeding there he went home, when James soon after returned, and related what had happened.

It was now the month of July, 1763. On Monday the 14th, the woman in whose favour the draft was given, went to Mr. Williams with it to inquire if he would pay it, as it would be due the following Wednesday; he replied, that if she would bring it when due he should know better what to say. In the mean time he applied to the bench of justices for advice, and on the Wednesday a constable was sent, with orders to be in readiness in his house. The woman punctually attended with the draft, bringing the mulatto with her; they were both immediately taken into custody, and carried before the justices, sitting at the angel, in Whitechapel, whither Mr. Williams repaired, attended by Mary East, in the proper habit of her sex. The awkwardness of her behaviour, occasioned by the alteration of her dress, was such as to afford considerable diversion.

In the course of the examination the woman denied having sent for the sum of one hundred pounds, which the men had demanded, but the mulatto declared that if she had not sent him on such an errand, he should never have gone. By their numerous contradictions they completely unfolded the villany of their designs; and the strongest proof being adduced of the extortion and assault, they were both committed to Clerkenwell till the sessions, to be tried for the offence. The other man,

who was engaged in this nefarious transaction, would have been included in their punishment, had he not, by flight, evaded the arm of justice.

It should have been observed, that before the supposed wife of James How died, finding herself indisposed, she went to her brother's in Essex, for the benefit of the air, and after some stay, perceiving that she was near her end, she sent for her supposed husband to come down to her. As How neglected to comply with her request, she informed her brother that the person with whom she had cohabited was not her husband, but a woman; that they were partners in the business, by which they had acquired between three and four thousand pounds, part of which had been laid out in the purchase of Bank Stock. As soon as the supposed wife was dead and buried, her relations set out for Poplar to claim her share of the property, which was accordingly delivered to them by Mary East.

It is remarkable, that during the thirty-four years in which they lived together, neither the husband nor the wife was ever observed to dress a joint of meat, nor had they ever any meetings, or the like, at their house. They never kept any maid or boy, but the husband, Mary East, used always to draw beer, serve, fetch, and carry out the pots, so extremely solicitous were they that their secret might not be discovered.

After she had disposed of her house, and settled her affairs, Mary East retired into another part of Poplar, to enjoy, with quiet and pleasure, that property she had acquired by fair and honest means, and with an unblemished character. She died in Jannary, 1781, aged sixty-four years, and left her fortune to a friend in the country, and a young woman who lived with her during her retirement as a servant, except 10l. a year to the poor of Poplar, 50l. to a working gardener, and her gold watch to Mr. Curry, an eminent distiller at Poplar.

JAMES PORO.

Born towards the close of the eighteenth century, with a very strange mark on his left breast. As many curi-

JAMES PORO.

MISS RANDLES.

ous marks on the body oftener remain in obscurity than become exposed to the public; and as the plate annexed shows this extraordinary freak of nature, we leave the reader to form his own conclusions.

MISS RANDLES,

THE LITTLE FLOWER GIRL.

To the east of Temple Bar, the little flower girl is "the herald of spring". She cries "cowslips! sweet cowslips!" till the screams "bowpots! sweet and pretty bowpots!" which is the sure and certain token of full spring in London. When I was a child, I got a bowpot," of as many wall-flowers and harebells as I could then hold in my hand, with a sprig of sweet lilac at the back of the bunch, for a halfpenny—such a handful; but now "they can't make a ha'penny bowpot;" and the penny bowpot is not half so big as the ha'penny one and somehow or other they don't smell to me as they used to do.

ADMIRAL JOHN BENBOW.

It has been often remarked that British seaman are distinguished for a species of eccentricity peculiar to themselves. Among the numberless instances that might be adduced to justify this observation, is to be ranked that meritorious officer Admiral Benbow.

He was descended from a very respectable family in Shropshire, and born in 1650; his uncle, Thomas Benbow, Esq. and his father John Benbow, Esq. possessed moderate estates in that county. On the rupture between Charles and his parliament, these two brothers were amongst the first in the royal cause; and they were both colonels in the king's army. The two Benbows greatly impaired their fortunes by their adherence to this prince; whose distresses did not shake their loyalty; for when Charles II. attempted to regain the crown, they were very active in his cause. In the well known battle of Worcester they were both made prisoners. Thomas was found guilty of being in the king's service, and was shot at Shrewsbury on the 19th of October, 1653. John, however, contrived to make his escape, and concealed himself till after the restoration, when he obtained a small appointment in the Tower, very inadequate to his sufferings and deserts, and was barely sufficient for the scanty support of himself and family.

Here he continued until the first Dutch war, in the reign of Charles II. when the king, going to inspect the arsenal in the Tower, cast his eyes on his faithful adherent, Benbow, whose head had been silvered over for twenty years, "Colonel Benbow," said the king, "what do you do here?" "I have," replied the colonel, "a place of four score pounds a year, in which I serve your Majesty as cheerfully as if it brought me in four thousand," "Alas!" said Charles, "is that all that can be found for an old friend at Worcester? and immediately ordered the colonel to attend on him the next morning, declaring that he would provide for him and his family. The joy at this unexpected good fortune was too intense for the exhausted powers of a feeble old man, for, throwing himself on a bench close by, he breathed his last, before the king was scarcely out of the Tower. Charles not seeing his Worcester friend as was appointed; it is most probable he thought no more of the engagements he had made to him, so that his family from that hour became destitute, and added one to the many instances of that king's neglect of his best friends.

His son John, the subject of the present article, was bred to the sea, and brought up in the merchant's service. The cause of his introduction into the royal navy was not the least remarkable circumstance of his life. The particulars of this circumstance, related by Campbell, are as follow:—

Benbow was master of a vessel in the Mediterranean trade, when, in 1686, he was attacked in his passage to Cadiz, by a Sallee rover, against whom he defended himself, though very unequal in the number of men, with the utmost bravery, till at last the Moors boarded him; but were quickly beat out of his ship again, with the loss of thirteen men, whose heads Captain Benbow ordered to be cut off, and thrown into a tub of pork-pickle. When he arrived at Cadiz, he went a-shore, and ordered his negro servant to follow him with the Moors' heads, in a sack. He had scarcely landed before the officers of the revenue inquired of his servant what he had in his sack. The captain replied, salt provisions for his own use. That may be, answered the officers, but we must insist upon seeing them, Captain Benbow alleged, that he was no stranger there: that he did not use to run goods: and pretended to take it very ill that he was suspected. The officers told him that the magistrates were sitting not far off, and that, if they were satisfied with his word, his servant might carry the provisions where he pleased; but that otherwise, it was not in their power to grant any such dispensation.

The captain consented to the proposal, and away they marched to the custom-house, Benbow in the front, his man in the centre, and the officers in the rear. The magistrates, when he came before them, treated Captain Benbow with the greatest civility; told him they were sorry to make a point of such a trifle; but that, since he had refused to show the contents of his sack to their officers, the nature of their employment obliged them to demand a sight of them; and that as they doubted not they were salt provisions, the showing of them could be of no great consequence, one way or the other. "I told you," said the captain, sternly, "they were salt provisions for my own use; Cæsar, throw them down upon the table; and, gentlemen, if you like them they are

at your service." The Spaniards were exceedingly struck at the sight of the Moors' heads, and no less astonished at the account of the captain's adventure, who, with so small a force, had been able to defeat such a number of barbarians. The gallantry of this action being reported to Charles II. of Spain, he invited the captain to court, where he was respectfully received, and dismissed with a handsome present. His Catholic majesty also wrote a letter of recommendation to King James, who, on the captain's return, gave him an appointment in the navy.

After the revolution he eminently distinguished himself by several successful cruises in the channel; where he was employed at the request of the merchants; and not only did his duty by protecting the trade, and annoying the enemy, but was also remarkably careful in examining the French ports, gaining intelligence, and projecting schemes for disturbing the French commerce, and securing our own. For this reason he was generally chosen to command the squadron employed in bombarding the French ports; in all which expeditions he displayed an equal share of bravery and conduct; being always present in his boat, as well to encourage, as to instruct, the seamen and engineers. His valour and activity soon procured him a promotion to a flag.

In 1702 Benbow was appointed to the command of the West-India squadron, and on the 19th of August, he fell in with the French Admiral Du Casse, near Santa Martha, on the coast of Spanish America, when he brought them to action, and though shamefully deserted by some of his captains, he pursued the enemy, and engaged them for several successive days, until the gallant admiral's right leg was shattered by a chain-shot on the 24th. He was carried from the deck to be dressed; and while the surgeon was performing the operation, one of his lieutenants expressed great concern for the unfortunate accident. "I am sorry for it too," replied the intrepid Benbow, "but I would rather have lost them both, than have seen this dishonour brought on the English nation. But, do you hear? if another shot should take me off, behave like brave men, and fight it out." He then ordered himself to be carried up, and placed with

his cradle on the quarter-deck, where he continued giving his orders.

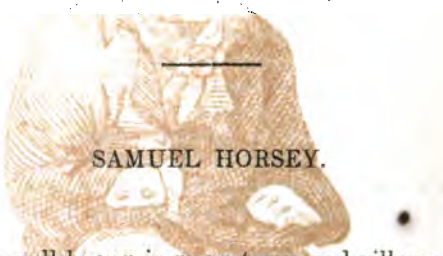
The fight was continued till night, and next morning the admiral sent to the captains of the ships under his command, desiring them to keep their line, and behave like men: upon which Captain Kirby of the Defiance, went on board the admiral, and told him he had better desist, the French were very strong, and from what had passed, he might guess that he could make nothing of it. Benbow, not a little surprised at this language, calmly replied, that this was only one man's opinion, and immediately made the signal for the other captains to come on board. To his no small mortification, however, they all concurred with Kirby; and together with him signed a paper, purporting that nothing more could be done. Being thus deserted by his officers, the brave admiral was obliged to desist from the pursuit of the enemy, and returned to Jamaica, though he could not forbear declaring publicly, that it was contrary to his own judgment, to the prejudice of the service, and the greatest dishonour that ever happened to the English navy.

Benbow having reached Jamaica, was there joined by Rear-admiral Whetstone; and indignant at the conduct of his captains, he issued a commission to that officer to assemble a court-martial for their trial. Captains Kirby and Constable were tried first. The former being convicted of cowardice, breach of orders, and neglect of duty, was condemned to be shot; Constable was convicted on the two latter charges, and sentenced to be cashiered and imprisoned. Captain Wade was convicted on the same charge as Kirby, in addition to which, it was proved, that he was drunk during the whole of the action. Captain Hudson died a few days before the trial commenced, and thus escaped the ignominious fate of his associates. Captain Vincent of the Falmouth, and Captain Fog of the admiral's ship, the Breda, were also tried for having, by Kirby's persuasion, signed a paper, purporting that they would not fight under Benbow's command. This was proved; but as the admiral testified that they behaved with gallantry during the action, the court mitigated their sentence; but for the

sake of discipline they were suspended, till the lord high admiral's pleasure should be known.

Kirby and Wade were sent home in the Bristol; great interest was made to Queen Anne in their favour, but to no purpose. Warrants for their immediate execution were sent to all the ports, and they were accordingly shot on the 16th of April, 1703, the same day they arrived at Plymouth.

Admiral Benbow took this miscarriage so much to heart, that he became melancholy; and grief, co-operating with the fever occasioned by his wounds, put a period to his life on the 4th of October, 1703.



SAMUEL HORSEY.

A person well known in many towns and villages in the north of England, being without legs, strapped to a board, holding in each hand a piece of wood similar to the handle of a walking stick, with which he propelled himself forward, to the infinite amusement of a crowd of young scampering urchins, who are his constant attendants, and prove very useful to Sumuel in handing him the mites presented by the charitable. We have not seen this character lately, but the last time he visited us, he sported a carriage and a pair of dogs.

W. Braithwaite, Printer, Stokesley.

SAMUEL HORSEY

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